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# *The Port Folio*

Joseph Dennie, John Elihu Hall

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Stuart Peck

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**THO: MIFFLIN Esq.**

*Engraved for the Port Folio, published by Harrison Hall, 183 Chancery Street Philadelphia.*



(VOL. IV.)  
FOR 1817.



HAVERSTOCK HILL.

The Residence  
of

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

*Pub<sup>d</sup> by Harrison Hall Philad.<sup>a</sup>*

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JULY, 1817.

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Embellished with a portrait of General Mifflin.

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In conducting this Journal, it has been the chief aim of the Editor, to pursue, as nearly as he could, the plan devised by Mr. DENNIE.—That plan, with the exception of the political violence, and religious intolerance which were sometimes displayed, was approved by the best scholars in the country, and it enabled the Editor to rank in the number of his correspondents many of our most eminent men. The highest officer in the government has instructed or amused in the same columns, with one of his ambassadors; and senators who had deliberated on the welfare of states have frequently shown, in our pages that they were not unmindful of the concerns of literature. Many who are now taking the stations from which their fathers are silently retiring, will recognize in these volumes, some of their earliest efforts. Politicians may open the Port Folio when they would consult the wisdom of Hamilton, or admire the splendour of Morris; piety may acquire new fervour from the eloquent exhortations of many of our divines who are still trimming their lamps; and they who seek the Columbian Muse, may trace some of her sweetest inspirations in the effusions of Clifford, Alsop, Payne, and Shaw.

The Editor is now employed in *earnest endeavours to promote the best interests of American Literature*, and he appeals not only to the learned, but to the affluent, to contribute their aid in the support of a Journal which has been so long and so advantageously connected with the history of letters in the United States.

Having submitted three volumes to the approbation of the patrons of this Journal; the Editor is fairly before the public. To that public he earnestly appeals in behalf of the literature of the country. If the sunshine of patronage be obscured by negligence or withdrawn by dishonesty, how can it be expected that periodical publications—the pioneers of literature—should flourish? The holder of a fortunate lottery ticket who complained of the ruinous deduction of 15 per cent. was in Paradise compared with publishers of American Magazines, who must vend their publications at an abatement of one-third; wait whole years for the balance, and probably find it only in the schedule of a bankrupt.

Complaints have been made, of the condition prescribed at our publication office, that the subscription should be paid in advance. When we inform the reader that the sum expended on this work in one year, would defray the expense of printing ten volumes of the *Law Journal*,—the price of which is five dollars for each volume—that the cost of the engravings alone, is equal to that of some cotemporary journals, which have no embellishments—he will not be surprized that the proprietors should wish to secure some indemnity against risk, and some reward for labour. Literary men have no access to Banks; no matter, how successfully they may develop the strength of the country, polish its manners, refine its taste, or illustrate its glory. If Burke himself were to petition for a loan to enable him to publish an *American Register*, he would not find so much favour *at the Board*, as a trader to St. Domingo, or a South-American pirate.

It cannot be denied that more information is conveyed through the community by means of periodical journals, than by any other medium; and yet the negligence or dishonesty of subscribers is the universal complaint of those who employ their funds and their talents in the humble and thankless labours of editorship. In the short space of eighteen months, our subscription list exhibits *bona fide* claims to the amount of ten thousand dollars. To those whose delinquency produces so enormous a deficiency we would use the language of the prophet: *Come now and let us reason together—will not the whole head be sick, and the heart faint, if ye do not LEARN TO DO WELL?*



# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1817.

NO. I.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MILITARY CHRONICLE.

## CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.

THE capture of York, in Upper Canada, opened the campaign of 1813. The troops which had been engaged in this expedition, joined the army collected in the neighbourhood of Fort Niagara, about the middle of May. Preparations for an attack on Fort George, situated on the opposite side of the strait, had already far advanced under major-general Lewis, and were continued by the commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, with increased diligence. Batteries were erected, subsidiary to the fort, commanding the enemy's works; and boats were collected or constructed for the transportation of the troops. While these exertions for an attack were making on our part, the British were not inactive in providing means for defence; but both sides were permitted to pursue their respective labours unmolested. Those petty hostilities which disgraced the first year, and many subsequent periods, of the war, here gave place to a seemingly chival-

rous forbearance. A slight incident interrupted this truce, and renewed all the horrors of warfare. Some boats, which had been built a few miles up the strait, were lanced and conducted down under the English batteries, with provoking indifference. The enemy, determined to punish this temerity, opened upon them a desultory and ineffectual fire. This occurred on the night of the —\* instant. It was probably the intention of the commander-in-chief to have reserved the fire of our batteries, until a simultaneous attack could be made in another quarter by the troops; but the fire, once communicated, could not be controlled, and kindled into flame all our artillery. Under the direction of colonel Porter, assisted by major Totten of the engineers, and captain Archer of the artillery, they poured red-hot shot into the enemy's combustible works, with such skilful efficacy, that, ere the dawn of morning, they were a levelled mass of smoking ruins. The prematurity of this attack somewhat diminished the satisfaction which was felt at its complete success. The army was not ready to take advantage of the discouragement and panic which the sight of his eviscerated fortress must have produced on the enemy. He had time to recover from his dejection, and renew his defences.

At length, on the 26th of May, our preparations were deemed sufficient, if not complete, and the army was directed to embark the next morning at two o'clock. The fleet under commodore Chauncey, which had arrived the night before, was at anchor off the creek (about four miles down the lake from Fort Niagara), where the army lay encamped. The following distribution of commands had previously been settled: viz. colonel Scott commanded the advance, amounting to about six hundred men, consisting of a detachment of the twenty-second regiment, Forsyth's corps of riflemen, two companies of his own regiment, the second artillery, one company of the third artillery, and a company of dismounted dragoons. The rest of the troops, exclusive of the light artillery, were divided into three brigades, amounting to about fourteen hundred men each—the first consisting of de-

\* It is believed that this was the 24th or 25th. Captain Vandeventer, of the quarter-master's department, conducted the boats

tachments from the sixth, fifteenth, and sixteenth regiments, and colonel M'Clure's corps of volunteers, was commanded by brigadier-general Boyd; the second, consisting of detachments from the fifth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and twentieth regiments, was commanded by brigadier-general Winder; the third, acting as a reserve, was commanded by brigadier-general Chandler. All these troops were to be embarked in boats. Colonel Macomb's corps of third artillery, to which the mariners were attached,—having arrived in the fleet, was not included in the first arrangement, but directed to remain on board, to act as the commander-in-chief—who, although sick, was likewise to be there—might deem necessary. The immediate command of the troops was assigned to major-general Lewis.

Every exertion was made to insure a punctual obedience of the orders of the commander-in-chief; but difficulties, inseparable from embarkations of this kind, delayed the departure of the troops until about sun-rise. At that time, the divisions of boats were seen moving, in prescribed order, on the smooth surface of the Ontario. The fleet weighed anchor and accompanied them. A dense fog rested on the face of the waters, and veiled their movements.

The points of attack had previously been determined. A brief topographical explanation will indicate and render them understood. The course of the Niagara, strait for about one mile from its mouth, describes the segment of a circle, its convex side formed by the American shore. Fort George stands on the Canadian side, about thirteen hundred yards from the lake; the village of Newark interjacent. A cleared level plain lies between Newark and the lake. Skirting this plain and the rear of the village, is a thick wood, which, commencing on the lake, spreads, with the exception of a few farms, over the adjacent country. The lake-shore of this plain, and particularly of the wood, is steep, high, and rather difficult of ascent, declivous a few yards from the brink, and forming a natural breast-work. The *woody* part of this shore was selected as the principal point of attack. Auxiliary to this main attack, and by way of diversion, a company of light artillery, and a squadron of dragoons,

under colonel Burn, were directed to march up the right bank of the strait, and threaten a passage to intercept the route leading to Queenstown. Our batteries were likewise opened, early in the morning, upon all the enemy's works.

About nine o'clock A. M., when our fleet and boats had arrived within about two miles of the Canadian shore, a brisker breeze sprung up, dispersed the fog, and unveiled them to the enemy. The ascending vapours, gilt by the bright sun, floating above,—the lofty fleet and bannered boats, moving below, together formed a scene at once imposing and beautiful. The proud or anxious feelings of the combatants, subsided for a moment, at the sight, into emotions far removed from the mood of war.

The enemy lay concealed within the woods, and sheltered behind the natural breast-work from the fire of our smaller vessels, which had already taken commanding anchorage near the shore. The advance, under colonel Scott, led the van,—the other brigades following in numerical order. As soon as the advance came within reach of his shot, the enemy, with a kind of magical celerity, arose from his concealment, and poured upon our troops a severe, but ill-directed fire. Undismayed by this reception, our boats, disdaining to return a shot, only accelerated their course. They soon struck the beach, and leaping upon it, formed with rapidity, and rushed up the bank. The unbroken and far superior enemy soon obliged them to recoil. Two or three times, it is believed, this gallant little band ascended, with undiscouraged, but ineffectual valour, during the eight or ten minutes which intervened between the commencement of the attack and the arrival of the first brigade. This brigade now joining the advance, the whole resolutely mounted the bank, and formed on its crest. A destructive fire was interchanged for about ten minutes, with equal obstinacy on both sides, when the different regiments being ordered to advance, the enemy gave way, and retreated upon the rear of the village. Just as the shout of victory proclaimed our triumph, the second brigade reached the shore. General Chandler's reserve and colonel Macomb's command followed in quick succession. The whole line now marched by the left into the contiguous plain, and forming there, waited the arrival of major-general Lewis. In this position, the enemy, probably to stay our

progress, and mask his intended retreat, opened upon us a fire of sharpnel-shells from the village; but was soon silenced by our light artillery, under colonel Porter. Major-general Lewis now assumed the command, and directed a pursuit of the enemy. Just as the head of our column debouched from the village, the rear of the enemy's column was seen evacuating the fort. The pursuit was urged, but his main body was already out of sight. As the flag of the fort was still flying, captain Hindman was detached to take possession of it. A few officers preceded him. As they approached, a magazine exploded. The remembrance of York made them pause; but, entering immediately after, they cut down the flag-staff, and the flag sunk among the ruins. Rejoining the column, they continued the pursuit towards Queenstown. Colonel Burn now crossed with his dragoons, and joined the army. An order from the commander-in-chief arrested their march, when within a few miles of Queenstown, and directed them to return and encamp at Newark. The day was now far spent, and the army exhausted; it retrograded to Fort George, and there reposed that night.

Thus closed the affair of the 27th of May. All that the bravery of troops or the activity of subordinate officers could perform, was achieved. There were many instances of individual bravery, which a more fortunate campaign might have emblazoned and kept in remembrance. If the enemy escaped capture, the fault was probably in the plan, not in the execution of it. The enemy were about three thousand strong; we mustered about five thousand. Considering this disparity in our favour, it was not, perhaps, unreasonable to expect the capture of the garrison, as well as the post. Surrenders are not always consequent on victories; and perhaps the best concerted measures might have been unavailing in this case; but errors which experience has detected, may be pointed out, without claiming the merit of discernment, or incurring the imputation of illiberality. In the first place, landing at that part of the shore which was covered with wood, appears to have been a grand mistake. The enemy had thereby the benefit of concealment, and the protection of a natural breast-work. Had the open plain been selected, the enemy must either have declined meeting us at the landing, or have

exposed himself to the united fire of our vessels and fort, both of which swept the plain. The order of landing may have been equally exceptionable. Instead of following, and rendering it possible to be beaten in detail, the engagement would doubtless have been much shortened, and the success far more complete, had the whole line been thrown on shore simultaneously. The enemy could not then, without hazard, have concentrated his force, as he did, at one point; and while one portion of the line engaged him, the remainder might have acted on his flanks or rear. As it was,—when the advance and first brigade had beaten the enemy, he was able to make an almost unmolested retreat, as the two other brigades had not yet reached the scene of action. Or, instead of assailing him in one point only, had one brigade, or even colonel Macomb's command, been joined to colonel Burn's dragoons, and under the cover of the light artillery—which easily commanded the other side of the river—been directed to cross above, and make a lodgment on the Queenstown road, and intercepted his retreat that way,—the enemy would have been greatly embarrassed, and, if he escaped, obliged to retreat by the almost impracticable lake-roads. Being allowed, as he was, to take the Queenstown road, he had a feasible route, and fell back upon the garrison of Fort Erie, which, having evacuated that post, was on its march to join him.

The operations, subsequently to this day, were little calculated to retrieve past errors. An almost entire day was suffered to elapse before the pursuit was resumed. After two or three days marching on the Queenstown route, major-general Lewis was recalled, and brigadier-general Chandler, with one brigade, despatched by the lake-road. Brigadier-general Winder was ordered to follow with another brigade. The third or fourth day, colonel Miller, with a detachment, followed the latter. This hazardous separation of the troops was perhaps justified by necessity or sufficient reasons; but they certainly incurred the risk of being beaten in detail by an enemy, which, although discomfited, and inferior to the united detachments, was superior to any one of them alone. The singular and disastrous affair of Stoney Creek closed the pursuit, and finished the triumphs of this part of the American army for that campaign.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

THE reduced peace establishment of the army in 1776, after the Indian wars under major-general Wayne, was as follows:

### GENERAL STAFF.

One brigadier-general, one adjutant and inspector, one quartermaster-general, one pay-master-general, one judge advocate, two brigade-inspectors, two assistant pay-masters, ten garrison surgeons' mates.

### REGIMENTS AND CORPS.

*Cavalry*—Two troops of dragoons under two captains, four lieutenants and two cornets.

*Corps of artilleryists and engineers*—One lieutenant-colonel commandant, four majors, sixteen captains, thirty-two lieutenants, one surgeon and four mates.

*Infantry*—Four regiments, each under one lieutenant commandant, two majors, eight captains, eight lieutenants and eight ensigns.

The whole military force under this organization was something less than 6000.

### *Augmentation of the Army in 1798 and 1799.*

By an act passed 27th April, 1798, an additional regiment of artilleryists and engineers is ordered to be raised by voluntary enlistments, for five years. Eighty-eight thousand dollars appropriated therefor.

By an act passed May 28th, 1798, the President of the United States is authorized, at any time within three years after the passing of this act, if in his opinion the public interest shall require it, to accept of any company or companies of volunteers, either of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, who may offer themselves for the service, armed, clothed, and equipped at their own expense, who shall be liable to do duty at any time the President shall judge proper, within two years after he shall accept their services. While in service, they shall be under the same regulations, and entitled to the same pay and emoluments of every kind, except bounty and clothing, as the other troops.



The President is also authorized to loan to the militia corps of the different states, such pieces, (not exceeding two, to any one corps) of the field artillery of the United States, as can be most conveniently spared; and also, when any portion of the militia, or volunteer corps, shall be called forth, and engaged in the actual service of the United States, to loan a supply of artillery, arms and accoutrements, from the arsenals of the United States.

He is also authorized to procure a quantity of caps, swords or sabres, pistols and holsters, not exceeding the quantity sufficient for four thousand cavalry, to be deposited in the parts of the United States, where he shall deem it most commodious, for the supply of any corps of cavalry that may be called into actual service of the United States, and which he may loan as aforesaid.

He is further authorized, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint an inspector-general, with the rank of major-general; an adjutant-general, with the rank, pay, and emoluments of brigadier-general; two major-generals, and three brigadier-generals, in addition to the present establishment; and to appoint, from time to time, assistant inspectors to every portion of the army. •

He is empowered, if he thinks necessary, to appoint a quartermaster-general, physician-general, and pay-master-general—but no commissioned or staff officer to be entitled to any pay or emolument, unless in actual service.

By an act of June 13, 1798, supplementary to the foregoing, the volunteers who shall have been accepted and organized by the President, shall submit to such rules and regulations as may be thought necessary, to prepare them for actual service; and they are during such time, exempted from all militia duty.

The President is authorized to appoint and commission, as soon as he shall think it expedient, as many field officers, as may be necessary for organizing and embodying in legions, regiments and battalions, any volunteer companies who shall be accepted as aforesaid; provided, no such field-officers shall be considered in the pay of the United States, until called into actual service.

By an act to augment the army of the United States, passed July 16, 1798, the President is authorized to raise, in addition to the foregoing military establishment, twelve regiments of infan-

try, and six troops of light dragoons, to be enlisted for and during the continuance of the existing differences between the United States and the French Republic.

The said six troops shall be formed into a regiment, and there shall be appointed thereto, one lieutenant-colonel-commandant, two majors, one adjutant, one pay-master, one quarter-master, one sergeant-major, and one quarter-master-sergeant, whose pay and emoluments, as well as the coronets respectively, shall be the same as are by law allowed to officers of the same grade in the infantry.

By act of Congress, of March 2, 1799, giving eventual authority to the President of the United States to augment the army, he is authorized, in case war shall break out between the United States and any foreign power, or in case of imminent danger of invasion of our territory by any such power, shall, in his opinion, be discovered to exist, to organize and cause to be raised, in addition to the other military force of the United States, twenty-four regiments of infantry, a regiment and a battalion of rifle-men, a battalion of artillerists and engineers, and three regiments of cavalry, or such parts thereof, as he shall judge necessary. The non-commissioned officers and privates of which, to be enlisted for a term not exceeding three years, and to be entitled to a bounty of ten dollars, half at the time of enlistment, and the remainder at joining the regiment they belong to.

The troops thus raised, may be discharged at the discretion of the President.

The President is authorized to appoint and commission all officers for the said troops, agreeably to the rules prescribed by law; provided, that the general and field-officers who may be appointed in the recess of the senate, shall, at the next meeting thereof, be nominated and submitted to them for their advice and consent.

All the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, of the troops raised in pursuance to this act, shall be entitled to the like pay, clothing, rations, and other emoluments, as the like officers and troops composing the army of the United States. Provided, that no other officer, except captains and subalterns em-

ployed in the recruiting service, shall be entitled to any pay, or other emolument, until he shall be called into actual service.

The president is also authorized to organize all volunteer companies that may be accepted, in pursuance to the "Act authorizing the President of the United States to raise a Provisional Army," into regiments, brigades, and divisions, and to appoint all officers thereof, agreeably to the organization prescribed by law.

The said volunteers shall not be compelled to serve out of the state in which they reside, longer than three months after their arrival at the place of rendezvous.

Two millions of dollars are appropriated for carrying into effect this act; to be raised, by loan, on the most advantageous terms.

By an act for better organizing the troops of the United States, passed March 3, 1799, it is enacted, that a regiment of infantry shall be composed of one lieutenant-colonel-commandant, two majors, one adjutant, one quarter-master, and one pay-master, each being a lieutenant; one surgeon, two surgeon's mates, ten captains, ten first and ten second lieutenants, besides the three before mentioned; ten cadets, two serjeant-majors, two quarter-master-serjeants, two chief musicians, twenty other musicians, forty serjeants, forty corporals, and nine hundred and twenty privates, which together shall form two battalions, each battalion five companies.

A regiment of cavalry is composed of the same number and grade of officers as the regiment of infantry; ten musicians, and nine hundred and twenty privates, to include ten saddlers, ten blacksmiths, and ten boot-makers, formed as aforesaid.

A regiment of artillery is composed of one lieutenant-colonel-commandant, four majors, one adjutant, one quarter-master, and one pay-master, each being a lieutenant; one surgeon, two surgeon's mates, sixteen captains, thirty-two lieutenants, besides the three before mentioned; thirty-two cadets, four serjeant majors, four quarter-master-serjeants, sixty-four serjeants, sixty-four corporals, one chief musician, ten other musicians, eight hundred and ninety-six privates, including one hundred and twenty-eight artificers, which, together, shall form four battalions, and each battalion four companies.

## PAY OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES.

Major-general, 166 dollars per month, and 15 rations per day; and when forage is not furnished by the United States, the further sum of 20 dollars per month.

Brigadier-general, 104 dollars per month, 12 rations per day, and 16 dollars per month for forage, when not furnished as aforesaid.

Lieutenant-colonel-commandant, 75 dollars per month, — rations per day, and 12 dollars per month for forage, as aforesaid.

Major of artillery, or cavalry, 55 dollars per month, 4 rations per day, and ten dollars per month for forage, as aforesaid.

Major of infantry, 50 dollars per month, 4 rations per day, and 10 dollars per month for forage, as aforesaid.

Captain of cavalry, 40 dollars per month, 3 rations per day, and 10 dollars per month, as aforesaid.

Captain of artillery or infantry, 40 dollars per month, and 3 rations per day.

First lieutenant of cavalry, 30 dollars per month, 2 rations per day, and 6 dollars per month for forage, as aforesaid.

Lieutenants of artillery, each 30 dollars per month, and 2 rations.

Second lieutenant of cavalry, 25 dollars per month, 2 rations per day, and 6 dollars per month for forage, as aforesaid.

First lieutenant of infantry, 30 dollars per month, and 2 rations per day.

Second lieutenant of infantry, 25 dollars per month, and 2 rations per day.

Regimental surgeon, 45 dollars per month, 3 rations per day, and 10 dollars per month for forage, unless furnished by the United States.

Surgeon's mate, 30 dollars per month, 2 rations per day, and 6 dollars per month for forage, unless as aforesaid.

Regimental pay-master, quarter-master, and adjutant, in addition to their pay in the line, each 10 dollars per month, and 6 dollars per month for forage, unless as aforesaid.

Cadet of Cavalry, 10 dollars per month, 2 rations per day, and 6 dollars per month for forage, unless as aforesaid.

All other cadets, 10 dollars per month, and 2 rations per day.

## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Serjeant-major and quarter-master-serjeant, each 10 dollars per month.

Chief musician, 8 dollars per month.

Serjeant, 8 dollars per month.

Corporal, 7 dollars per month.

Musician, 6 dollars per month.

An artificer to the infantry and artillery, a farrier, saddler, and boot-maker, to the cavalry, each 10 dollars per month.

A private soldier, 5 dollars per month.

And to each of the non-commissioned officers and privates, one ration of provisions per day.

All non-commissioned officers, artificers, musicians, and privates, who are or shall be enlisted, and the non-commissioned officers, artificers, musicians, and privates of the militia, or other corps, when in the service of the United States, are exempt from all personal arrest on account of debt or other contract.

By act passed the 3d of March, 1799, for the better organization of the troops of the United States, each non-commissioned officer, private, artificer, and musician, who shall hereafter be enlisted for the army of the United States, shall be entitled to a bounty of 12 dollars; but the payment of one third thereof shall be deferred until he joins his regiment.

And each non-commissioned officer, employed in the recruiting service, shall be entitled to receive for each non-commissioned officer, private, or musician, duly enlisted, the sum of two dollars, in full compensation for his extra expenses in this service.

There shall be a commander of the army of the United States, to be appointed and commissioned by the title of "General of the Armies of the United States;" and the present office and title of lieutenant-general shall hereafter be established.

There shall be a quarter-master-general to the army of the United States, with the rank, pay, and emolument of major-general.

It shall be lawful for the president of the United States, at his discretion, to organize, officer, and raise a battalion of riflemen, to be entitled to the same pay and emolument as a battalion of infantry of the line.

There shall be to every army of the United States, other than that in which the quarter-master-general shall serve, a deputy

quarter-master-general, who, in addition to his other emoluments, shall be entitled to 50 dollars per month, for his extra services, and travelling expenses.

The provisions of this act are not to affect the present quarter-master-general of the United States, who, in case a quarter-master-general shall be appointed, by this act, is to act as deputy quarter-master-general, and have the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

To every division of an army there shall be a quartermaster of division, who, in addition to his other emoluments, shall be entitled to 30 dollars per month.

To every brigade there shall be a brigade quarter-master, who shall receive 24 dollars per month, for his extra services; each of which officers to be chosen by the quarter-master-general from the regimental officers.

There shall be a deputy inspector-general to every army, other than that in which the inspector-general serves, to be a field-officer, and to have 50 dollars per month, for his extra services.

To every division of an army, there shall be a division-inspector, who shall be entitled to thirty dollars per month, for his extra services.

To every brigade, there shall be a brigade-inspector, who shall be entitled to twenty-four dollars per month, for his extra services; each of which officers, to be chosen from the regimental officers, by the inspector-general.

The adjutant-general of the army, shall be ex-officio assistant inspector-general.

And every deputy-inspector-general, shall be ex-officio deputy-adjutant-general, and shall perform the duties of adjutant-general, in the army to which he shall be annexed.

The pay-master-general of the armies of the United States, shall be always quartered at or near the head-quarters of the main army, or at such place as the commander-in-chief shall deem proper.

To the army of the Western Frontiers, and to detachments from the main army, the pay-master-general shall appoint deputy-pay-masters, who shall account to him for all monies advanced them, and shall give bond in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars,

with sureties for the faithful performance of their respective duties; and the several regimental pay-masters shall also give bond in the sum of five thousand dollars, with sureties for the faithful performance of their duties.

The pay-master-general, to receive eighty dollars per month, with the rations and forage of a major, in full compensation for his services and travelling expenses; and the deputy, in addition to his pay, and other emoluments, thirty dollars per month, in full compensation for his extra services.

Every major-general of the army of the United States, shall be entitled to two aids, to be chosen by himself; each of whom, shall receive, in addition to his pay, and other emoluments, twenty-four dollars per month, and ten dollars per month for forage, when not furnished by the United States.

Every brigadier of the army, shall be entitled to one aid, chosen by himself, who, in addition to his pay, and other emoluments, shall receive for his extra services, twenty-four dollars per month, and ten dollars for forage, when not furnished as aforesaid.

The President of the United States, is authorized to engage and appoint, distinct from the officers of the corps of artillerists and engineers, two engineers, with the rank of lieutenant-colonels, and to allow them such compensation as he shall think necessary.

There shall be an inspector of fortifications, whose duties shall be assigned him by the Secretary of War, under the direction of the President of the United States.

The compensation allowed, if selected from the corps of artillerists and engineers, for his extra services, thirty-five dollars per month; and if he shall not be an officer in the artillery or engineers, he shall be allowed for his services, seventy-five dollars monthly, and rank as major in the army of the United States.

In case he shall be chosen from the corps of artillerists and engineers, or army of the United States, his place therein shall be supplied by promotion, or a new appointment, or both, as may be requisite; but he shall nevertheless retain his station in the said corps or army, and rise therein, in the same manner, as if he had never been appointed inspector.



There shall be allowed to the inspector-general of the armies of the United States, in addition to his allowance as major-general, and in full compensation for extra services, fifty dollars monthly, and he shall be allowed a secretary of his own appointment, with the pay and emolument of a captain.

By the act of March 16, 1802, the peace establishment was re-organized and remained at about four thousand, until 1808, when it was raised to ten thousand, which was the army peace establishment previous to the late war.

The following was the organization of the regular army at the close of the war in 1815, exclusive of the general staff.

COMPONENT PARTS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

	Colonel.	Lieut. Colonel.	Majors.	Captains.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieuts.	Paymaster.	Serjeants.	Corporals.	Teacher of Music.	Musicians.	Artificers.	Bombardiers.	Aggregate.
Corps of Engineers	1	1	2	6	6	6	1	4	4	1	8	20	80	140

COMPONENT PARTS OF REGIMENTS AND CORPS.

<i>Regts. &amp; Corps.</i>	Colonels.	Lieutenant Colonels.	Majors.	Adjutants.	Quartermasters.	Paymasters.	Surgeons.	Surgeon's Mates.	Serjeant Majors.	Quartermast. Serjts.	Princ. Musicians.	Principal Farrier.	Riding Masters.	Number of Troops.	No. of Companies.	Strength of Regiments.	Strength of Battal.	No. of Regiments.	No. of Battalions.	Aggregate Strength.
Light Ar.	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	—	—	10	—	963	—	1	—	963
Dragoons	1	1	2	1	1	—	1	2	1	1	1	1	—	8	—	981	—	1	—	981
Corps Ar.	—	6	6	12	12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	48	—	495	—	12	5940
Infantry	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	—	—	—	10	1094	—	16	—	50324
Riflemen	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	—	—	—	10	1060	—	4	—	4240
Total authorised force																			62448	

## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

## COMPONENT PARTS OF A TROOP AND COMPANY:

<i>Regt. &amp; Corps.</i>	Captains.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Third Lieutenants.	Ensigns.	Cornet.	Quartermast. Serjt.	Serjeants.	Corporals.	Musicians.	Artificers.	Sword Master.	Riding Master.	Farmers.	Saddlers.	Blacksmith.	Drivers.	Privates.	Aggregate.
Light Artillery	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	5	4	2	8	—	—	1	1	—	12	58	95
Dragoons	1	1	1	1	—	1	—	5	8	2	—	1	1	1	1	—	—	96	121
Corps of Artillery	1	1	2	1	—	—	1	5	8	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	100	123
Infantry	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	5	4	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	90	106
Riflemen	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	5	4	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	90	106

Two regiments form a brigade, to be commanded by a brigadier-general, to whom will be attached one aid-de-camp and one brigade-major. Two brigades form a division, to be commanded by a major-general, with two aids-de-camp; and when he commands an army, one adjutant-general, one inspector-general, one quarter-master-general, two assistant-adjutant-generals, two assistant-inspector-generals, one deputy-quarter-master-general and four assistants, one topographical engineer and one assistant; besides a chief of each department, as many assistants *may* be allowed as there are brigades in each separate army.

## PAY, SUBSISTENCE, AND FORAGE OF THE ARMY AT THE PEACE, IN 1815.

RANK OR GRADE.	<i>Pay per month.</i>	<i>Forage by number of horses.</i>	<i>Subsistence or rations per day.</i>	REMARKS.
Major general,	\$200	7	15	
Sec'y to the general commanding the army U. States,	24	2		In add. to comp. in line.
Aid-de-camp to a major general,	24	2	4	Do. do. do.
Brigadier general,	104	5	12	
Aid-de-camp to a brigadier general,	20	2		Do. do. do.
Brigade major,	24	2		Do. do. do.
Brigade chaplain,	50	2	4	
Judge advocate,	50	2	4	
Adjutant and inspector general,	104	5	12	

RANK OR GRADE.	Pay per month.	Forage by number of horses.	Subsistence or rations per day.	REMARKS.
Adjutant general,	\$90	5	6	
Assistant do. do.	60	4	4	
Inspector general,	75	4	6	
Assistant do. do.	60	4	4	
Quartermaster general,	75	4	6	
Deputy do. do. do.	60	4	4	
Assistant dep. do. do.	40		3	
Topographical engineer,	60	4	4	
Assistant do. do.	40		3	
Paymaster of army,	2000			Per year from 1 Jan. 1814,
Dep. paymaster gen.	50			In add. to comp. in line.
Assistant do. do.	30			Do. do. do.
District paymaster,	50	3	4	To be taken from priv. life.
Assistant Paymaster,	40	1	3	Do. do. do.
Regimental paymaster,*	10	2		In add. to comp. in line.
Do. Adjutant,	10	2		Do. do. do.
Principal wagon mast.	40	1	3	
Wagon master,	30	1	2	
Principal forage mast.	40	2	3	
Assistant do. do.	30	1	2	
Conductor of artillery,	30		2	
Principal barrack mast.	40	2	3	
Deputy barrack master,	30	1	2	
Superintendent of artificers,	45	1	3	
Assistant do.	30		2	
Master artificers,	30	}	Rations in kind only.	} 1 1-2 rations per day each.
Artificers of the corps of that name,	16			
Special commissary of purchases,	60	4	4	
Commissary general of ordinance,	75		6	
Assistant do. do.	50		7	
Deputy commissary of ordinance,	40	1	5	
Assistant do. do. do.	30		2	
Wheelrights, carriage makers and blacksmiths,	16	}	Rations receivable in kind only.	} Of the ordinance department.
Labourers,	9			
Commissary general,				3000 dollars per annum.
Superintendent,				3000 do. do.

\* Paymasters of the corps of artillery, same pay as regimental paymasters.

RANK OR GRADE.	Pay per month.	Forage by number of horses.	Subsistence or rations per day.	REMARKS.
Physician and surgeon general,		2	2	2500 dollars per annum.
Apothecary general,				1800 do. do.
Hospital surgeon,	\$75	2	6	
Hospital surgeon's mate,	40	2	2	
Hospital stewards,	20		2	
Ward masters,	16		2	
Surgeons,	60	2	3	
Surgeon's mates,	45	2	2	
Professor of natural and experimental philosophy,	60	3	5	Of the corps of engineers only.
Assistant do. do.	40		3	
Professor of Mathematics,	50	3	4	
Assistant do. do.	40		3	
Professor of the art of engineering,	50	3	4	
Assistant do. do.	40		3	
Teacher of the French language,	40		3	
Teacher of drawing,	40		3	
Cadet,	16		2	
Col. (except of cavalry),	75	4	6	And forage for the light artillery, when mounted, the same as for light dragoons.
Lt. col. do. do.	60	3	5	
Maj. (except cavalry),	50	3	4	
Capt. (except cavalry),	40		3	
First lieut. do. do.	30		3	
Second lieut. do. do.	25		3	
Third lieut. do. do.	23		3	
Ensign,	20		3	
Serjeant-major,	12	Annual suits of clothing and rations receivable in kind only.		
Quar. mast. serjeant,	12			Pay during the continuance of the present war.
Serjeant,	11			
Principal musician,	11			
Corporal,	10			
Musician,	9			
Private, driver, bombardier, matross, sapper, and miner,	8			
Artificer, saddler, farrier and blacksmith, not attached to the quartermaster-general's and ordnance department,	13			

BANK OR GRADE.	Pay per month.	Forage by number of horses.	Subsistence or rations per day.	REMARKS.
Colonel of cavalry,	\$90	5	6	Provided they furnish their own horses and accoutrements, and actually keep in service the aforesaid number of horses, to entitle them to their forage, or an equivalent in money, at 8 dollars per horse.
Lt. colonel do.	75	4	5	
Major do.	60	4	4	
Captain do.	50	3	3	
First lieut. do.	33 33 1-3	2	3	
Second lieut. do.	33 33 1-3	2	3	
Third lieut. do.	30	2	3	
Cornet do.	26 66 2-3	2	3	
Riding-master do.	26 66 2-3	2	2	
Mast. of sword do.	26 66 2-3	2	2	
Lt. col. of artillery,	75	3	5	
Major of artillery,	60	3	4	
Captain do.	50		3	
First lieut. do.	33 33 1-3		2	
Second lieut. do.	33 33 1-3		2	
Third lieut. do.	30		2	
Col. light artillery,	90	5	6	
Lieut. colonel do.	75	4	5	
Major do.	60	4	4	
Captain do.	50	3	3	
First lieut. do.	33 33 1-3	2	2	
Second lieut. do.	33 33 1-3	2	2	
Third lieut. do.	30	2	2	
Non-commissioned officers and privates of the companies of rangers,	<div> <div>1 dol. per day each; 75 cts. per day, without horses.</div> </div>			

Women (in the proportion of 1 to every 17 men,) a ration in kind, also to matrons and nurses allowed in hospitals.

**NOTE.**—Though *forage* may be allowed for the number of horses noted, yet *money in lieu thereof* cannot. A distinction should therefore be drawn, say *forage money* for one horse only, to all those of the staff, who have not been entitled, heretofore, to more than ten dollars per month. The brigade major, aid to a brigadier, and adjutant, are expressly limited to that. The allowance of forage in kind, hay, oats, and corn, may be made to as many horses in actual service as the War department directs.

## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

PRESENT PEACE ESTABLISHMENT, UNDER THE ACTS OF MARCH, 3, 1815,  
AND APRIL 24, 1816—TEN THOUSAND.

Names and Rank.	Date of appointment.	Brevet and former commissions.	Remarks.
Jacob Brown, maj gen	24 Jan 14		Division of the N
Andrew Jackson, do	1 May		Division of the S
Alexander Macomb, brig gen	24 Jan	11 Sep 14	
		M G bvt	Detroit, N D
Edmund P. Gaines, do	9 Mar	15 Aug 14	
		M G bvt	Augusta, S D
Winfield Scott, do	9 do	25 July 14	
		M G bvt	New York, N D
Eleazer W. Ripley, do	15 Apr	25 July 14	
		M G bvt	New Orleans, S D
Daniel Parker, adj and ins gen	22 Nov	Br Gen bvt	Washington city
Robert Butler, adj gen	5 Mar	Colonel bvt	S Division
Charles K. Gardner, do	12 Apr	do	N Division
Arthur P. Hayne, ins gen	12 do	do	S Division
John E. Wool, do	29 do	do	N Division
Charles J. Nourse, ass adj gen	14 Sep	Major bvt	General Scott
Clinton Wright, do	29 Apr 16	do	General Gaines
R. M. Kirby, do	29 do	do	General Ripley
Perrin Willis, do	3 do 17	do	General Macomb
G. H. Manigault, ass ins gen	9 Sep 14	do	General Scott
John M. Davis, do	1 Oct	do	General Gaines
Francis S. Belton, do	18 do	do	General Macomb
Wm. McDonald, do	29 Apr 16	do	General Ripley
John Anderson, top eng	12 do 13	do	N Division
Isaac Roberdeau, do	29 do	do	N Division
John J. Abert, do	22 Nov 14	do	N Division
James Kearney, do	29 Apr 16	do	S Division
Stephen H. Long, do	29 do	do	S Division
Paul H. Perrault, do	17 Feb 17	do	S Division
Hugh Young, ass top eng	19 Feb 17		
William T. Poussin, do	6 Mar 17		
James R. Mullany, qr mas gen.	29 do	Colonel bvt	N Division
George Gibson, do	29 do	do	S Division
C. Vandeventer, dp qr mas gen	26 Mar 13	Major bvt	S Division
William Linnard, do	12 Apr	do	N Division
Mark Hardin, ass dep qr mas	29 Apr 16	Capt bvt	S Division
William L. Robeson, do	30 Aug	do	S Division
Thomas Tupper, do	15 Nov	do	N Division
<i>Ordinance Department.</i>			
Decius Wadsworth, colonel	2 July 12	Colonel bvt	Office Washington
George Bomford, lieut col	9 Feb 16	Lt col bvt	
		22 Dec 14	
A. R. Wooley, major	9 do	Major bvt	
James Dalaby, do	9 do	do	
John Morton, captain	11 Sep 12	Capt brevet	
George Talcott, jr. do	5 Aug 13	do	

Names and Rank.		Date of appointment.	Brevet and former commissions.	Remarks.
John H. Margart,	captain	5 Aug 13	Capt brevet	Aid to Gen Scott
R. D. Richardson,	do	5 do	do	
Thomas L. Campbell,	do	5 do	do	
Edwin Tyler,	do	5 do	do	
J. H. Rees,	do	16 Feb 14	do	
J. D. Hayden,	do	9 do 15	Brvt 13 Mar 1813	
William Wade,	do	9 do	Captain bvt	
M. J. Magee,	do.	10 Feb	do	
Rufus L. Baker,	1st lieut	12 Mar 13	1st lt brevet	
William C. Lyman,	do	19 Apr	do	
Joseph S. Nelson,	do	30 do	Capt brevet 30 Apr 13	
David T. Welsh,	do	30 do	Capt brevet 20 June 14	
James Baker,	do	6 do	1st lt brevet	
Nehemiah Baden,	do	6 do	do	
Christopher Keiser,	do	6 do	do	
J. Livingston,	do	5 Mar 14	do	
Wm. Anderson,	do	1 Oct	do	
James Hall,	do	17 May 16	do	
John W. Thompson,	2d lieut	6 July 12	1st lt brevet 26 June 13	
T. P. McMahon,	do	19 May 13	1st lt brevet 1 Jan 14	
Thos. T. Stephenson,	do	23 July 14	2d lt brevet	
J. C. De Hart,	do	1 Aug	do	
John Wilson,	do	26 Dec	do	
R. C. Pomeroy	do	26 do	do	
Charles F. Morton	do	26 do	do	
J. W. Philips,	do	2 do 15	do	
O. O. Banks,	do	2 do	do	
William F. Rigal,	do	17 May 16	do	
James Simonson,	3d lieut	2 Mar 15	3d lt brevet	
John Hills,	do	2 do	do	
John Symington,	do	2 do	do	
W. E. Williams,	do	2 Dec	do	
W. B. Davidson,	do	2 do	do	
Joshua Howard,	do	2 do	do	
Charles Ward,	do	17 May 16	do	
Martin Thomas,	do	5 Mar 17		
<i>Medical Department.</i>				
James Mann,	hosp surgeon	9 Apr 12		Detroit
David C. Kerr,	do	30 do		New Orleans
Samuel Shaw,	do	6 do 13		St Louis
Benjamin Waterhouse,	do	29 June		Boston
Tobias Watkins,	do	20 Mar 14		Baltimore
James C. Bronaugh,	do	15 Apr		Division of the S
Joseph Lovell,	do	30 June		Division of the N
E. H. Bell,	do	29 Apr 16		Fort Hawkins



## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Names and Rank.		Date of appointment.	Remarks.
J. Stevenson,	hospital surgeon's mate	27 May 12	New-Orleans
Wm. H. Buckner,	do	6 July	Charleston
Edward Purcell,	do	2 May 13	Fort Gratiot
Joseph Wallace,	do	15 July	Fort Mifflin
William Williams,	do	1 Aug	Baton Rouge
William Stewart,	do	30 Mar 14	Baltimore
William Marshall,	do	30 do	Charleston, S. C.
Joseph Eaton,	do	15 Apr	Portland, Me.
B. Delevan,	do	15 do	Detroit
Robert Archer,	do	13 May	Craney Island
Thomas Russell,	do	21 July	Wiscasset
Albion T. Crow,	do	1 July 16	Detroit
Elisha S. Allen,	do	8 Mar 17	
George C. Clitherald,	do	8 do	
John Carpenter,	do	9 Apr	
W. I. Clark,	do	28 do	
George W. Maupin,	post surgeon	5 Nov 02	Norfolk
Joseph Goodhue,	do	8 Feb 03	Portsmouth
James H. Sargeant,	do	6 Mar 06	Boston
Lemuel B. Clark,	do	4 Jan 08	Norfolk
William T. Davidson,	do	13 June	Fort Stoddert
Cor. Cunningham,	do	15 Oct 10	Greenbush
William Ballard,	do	24 Mar 12	Castine
William Turner,	do	29 Sep	Newport, R. I.
Hanson Catlett,	do	18 Feb 13	Pittsburg
John H. Sackett,	do	22 Mar	New-York
S. A. Walsh,	do	9 Aug	West Point
Foster Swift,	do	18 Feb 14	New-York
John Trevett,	do	8 Apr 14	Detroit
Arnold Elzy,	do	15 do	Washington
German Senter,	do	9 July	New-Orleans
W. C. Lane,	do	15 Sept	Vincennes
William N. Mercer,	do	22 Nov	New-Orleans
T. I. C. Monroe,	do	29 Apr 16	Annapolis
M. H. Elliot,	do	7 Nov	
Samuel B. Smith,	do	12 do	
George A. Carroll,	do	17 Feb 17	
Samuel Ayer,	do	17 do	
C. G. Garrard,	do	19 do	
Francis Le Baron,	apothecary general	11 June 13	
Christopher Backus,	asst apothecary	12 Aug 14	S division
James Cutbush,	do	12 do	N division
<i>Judge Advocates.</i>			
James T. Dent,		19 July 13	S division
R. H. Winder,		9 do 14	N division
W. O. Winston,		29 Apr 16	S division
Thomas Hanson,		29 do	S division
Samuel A. Storrow.		9 July	N division

Names and Rank.	Date of appointment.	Remarks.
<i>Chaplains.</i>		
Robert Elliot,	20 May 13	N division
A. I. Booge,	16 June	S division
Cave Jones,	29 Apr 16	N division
W. L. Macalla.	29 do	S division
<i>Pay Department.</i>		
Robert Brent, pay-master-general	1 July 08	Office Washington
Satterlee Clark, battalion pay-master	29 Apr 16	Washington
Joseph Woodruff, do	do	S. Carolina & Geor.
David Gwynne, do	do	Detroit, M. T.
D. S. Townsend, do	do	Boston, Mas.
W. D. Lawrence, do	do	New-York
Leroy Opie, do	do	Norfolk, Va.
<i>Purchasing Department.</i>		
Callender Irvine, commissary-general	8 Aug 12	Office, Philada.
John M'Kinney, deputy-commissary	25 Apr	Southern division
Darby Noon, do	15 July 15	Northern division
Robert Irvine, asst commissary of issues		Detroit
James E. Herron, do		Sacket's Harbor
Maurice Prevost, do		New-Orleans
Joseph W. Pinder, do		Savannah
Edwin Starke, do		Norfolk
Eli B. Clemson, do		St. Louis
Archibald Steel, military-store-keeper		Philadelphia
Samuel Devans, do		Charlestown, Mas
Lynott Bloodgood, do		Albany
John Fellows, do		New-York
Jonathan Snowden, do		West Point
Thomas Martin, do		Newport, Ky
Robert Wilson, do		Charleston, S C
John Chaffee, do		Springfield, Mas
Lloyd Beall, do		Harper's Ferry, V
Thomas B. Rutter, do		Baltimore
James Gibson, do		Pittsburg
George Hackett, do		Carlisle
Jacint Laval, do		Washington
Jacob Whistler, do		St. Louis
<i>Military Academy.</i>		
Sen officer of eng superintdt mil acad		West Point, N Y
Jared Mansfield, prof nat and expr phil	7 Oct 12	
D. B. Douglass, asst prof nat and expr phil		
Andrew Ellicot, professor mathematics,		
Claude Crozet, prof art of engineering	6 Mar 17	
Samuel A. Walsh, surgeon	1 Sep 13	
Adam Empie, chaplain, and prof ethics		
Claudius Berard, teacher French lan	9 Aug	
C. E. Zoeller, teacher of drawing		
Pere Thomas, sword master	3 Jan 15	

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
<b>CORPS OF ENGINEERS.</b>		<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> J. R. Fenwick 2 Dec 11	
<i>Colonel.</i> Jos G. Swift 31 July 12	B gen bvt 19 Feb 14	<i>Majors.</i> Abram Eustis 15 Mar 10	Colonel bvt 18 Mar 13
<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> Walker K. Armistead 31 July 12		<i>Captains.</i> A. M'Dowell 1 Apr 12 Luth Leonard 6 July A. S. Brooks 6 do	Lt col bvt 10 Sep 13
<i>Majors.</i> Wm M'Ree 31 July 12 Chas Gratiot 9 Feb 15	Col bvt 15 Aug 14	<i>Captains.</i> Saml D. Harris 6 do J. L. Eastman 31 July 13 Hy K. Craig 23 Dec John R. Bell 10 Oct 14 Wm F. Hobart 1 Jan 17 G. M. Morris 15 do	Maj bvt 11 Sep 14 Lt col bvt 5 July 14 Lt col bvt 25 July 14
<i>Captains.</i> A. Patridge 23 July 10 J. G. Totten 31 do 12 Sam Babcock 20 Sep Sylv Thayer 13 Oct 13 Wm Cutbush 17 Sep 14 E. De Russey 9 Feb 15	Prof mil acd Lt col bvt 11 Sep 14 Maj bvt 20 Feb 15	<i>First Lieutenants.</i> J. H. Wilkins 3 Dec 13 John Gates jr 3 do John A. Shaw 21 Feb 14 N. Clark 1 May Wm Lyman 10 June H. Saunders 14 July S. M. Mackay 10 Oct G. E. Wells 30 Sep 16 E. Lyon 1 Jan 17 S. Washburn 15 do	Paymaster  Adjutant Aid to maj gen Brown Qr master
<i>First Lieutenants.</i> Fredk Lewis 20 Sep 12 Jas Gadsden 17 Mar 13 T. W. Maurice 13 Oct Hipol Dumas 20 Feb 14 D. B. Douglass 17 Sep Geo Trescott 9 Feb 15	Capt bvt 17 Sep 14	<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> H. Stanton 7 Mar 14 G. Drane 17 do W. Smith 12 May H. F. Evans 2 June 14 R. F. Massie 31 Aug J. Irvine 19 Sep W. Wells 10 Oct John A. Webber 30 Sep 16 Thos L. Gardner 1 Jan 17 B. L. E. Bonneville 15 Jan 17	
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> J. L. Smith 16 Oct 13 Hor C. Story 11 Mar 14 John Wright 30 do Geo Blaney 31 Oct 16 Thos I. Leslie 31 do Wm S. Evileth 31 do	1st Lt bvt 17 Sep 14 Paymaster		
<i>Assistant Engineer.</i> Gen Simon Bernard 16 Nov 16			
<b>REGT. OF LIGHT ARTILLERY</b>		<i>Surgeon.</i> Lew Dunham 12 Dec 08	
<i>Colonel.</i> Moses Porter 12 Mar 12	B gen bvt 10 Sept 13		

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
<i>Surgeon's Mate.</i> W. H. Livingston 26 July 14		J. F. Heileman, 5 May H. Yeaton 20 do Th Bennet 20 June S. Churchill 15 Aug B. K. Pierce 1 Oct John Biddle 1 do G. P. Peters 21 Feb 14 M. M. Payne 2 Mar Ethan A. Allen 25 July Nath N. Hall 30 Sep M. P. Lomax 17 Nov Milo Mason 17 May 16 Adrian Niel 1 Dec	
<b>CORPS OF ARTIL- LERY.</b>			
<i>Lieutenant Colonels.</i> G. E. Mitchell, 3 Mar 13 James House 3 do Wm. Lindsay 12 do Wm. Macrea 19 Apr 14	Col bvt 5 May 14		
<i>Majors.</i> G. Armistead 3 Mar 13 Jas B. Many 5 May J. Hindman 26 June Jas Bankhead 15 Aug	Lt col bvt Sep 14 Col bvt 17 May 15	<i>First Lieutenants.</i> John Farley 6 July 12 Wm. M. Read 6 do L. Brown 6 do Luther Scott 6 do R. R. Ruffin 6 do Kenneth M'Kenzie 6 July 12 J. Erving, jr. 16 Aug A. L. Sands 10 Feb 13 T. J. Beall 3 Mar Richard A. Zantzinger 13 Mar W. R. Duncan 13 do Chester Root 13 do T. Randall 13 do. Gus Loomis 5 May P. D. Spenser 13 do J. Mountfort 20 do F. Whiting 20 June Edwin Sharp 26 do G. Dearborn, 1 Oct Felix Ansart 1 do Th. C. Legate 29 do	Aid to gen Scott Capt bvt 20 Feb 15 Aid to gen Gaines Capt bvt 6 July 12 Capt bvt 17 Mar 14 Capt bvt 15 Aug 14 Capt bvt 11 Sep 14 aid to MGMA- comb Capt bvt 1 Dec 14 Capt bvt 11 Sep 14 Adjutant Qr master
<i>Captains.</i> Charles Wolstoncraft 15 Mar 05 J. B. Walbach 31 Jan 06 Moses Swett 30 June 07 Wm. Wilson, 3 May 08 E. Humphreys 9 Jan 09 Jas Reed, 12 Mar 12 J. B. Crane 6 July 12 Roger Jones 6 do S. B. Archer, 6 do S. Donoho, 6 do Th Biddle, jr. 6 do J. T. B. Romayne 6 do Wm O. Allen 6 do Th Stockton 10 Sep Th Murray 10 Feb 13 Wm Gates 3 Mar A. C. W. Fanning 13 Mar J. M. O'Connor 13 do I. Roach, jr. 13 Apr	Maj bvt 15 Mar 15 Lt col bvt 17 May 15 Maj bvt 28 Dec 14 Maj bvt 13 Nov 13 Lt col bvt 17 Sep 14 Maj bvt 27 Apr 15 Maj bvt 15 Aug 14 Maj bvt 15 Apr 14 Maj bvt 15 Aug 14		

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
S. Armstrong 9 Mar 14		Jac Schmuch 1 May 14	1st lt bvt 25 July 14
Rt. M <sup>c</sup> Clelland 1 May			
S Spotts 22 do	Capt bvt 8 Jan 15	Thos V. Earle 1 do	
L. Whiting 14 June		Chas Mellon 1 do	
W. H. Nicoll 22 do		John S. Pierce 1 do	
Robert Goode 15 July 16		Allen Lowd 1 do	
Francis O. Byrd		G. S. Wilkins 3 do	
30 Aug 16	Bvt 20 Feb 15	P. A. Dennis 20 do	
George D. Snyder	Bvt 25 June 14	J. Ripley 1 June	
30 do		Erastus Roberts	
J. W. Lent, jr. 1 Nov	Qr master	Tim Green 15 do	
Æneas M <sup>c</sup> Kay 1 Dec	Bvt 12 Mar 13	Isaac E. Craig 21 July	
		C. M. Thruston	
Wm. Coffin 20 Apr 17		21 do	
		H. W. Fitzhugh	
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>		21 do	
Jos Bosque 12 Apr 13		Jacob Davis 21 do	
Jos P. Prince 16 do		E. Humphrey	
Rich Bache 17 Apr 13	1st lt bvt 17 Apr 13 qr master	21 do	
		D. S. Andrews 22 July 14	
P. I. Neville 20 do		N. G. Wilkinson	
M. S. Massey 13 May		22 do	
T. W. Denton 13 do	1st lt bvt 30 June 14	Elisha Brimhall 1 Sep	1st lt bvt 1 Sep 14
Ch Anthony 20 do	Aid to genl Porter	H. H. Minton 12 do	
		Hugh K. Mead	
W. M <sup>c</sup> Clintock		16 do	
20 June		H. M. Simons 16 do	
L. H. Osgood 20 do		J. S. Abeel 1 Oct	1st lt bvt 1 Oct 14
J. Henderson 26 do			
P. Melendy 29 do		W. T. Willard 1 do	
Jos Taylor 1 Aug	1st lt bvt 15 July 14	Jas Gigniliat 11 do	
		M. F. de Graffenriede	
Jas D. Brown 15 do	1st lt bvt 2 May 14	26 Nov 14	
		R. H. Lee 17 May 16	1st lt bvt 17 Sep 14
Robert Beall 14 Nov			
John A. Dix 8 Mar 14	Adjutant	Jesse M <sup>c</sup> Ilvain	
G. W. Boyd 9 do	Qr master	15 July	
R. Lyman 11 do	Qr master	W. L. Booth 16 do	
I. L. Gardner 28 do	Qr master	T. J. Baird 1 Aug 16	
T. I. Harrison 19 do		J. Parkhurst 30 do	
G. W. Gardiner 1 May		R. L. Armstrong	
C. S. Merchant 1 do		30 do	
Nath G. Dana 1 do		Jas Badolet 1 Oct	
John Monroe 1 do		G. W. Gardner 1 do	
J. S. Allanson 1 do		B. S. A. Lowe 31 do	
L. G. De Russey 1 do		Patrick Galt 1 Nov	Adjutant
Thos Childs 1 do		Upton S. Frazer	
		1 Dec	

# THE AMERICAN ARMY.

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Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
John R. Sloo 20 Apr 17 Henry Griswold 1 May 17		W. Sumpter 27 May 13	
<i>Third Lieutenants.</i> Jas Monroe 2 Mar 16 Rt C. Brent 2 do G. A. Washington 2 do Rt J. Scott 2 do F. N. Berrier 2 do A. F. Cochrane 2 do Milo Johnson 2 do Aaron G. Gano 2 do Rt M. Forsyth 2 do Thos W. Lendrum 2 Mar 15	Adjutant          Adjutant	Wm Gibbs 11 Mar 14 John Tarrant 15 Apr Archimedes Donoho 15 Apr 14 Rich K. Call 15 July 14 Jas Smith 10 June 16 Rt L. Coomb 31 Oct 16 Thos S. Rogers 31 Oct 16	Capt brevet 23 Dec 14 paymaster   Capt bvt 7 Nov 14 Bvt 15 Apr 14 Adjutant
<b>FIRST INFANTRY.</b>		<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> Waddy V. Cobbs 1 May 14 Sam Houston 20 do Wm K. Paulling 20 June Truman Cross 1 Oct Rt W. Ewing 17 June 16 Jas Scallan 31 Oct Francis B. Murdoch 19 Feb 17 James Collins 19 do B. Favrot 8 May A. Grass 8 do	Qr master
<i>Colonel.</i> Danl Bissell 15 Aug	B gen bvt 9 Mar 14	<i>Surgeon.</i> B. F. Harney 17 Aug 14	
<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> James V. Ball 31 Mar 17	Bvt 18 Dec 12	<i>Surgeons Mates.</i> George B. M'Knight 17 Feb 17 Overton C. Addison 19 do	
<i>Major.</i> Richard Whartenby 30 Apr 17	Bvt 1 May 14		
<i>Captains.</i> Alex Gray 6 July 12 Isaac L. Baker 5 Apr 13 John Jones 29 July Hen Chotard 9 Oct Wm Laval 15 Feb 14 Jos J. Miles 11 Mar Anatole Peychaud 11 Mar Ferdinand L. Amelung 11 Mar 14 W. Christian 31 May	Maj bvt 23 Dec 14 Maj bvt 23 Dec 14 Maj bvt 7 Nov 14	<b>SECOND INFANTRY.</b>  <i>Colonel.</i> Hugh Brady 6 July 12  <i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> Ninian Pinkney 15 Apr 14	
<i>First Lieutenants.</i> W.C. Beard 27 Sep 12	Capt bvt 20 Aug 14		

## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
<i>Major.</i> Henry Leavenworth 15 Aug 13	Col bvt 25 July 14	Stephen Griffith 19 Feb 17	
<i>Captains.</i> Robt Gray 6 July 12	Maj bvt 15 Aug 13	<i>Paymaster.</i> J.W. Albright 9 July 16	
John Sproul 6 do	Maj bvt 25 July 14	<i>Surgeon.</i> W. V. Wheaton 4 Sep 16	
Geo G. Steele 6 do	Maj bvt 4 Sep 14	<i>Surgeon's Mates.</i> S.H. Littlejohn 3 Apr 13 Josi Everett 21 July	
Stephen W. Kearney 1 Apr 13			
Hen Shell 21 Mar 14			
Alex R. Thompson 1 May			
G. D. Smith 30 June	Maj bvt 25 July 14	THIRD INFANTRY.	
W. J. Worth 19 Aug	Maj bvt 25 July 14	<i>Colonel.</i> John Miller 6 July 12	
Hen Whiting 1 Sep		<i>Lieutenant-Colonel.</i> Thos S. Jesup 30 Apr 17	Col bvt 25 July 14
James Bailey 17 June 16	Bvt 27 Mar 14	<i>Major.</i> Z. Taylor 15 May 14	Bvt 5 Sep 12
<i>First Lieutenants.</i> W. Browning 15 Oct 13	Capt bvt 31 Oct 14	<i>Captains.</i> Danl Baker 12 Mar 12	Maj bvt 9 Aug 12
W. Hoffman 11 Nov		Wm J. Adair 6 July	
B. A. Boynton 25 do		John T. Chunn 6 do	Maj bvt 15 Aug 14
Owen Ransom 19 Apr 14		Ch Larrabee 12 Sep	Maj bvt 9 Aug 12
Jas Young 30 June		Wm Whistler 31 Dec	
Wm G. Belknap 19 Aug		Hez Bradley 19 Apr 14	
S. B. Griswold 1 Sep		G. H. Grosvenor 21 do	
Walter Bicker jr 1 Sep		George Gray 17 Sep	
Jas Palmer 30 do 16	Bvt 5 Aug 14	John Green 25 do	
John Wood 1 Jan 17		Jas Hackley 17 May 16	
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> R. M. Harrison 30 June 14	Aid to gen Brown	<i>First Lieutenants.</i> John Garland 31 Mar 13	
Elisha Clark 25 July		Chs L. Cass 20 May	
Seth Johnson 20 Aug		J. Culbertson 1 Oct	
Joshua B. Brant 1 Oct	1st lt bvt 17 Sep 14	Rt Sturgus 9 Mar 14	
John Clitz 19 do	Qr master	Danl Curtis 15 Apr	
Henry Smith 17 June 16	Adjutant	Lawrence Taliafero 30 June	

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
<b>Turby F. Thomas</b> 30 June <b>Collin M'Cloud</b> 4 Aug <b>Asher Philips</b> 17 May 16	Qr master	<b>John A. Burd</b> 6 July 12 <b>G. W. Melvin</b> 24 Aug <b>Jas H. Hook</b> 20 May 13 <b>Wm Neilson</b> 1 Dec 16 <b>Otho W. Callis</b> 12 Mar 17	Maj bvt 31 Oct 14
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> <b>John B. Clark</b> 9 Apr 14 <b>Ed E. Brooks</b> 1 May <b>Andrew Lewis</b> 2 do <b>Jas Dean</b> 28 June 14 <b>Hillary Brunot</b> 22 July 14 <b>Gab I. Floyd</b> 1 Oct <b>Edmond Hopkins</b> 1 July 16 <b>Britton Evans</b> 30 Aug <b>Abr Wendell</b> 5 Mar 17		<i>First Lieutenants.</i> <b>Lewis Yancey</b> 24 Mar 14 <b>J. M'Gavock, jr.</b> 24 June <b>Jas H. Gale</b> 29 June <b>J. M. Glassell</b> 12 July <b>E. B. Randolph</b> 31 Dec  <b>F. L. Dade</b> 4 Sep 16 <b>Philip Wager</b> 1 Dec 16 <b>Jos Thommo</b> 31 Dec 16 <b>Henry Wilson</b> 31 do <b>George B. M'Claskey</b> 31 do <b>Rd M. Sands</b> 12 Mar 17	Aid to major gen Jackson Paymaster bvt 25 July 14
<i>Surgeon.</i> <b>Wm S. Madison</b> 5 Oct 16		<i>Second Lieutenants.</i> <b>John C. Wells</b> 19 Feb 17 <b>Francis W. Brady</b> 19 do <b>John R. Clark</b> 19 do <b>Henry R. Dulany</b> 5 Mar 17	Qr master
<i>Surgeon's Mates.</i> <b>John Gale</b> 9 July 12 <b>Alfred Foster</b> 15 Apr 14		<i>Surgeon.</i> <b>A. G. Goodlett</b> 10 Feb 12	
<b>FOURTH INFANTRY.</b>		<i>Surgeons Mates.</i> <b>R. C. Lane</b> 11 Mar 14 <b>Robt M. Ball</b> 17 Feb 17	
<i>Colonel.</i> <b>Wm King</b> 21 Feb 14		<b>FIFTH INFANTRY.</b>	
<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> <b>Duncan L. Clinch</b> 4 Aug 13		<i>Colonel.</i> <b>James Miller</b> 9 Mar 14	B gen bvt 25 July 14
<i>Major.</i> <b>G. M. Brooke</b> 1 May 14	Col bvt 17 Sep 14	<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> <b>Jos L. Smith</b> 12 Mar 13	
<i>Captains.</i> <b>Enos Cutler</b> 3 Sep 10 <b>P. Muhlenburg</b> 1 Oct <b>Jas Dinkins</b> 6 Feb 11 <b>J. N. M'Intosh</b> 1 May <b>A. Cummings</b> 1 Nov	Maj bvt 1 May 14 Maj bvt 1 May 14 Maj bvt 15 May 14	<i>Major.</i> <b>J. M'Neal, jr.</b> 15 Aug 13	Col bvt 25 July 14



## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
<i>Captains.</i>		<b>SIXTH INFANTRY.</b>	
Josiah H. Vose 6 July 12	Maj bvt 4 Aug. 14	<i>Colonel.</i>	
S. Burbank 13 Mar 13	Maj bvt 25 July 14	Hen Atkinson 15 Apr 14	
Geo Bender 13 May		<i>Lieutenant-Colonel.</i>	
M. Marston 26 June	Maj bvt 15 Aug 14	J. Snelling 21 Feb 14	
W. L. Foster 15 Oct		<i>Major.</i>	
Peter Pelham 28 Feb 14		Gad Humphreys 31 Mar 17	bvt 18 Apr 14
J. Fowle, jr. 10 June			
David Perry 1 Sep			
James Pratt 30 do			
Henry Whiting 3 Mar 17	Bvt 17 Mar 14	<i>Captains.</i>	
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>		Turner Crooker 6 July 12	Maj bvt 4 July 14
Geo Gooding 15 Feb 12	Capt bvt 15 June 14	W. S. Foster 13 Mar 13	Maj bvt 15 Aug 14
I. Plympton 31 do		Th M. Read 16 Apr	
G. W. Hovey 15 Aug	Qr master	John Bliss 13 May	
Otis Fisher 20 July 14	Capt bvt 15 Aug 14	Benj Watson 15 Aug	Maj bvt 25 July 14
Jos Gleason 25 do	Capt bvt 25 July 14	G. M. Glassin 15 do	Maj bvt 11 Sept 14
J. W. Holding 31 do	Capt bvt 15 Aug 14 pay-master	Dan Ketchum 30 Sep	Maj bvt 25 July 14
B. F. Larned 4 Aug		Th Hamilton 21 Feb 14	
Rt A. M. McCabe 16 Oct 16	Bvt 1 May 14	Newman S. Clarke 1 Oct 14	Bvt 25 July 14
Nathan Clark 3 Mar 17		E. Boardman 31 Mar 17	Bvt 1 Aug 13
Edmd Kirby 1 May 17		<i>First Lieutenants.</i>	
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>		Wm Hale 15 Aug 13	
Nathan Clark 19 May 13	Adjutant	Ephraim Shaylor 15 do	Adjutant
Edmd Kirby 31 July	1st Lt bvt 25 Sept 14	G. M. Chain 30 Sep	
O. Martin 8 Feb 14		Frederick A. Sawyer 12 Dec	
T. Hunt 19 Mar		J. P. Livingston 19 do	Capt bvt 25 July 14
Arnold B. Dake 13 Sep		Alphonso Wetmore 9 July 14	Paymaster
R. H. Hammon 1 Oct		Th Stainford 1 Sep	
P. R. Green 1 do		J. Clark, jr. 1 do	
John M. Cartney 16 July 16		Delafayette Wilcox 2 Oct	
Wm Downey 3 Sep		John Ellison 31 Mar 17	
<i>Surgeon.</i>		<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>	
Sylvester Day 13 Mar 13		Sl Keeler, jr. 7 June 14	
<i>Surgeon's Mate.</i>		Hazen Bedel 15 do	
J. P. Russell 25 May 14		Jas M. Ilvain 19 July	

Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevets and former commissions.
Benj Fitch 25 July 14	Qr master	T. Blackston 15 May 14	Bvt 3 Nov 14
Jacob Brown 1 Sep		Jacob Tipton 5 July 16	
John Mansfield 30 do		F. S. Gray 18 Sep	
Henry Taylor 17 Feb 17		Micajah Crupper 15 Oct	
<i>Surgeon.</i>		J. W. Allston 20 Dec 16	
T. G. Mower 30 June 14		Granville Leftwich 30 Apr 17	Adjutant
<i>Surgeon's Mates.</i>		Richd W. Scott 30 Apr 17	Qr master
Wm Sterne 11 Mar 14		Lewis Lawstre 30 Apr 17	
Wm H. Nicoll 19 Feb 17			
<b>SEVENTH INFANTRY</b>		<i>Second Lieutenants</i>	
<i>Colonel.</i>		Benj B. Christian 31 Oct 16	
David Brearley 30 Apr 17	Bvt 12 Mar 13	Jas H. Roan 19 Feb 17	
<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i>		Chs Betts 19 Feb 17	
Matthew Arbuckle 9 Mar 14		<i>Surgeon.</i>	
<i>Major.</i>		Ths Lawson 21 May 13	
John Nicks 1 June 16	Bvt 9 Oct 13	<i>Surgeons Mates.</i>	
<i>Captains.</i>		R. C. Walmsey 1 July 13	
Francis W. Armstrong 6 July 12	Maj bvt 26 June 13	Isaac W. Snowdon 19 Feb 17	
D. E. Twigg 6 do	Maj bvt 21 Sept 14	<b>EIGHTH INFANTRY.</b>	
Rd H. Bell 15 Aug 13		<i>Colonel.</i>	
Geo Vashon 29 Nov		R. C. Nicholas 4 Sep 14	
Elijah Montgomery 1 May 14	Maj bvt 8 Jan 15	<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i>	
J. S. Allison 25 June		W. A. Trimble 30 Nov 14	Bvt 17 Sep 14
Geo Birch 31 Aug 16		<i>Major.</i>	
J. R. Corbaly 18 Sep	Bvt 28 June 14	W. Lawrence 19 Apr 14	Lt col bvt 15 Sept 14
Wm Bailey 15 Oct	Bvt 19 July 14	<i>Captains.</i>	
John H. Mallory 30 Apr 17		J. Dorman 9 Nov 11	Maj bvt 28 June 14
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>		White Youngs 5 July 12	Maj bvt 11 Sep 14
Wm Bee, jr. 14 Aug 13		W. Davenport 28 Sep	
J. J. Clinch 15 do		Willis Foulk 20 June 13	
		A. Brownlew 7 Sep	

## THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Names and Rank.	Brevet and former commissions.	Names and Rank.	Brevet and former commissions.
L. Austin 21 Apr 14	Maj bvt 5 July 14	<i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i> T. Chambers 8 Mar 17	Bvt 17 Sep 14
Lewis B. Willis 1 do 16	Bvt 31 Jan 14	<i>Major.</i> W. Morgan 8 Mar 17	Bvt 26 June 13
David Riddle 3 Dec 16	Maj bvt 17 Sep 14	<i>Captains.</i> Wm Bradford 6 July 12	Maj bvt 20 Aug 14
Thomas Mountjoy 15 Jan 16		Joseph Selden 6 do	Lt col bvt 1 May 15
Robert Houston 31 Mar 17		Th Ramsay 30 Nov	
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>		Jos Kean 17 Mar 14	
J. Whistler 13 Aug 13	Qr master	W. Martin 17 do	
Ch B. Hopkins 5 Oct	Paymaster	Jno O'Fallan 17 do	
Ths Wright 17 Mar 14		Benj Birdsall 17 do	Maj bvt 15 Aug 14
John R. Guy 3 May		Edm Shipp 26 do	
Wm Arnold 11 do		W.L. Dufphey 12 Aug	
Luther Hand 1 June 16		J.S.M. Intosh 8 Mar 17	
R. B. Hyde 1 July	Bvt 20 July 14	<i>First Lieutenants.</i>	
C. Stephens 3 Dec 16	Bvt 17 May 14	J. Calhoun, jr. 24 Jan 14	
George Kennerly 15 Jan 17		J.H. Ballard 17 Mar 14	
R. Humphreys 31 Mar 17		Lewellen Hickman 17 do	
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>		Stoughton Gantt 17 do	Paymaster
T. C. Hindman 20 May 14	Adjutant	J. Mc'Gunnegle 28 Apr	
Nath Young 2 June		S.V. Hamilton 17 Sep	
G. R. Horter 15 do		Wm. Armstrong 1 Oct 16	
Saml Riddle 21 Sep.	1st lt bvt 5 Feb 15	Abm. Harrison 1 Mar 17	
John Brady 25 do		John Hollingsworth 8 Mar 17	Qr master
John Maul 17 June 16		Bennet Riley 31 Mar 17	
Wm Elgin 3 Sep		<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>	
<i>Surgeon.</i>		Jas S. Gray 11 May	
P. Woodbury 30 Mar 14		T. F. Smith 11 do	
<i>Surgeon's Mates.</i>		T. F. Hunt 29 June	
Clajon Reiley 22 Mar 13		Wm S. Blair 17 Feb 17	
S. C. Muir 7 Apr		Horace Broughton 19 Feb 17	
<b>RIFLE REGIMENT.</b>		<i>Surgeon.</i> Edwin Wyatt 17 Feb 17	
<i>Colonel.</i>		<i>Surgeon's Mates.</i>	
Th A. Smith 6 July 12	B gen bvt 24 Jan 14	Sam P. Hugo 12 Mar 12	
		W.H. Pierson 4 Aug 14	

## LINEAL RANK.

COLONELS.			
Moses Porter	1. art B G bvt	J. N. McIntosh	4 inf
Thomas A. Smith	rifle B G bvt	Alexr Cummings	4 inf
Hugh Brady	2 inf	James Dorman	8 inf M bvt
John Miller	3 inf	Daniel Baker	3 inf M bvt
Daniel Bissell	2 inf B G bvt	James Reed	art
William King	4 inf	Angus M'Dowell	1. art
James Miller	5 inf B G bvt	F. W. Armstrong	7 inf M bvt
Henry Atkinson	6 inf	Robert Gray	2 inf M bvt
R. C. Nicholas	8 inf	Luther Leonard	1. art
David Brearley	7 inf	J. B. Crane	art M bvt
		R. Jones	art L C bvt
		Alexander S. Brooks	1. art M bvt
		Nathan Towson	1. art L C bvt
		S. B. Archer	art M bvt
		Sounders Donoho	art
		Thomas Biddle, jr.	art M bvt
		John Spruett	2 inf M bvt
		Josiah H. Vose	5 inf M bvt
		Wm Bradford	rifle M bvt
		Samuel D. Harris	1. art L C bvt
		John A. Burd	4 inf M bvt
		Joseph Selden	rifle L C bvt
		Turner Crooker	6 inf M bvt
		J. T. B. Romaine	art
		G. G. Steele	2 inf M bvt
		David E. Twiggs	7 inf M bvt
		Alexander Gray	1 inf
		White Youngs	8 inf M bvt
		William J. Adair	3 inf
		William O. Allen	art
		John T. Chunn	3 inf M bvt
		George W. Melvin	4 inf
		Thomas Stockton	art M bvt
		C. Larrabee	3 inf M bvt
		William Davenport	8 inf
		Thomas Ramsay	rifle
		William Whistler	3 inf
		Thomas Murry	art
		William Gates	art
		A. C. W. Fanning	art M bvt
		John M. O'Connor	art
		William S. Foster	6 inf M bvt
		S. Burbank	5 inf M bvt
		Stephen W. Kearney	2 inf
		J. L. Baker	1 inf M bvt
		J. Roach, jr.	art
		Thomas M. Read, jr.	6 inf
		T. F. Heileman	art
		George Bender	5 inf
		John Bliss	6 inf
		Hopeley Yeaton	art
		James H. Hook	4 inf
		Willis Foulk	8 inf
LIEUT. COLONELS.			
John R. Fenwick	1. art C bvt		
Geo E. Mitchell	art C bvt		
James House	art		
Joseph L. Smith	5 inf		
Wm Lindsay	art		
Duncan L. Clinch	4 inf		
J. Snelling	6 inf		
Matthew Arbuckle	7 inf		
Ninian Pinkney	2 inf		
Wm Macrea	art		
Wm A. Trimble	8 inf bvt		
James V. Ball	1 inf		
S. Chambers	rifle		
Thomas S. Jesup	3 inf C bvt		
MAJORS.			
Abraham Eustis	1. art L C bvt		
George Armistead	art L C bvt		
James B. Many	art		
J. Hindman	art C bvt		
James Bankhead	art		
Hy Leavenworth	2 inf C bvt		
J. M'Neal, jr.	5 inf C bvt		
William Lawrence	8 inf L C bvt		
George M. Brooke	4 inf L C bvt		
Z. Taylor	3 inf C bvt		
Johe Nicks	7 inf		
Gad Humphreys	8 inf		
W. Morgan	rifle		
Richd Wartenby	1 inf		
CAPTAINS.			
Ch Woolstencraft	art M bvt		
John B. Walbach	art L C bvt		
Moses Sweet	art		
William Wilson	art		
Enoch Humphreys	art M bvt		
E. Cutler	4 inf M bvt		
P. Muhlenburg	4 inf M bvt		
James Dinkins	4 inf M bvt		

## INVISIBLE COMBUSTION.

Thomas Bennett	art	William Christian	1 inf
M. Marston	5 inf M bvt	J. Fowle, jr.	5 inf
John Jones	1 inf	J. S. Allison	7 inf
J. L. Eastman	1. art	G. D. Smith	2 inf M bvt
R. H. Bell	7 inf	E. A. Allen	art
S. Churchill	art	W. L. Duphey	rifle
Benjamin Watson	6 inf M bvt	W. J. Worth	2 inf M bvt
George M'Glassin	6 inf M bvt	Henry Whiting	2 inf
A. Brownlow	8 inf	David Perry	5 inf
Daniel Ketchum	6 inf M bvt	John Green	3 inf
B. K. Pierce	art	George Gray	3 inf
John Biddle	art	James Pratt	5 inf
H. Chotard	1 inf M bvt	N. N. Hall	art
W. L. Foster	5 inf	Newman S. Clarke	6 inf
George Vashon	7 inf	John R. Bell	1. art
H. K. Craig	1. art	M. P. Lomax	art
William Laval	1 inf M bvt	Milo Mason	art
Thomas Hamilton	6 inf	James Hackley	3 inf
George P. Peters	art	Lewis B. Willis	8 inf
Peter Pelham	5 inf	James Bailey	2 inf
M. M. Payne	art	George Birch	7 inf
J. J. Miles	1 inf	John R. Corbalay	7 inf
Anatole Peychaud	1 inf	Wm. Bailey	7 inf
Ferd L. Amelung	1 inf	Adrian Niel	art
Joseph Kean	rifle	Wm. Neilson	4 inf
W. Martin	rifle	David Riddle	8 inf
John G. Eallon	rifle	Wm. F. Hobart	lt. art
Benjamin Birdsall	rifle M bvt	Thos. Mountjoy	8 inf
Henry Shell	2 inf	George N. Morris	lt. art
H. Bradley	3 inf	Henry Whiting	5 inf
L. Austin	8 inf M bvt	Jas S. M'Intosh	rifle
G. H. Grosvenor	3 inf	Otho W. Callis	4 inf
Elijah Montgomery	7 inf M bvt	Elijah Boardman	6 inf
Alex. R. Thompson	2 inf	Robt Houston	8 inf
Edmund Ship	rifle	John H. Mallory	7 inf

## INVISIBLE COMBUSTION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A DISCOVERY BY SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Dr. Bollman has transmitted to a correspondent here, a description of a new experiment of sir Humphrey Davy's which is so curious and amusing as to deserve to be better known. Hitherto it is unpublished. It is a kind of invisible combustion.

Put two or three tea-spoonsful of ether into a wine-glass. In the blue or lower part of the flame of a candle heat some very

thin platina wire coiled up in two or three folds at one end. The coiled end must be heated. While red hot, hold it at about an inch distance over the ether, moving it slowly about. The incandescence will continue while any pure ether remains. Should the ether take fire, cover it immediately for an instant with your hand, to extinguish it. If this be done dextrously and the wire again brought immediately over the ether at the same distance, the incandescence will be renewed, and so on repeatedly, till all the pure part of the ether be consumed.

Gold, silver, or steel wire will not answer. The platina wire must be about the thickness of the finest harpaichord wire. Platina produces the effect, because it does not oxyd; and because it radiates heat slowly. The flame of the ether while the wire continues red hot over it, and before the ether actually takes fire in the glass (which can always be avoided by a thin wire, and a small quantity of ether) is not visible even in the dark.

The wire must not be so near the ether, as to be enveloped in an atmosphere of ether alone, nor so far above it as to be enveloped in an atmosphere of atmospheric air alone. The presence of air, together with the vapour of ether is necessary to the success of the experiment, which requires very little management to be performed with uniform success.

C.

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#### THE ADVERSARIA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**FLECKNO.** Why Dryden was so severe upon Fleckno does not appear in any of the literary annals of that time. Fleckno had endeavoured to propitiate his kindness by an epigram; but it is probable that the resentment of the poet was excited by his invectives against the licentiousness of the stage, to which Dryden contributed. But Fleckno is by no means the despicable writer that we might suppose him to be from the niche in which his enemy has placed him, as the following verses will amply prove

## THE ADVERSARIA.

TO LELY,

*Drawing the Countess of Castlemain's picture.*

Stay daring man, and ne'er presume to draw  
 Her picture, till thou may'st such colours get  
 As Zeuxis and Apelles never saw,  
 Nor e'er were known by any painter yet.

'Till from all beauties thou extracts the grace,  
 And from the sun the beams that gild the skies,  
 Never presume to draw her beauteous face,  
 Nor paint the radiant brightness of her eyes.

In vain the whilst thou dost thy labour take,  
 Since none can set her forth to her desert;  
 She who's above all Nature e'er did make,  
 Much more's above all can be made by art.

Yet be n't discouraged, since whoe'er do see't,  
 At least with admiration must confess,  
 It has an air so admirably sweet  
 Much more than others, though than her's much less.

So those bold giants who would scale the sky,  
 Although they in their high attempt did fall,  
 This comfort had, they mounted yet more high  
 Than those who never strove to climb at all.

Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,  
 From that great height a little to decline,  
 Since all must grant the reason of it was,  
 Her too great excellence and no fault of thine.

Speaking of his book of epigrams this writer says, "they are chiefly in praise of worthy persons, of which none ever had a more plentiful supply than I, having been always conversant with the best and worthiest in all places where I came; and amongst the rest with ladies, in whose conversation, as an *academy of virtue*, I learnt nothing but goodness, saw nothing but nobleness, and one might as well be drunk in chrystal fountain, as have any evil thought whilst they were in their company, which I shall always remember as the happiest and innocentest part of all my life."

The following germ of a common epigram, I transcribe from this writer, for the assistance of those of my female friends who want consolation in the terrible state to which the lines have reference.

- SHEPHERD. Since you are resolved, farewell,  
Look you lead not apes in h—l.  
NYMPH. Better lead apes thither, than  
Thither be led by man.
- 

THE NIGHT MARE visited Richard de Haverings, archbishop of Haverings, in 1306, to some purpose. *Stanhurst* (in 6. Holinshed, 446,) relates, that this prelate, "after that he had continued well-near the space of five years in the see, was sore appalled by reason of an estrange and wonderful dream. For on a certain night he imagined that he had seen an ugly monster standing on his breast, who, to his thinking, was more mighty than the whole world, insomuch that being as he thought in a manner squeezed or pressed to death with the *heff*" [Qu?] "of this huge monster, he would have departed with the whole substance of the world, if he were thereof possessed, to be disburthened of so heavy a load. Upon which wish he suddenly awoke. And as he beat his brains in divining what this dream should import, he bethought himself of the flock committed to his charge, how that he gathered their fleeces yearly by receiving the revenues and perquisites of the bishopric, and yet he suffered his flock to starve for the lack of preaching and teaching. Wherefore, being for his former slackness sore wounded in conscience, he travelled with all speed to Rome, where he resigned up his bishopric, a burthen too heavy for his weak shoulders, and being upon his resignation competently beneficed, he bestowed the remnant of his life wholly in devotion."

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THE BIBLE. Anthony Purver, a poor Quaker carpenter, conceived that the spirit impelled him to translate the Bible. He accordingly learnt Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and published a literal version of the Old and New Testaments, in two vols. folio, 1764. This book is curious for its Hebrew idioms. By adhering to these, Anthony has, in some rare instances, excelled the com-



mon version; but when he alters only for the sake of alteration, he makes miserable work. E. g. *A hind let go may exhibit genteel Naphtali; he gives fine words*—for, “Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words.” *I am he who am* is better than *I am that I am*. He calls the Song, the *Poem* of Solomon; song, he says, being of prophane use.

UNPUBLISHED MSS. It seems almost incredible, and yet the statement does not appear to be contradicted, that there are valuable works prepared by Cudworth for the press, that are still unpublished by the university which possesses them. There is also extant in MSS a folio volume of unprinted sermons by Jeremy Taylor. Bishop Berkeley’s journal of his travels in Italy is in the same neglected state. While such gems might be found at home, we think the royal patronage was rather idly employed in exploring the ruins of Herculaneum.

PARTY PASSION. “Well sir,” exclaimed a lady, the vehement and impassionate partizan of Wilkes, in the day of his glory, and during the broad blaze of his patriotism,—“well sir! and will you dare deny, that Mr. Wilkes is a great man, and an eloquent man?” *Oh! by no means, madam! I have not a doubt respecting Mr. Wilkes’s talents.*—“Well, but sir! and is he not a fine man, too, and a handsome man?” *Why, madam! he squints—doesn’t he?* “Squints! yes, to be sure he does, sir! but not a bit more than a gentleman and a man of sense *ought to squint!*!”

GREAT POETS. Ben Johnson has borrowed a just and noble sentiment from Strabo. “If men will impartially and not asquint look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man’s being a great poet without being first a good man.” In the “*Shepherds Hunting*,” a poem by Withers, which was published in 1620, the poet thus speaks of the pleasures which he received from the remembrance of the delightful occupations of his youth, augmented by an ardent love for the muses:

In my former days of bliss,  
Its divine skill taught me this:

That from every thing I saw,  
 I could some invention draw;  
 And raise pleasure to her height  
 Through the meanest object's sight:  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rusteling;  
 By a daizy, whose leaves spread,  
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
 Or a shady bush or tree:  
 It could more infuse in me  
 Than all nature's beauties can  
 In some other wiser man.

ENGRAVING. Of all the imitative arts, engraving is the most applicable to general use, and from the facility with which prints are re-produced, they have acquired one kind of superiority over paintings of a character almost miraculous.

What though no marble breathes, no canvass glows,  
 From every print a *ray of genius flows!*  
 Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill;  
 That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;  
 And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,  
 The fairest relic of the purest times.—ROGERS.

Engraving has another advantage over painting of the highest consequence, and that is, durability. It is remarked, that while the pictures of Raphael, like those of Apelles and Zeuxis have mouldered from their walls, the prints of Raimondi, his friend and cotemporary, are in complete preservation, and afford a lively conception of the beauties of those paintings, which, but for the graver's art would have been lost forever. It is also justly said, that before the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, the accumulated wisdom of ages was confined to a few perishing MSS. too expensive to be generally obtained, and too valuable to be frequently transferred from the hands of the proprietor. What printing has been to science, engraving has been to art, and the works of the best masters, whether of painting or sculpture, will be indebted to it, for that perpetuity, which the invention of printing has secured, to the Inferno of Dante, and the Cid of Corneille.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE'S REFLECTIONS.** In one of the volumes of a well known mariner, we find the following reflections:

I Robinson Crusoe, grown old in affliction, borne down by calumny and reproach, but supported from within, boldly prescribe this remedy against the universal clamours and contempt of mankind. Patience, a steady life of virtue and sobriety, and a comforting dependence on the justice of Providence, will first or last, restore the patient to the opinion of his friends, and justify him in the face of his enemies; and in the meanwhile, will support him comfortably, in despising those who want manners and charity, and leave them to be tormented with their own passions and rage.

This thought made me long ago claim a kind of property in some good old lines of the famous George Withers, Esq. made in prison in the tower. He was a poetical gentleman, who had, in the time of the civil wars in England, been unhappy in changing sides too often, and had been put in the tower by every side in turn; once by the king—once by parliament—once by the army—and, last again, I think, by general Monk: in a word, whatever side got up, he had the disaster to be down. The lines are thus:

The world and I may well agree,  
 As most that are offended:  
 For I flight her and she flights me,  
 And there our quarrel 's ended.  
 For service done and love express'd,  
 Though very few regard it,  
 My country owes me bread at least;  
 And if I am debarr'd it,  
 Good conscience is a daily feast,  
 And sorrow never marr'd it.

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It is the custom to bind a thread on one's finger for the sake of remembering any thing. A very ancient practice: for we read, Deut. vi. 9. "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

**CRITICISM.**—*Memoirs of the Life of Anthony Benezet.* By Roberts Vaux. Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 136. 1817.

THIS is a laudable attempt to preserve the memory of an unobtrusive but useful man, who is still remembered by many of us. *Anthony Benezet* was born in France in the year 1713. His father, a man of wealth and consideration, was obliged to seek refuge in Holland, from the persecutions which the Huguenots endured under the reign of Louis XIV. From Rotterdam he removed to London, where young Benezet was qualified for mercantile pursuits, which, however, he abandoned from scruples of a religious nature; and engaged himself with a cooper. At the age of fourteen he attached himself to the society of friends. Four years afterwards he emigrated to this city with his father's family, and in 1736 he married. Even at this early period of his life, "at an age" says Mr. Vaux,

"when the generality of mankind are most concerned to determine in what manner they shall apply their time and talents, for their own aggrandisement, and are seen eagerly grasping for wealth, or panting for those honours and that fame which humanity can bestow, Anthony Benezet exhibits the rare example of a man, subjecting every selfish and ambitious passion to the superior obligations of religion, offering himself a candidate for any service which might contribute to promote his Creator's honour, and advance the happiness of his fellow beings."

In his twenty-sixth year he engaged in the business of teaching youth, first in Germantown, afterwards in a public school founded by William Penn, and lastly on his own account, in a seminary for females, in this city. The biographer praises his attention to one of his pupils, who was deaf and dumb, but who, under his instruction, was enabled to enjoy some intercourse with society. What was the plan pursued by the teacher is not explained, but the fact demonstrates the benevolence of his mind. His solicitude for the welfare of the charge committed to him was further evinced in the compilation of a *Primmer and Spelling Book*, on which subjects, he appears to have entertained very correct opinions. Notwithstanding his fondness for the scenes of domestic life, his feelings on the subject of the slave trade, brought

him from retirement; and about the middle of the last century he distinguished himself as a zealous friend to the blacks. We have before had occasion to observe that the infamy of this detestable traffic was first discovered in our wilderness, and we claim for the quakers of Pennsylvania and Clarkson, the praises which are so gratuitously lavished on the potentates of Europe. Instead of empty declamation the exertions of Benezet were practical and unremitted. He opened a night school where he taught blacks without compensation. He contributed liberally from his own narrow means to a public institution established for the same purpose, and became convinced, he says, that "the commonly received notion, respecting the capacity of the blacks, is a vulgar prejudice." He published a variety of essays on this important subject, and brought it into notice by letters which he addressed to many persons of note, at home and abroad. A fervent and sensible epistle "to Charlotte, queen of Great Britain," accompanied by a collection of his tracts on slavery, was favourably received by the personage for whom they were intended, who remarked that "the writer was truly a good man, and that she kindly accepted the present."

He was equally zealous in behalf of the aborigines, who have always been shamefully treated by the first settlers and their successors, down to our own times. Several of our public institutions, for which this city is so pre-eminently distinguished, were much indebted to Benezet, while in their infant state. The poor were often relieved by the charitable feelings which he excited in their behalf.

"He ardently inculcated his belief, in the great responsibility attached to the possession of wealth, and from those who were blest with ability to do good, to the poor and friendless, he implored the most liberal dispensation of money for their relief. His appeals on this account were often availing. He frequently obtained large donations for charitable purposes from those, who were greatly indebted to his efforts for the enjoyment of the "*luxury of doing good*." So judicious was he in the distribution of pecuniary assistance, that without any suggestion by him, his friend the late John Reynel of Philadelphia, made him his almoner, and in that capacity Benezet had the satisfaction for many years to dis-

pose of a large part of the income of that benevolent man, thus nobly devoted to the comfort of his afflicted fellow creatures. When he observed a covetous disposition, in those who were abounding in riches, he was more severe in the expression of disapprobation, than respecting almost any other error, in the circle of human frailty. He considered a penurious mind as scarcely rational, and aware of his liability to censure with severity those who indulged that degrading propensity, he often checked himself when about to give loose to his feelings in relation to it, having been frequently heard to say, that "*the highest act of charity in the world was to bear with such unreasonableness of mankind.*"

An acquaintance of his, relating to him in conversation that he had recently heard of a person in whose coffers after his death, many thousand dollars in specie were found, Benezet expressed great sorrow at being informed of the circumstance, and begged of his friend to give as little currency as possible to the fact, adding, that he thought, "*it would have been quite as reasonable to have had as many thousand pairs of boots or shoes in the house, whilst the poor were suffering in bare feet for the want of them.*"

He deeply lamented the consequences which he saw were produced by the *love of money*; tracing to that cause many of the unhappy turmoils which often laid waste the harmony of families, and which was not unfrequently the foundation of sanguinary conflicts between nations. When he has been made acquainted with the existence of disputes between individuals on account of pecuniary matters, he has been known to negotiate with them, by persuading one to accept less than his demand and the other to allow more than he at first conceived right, and having thus brought them to the nearest point of reconciliation, he has *paid the difference out of his own pocket, and restored the parties to peace and intercourse, without suffering either of them to know, it was purchased at the expense of purse.*

Our readers will not be displeased with one or two more passages of a similar character.

"His kindness and charity towards objects of distress were intuitive. One of his friends related having seen him *take off his coat in the street and give it to an almost naked mendicant, and go home in his shirt sleeves for another garment.*

Another instance, illustrative of this prompt benevolence may be cited; whilst it affords an additional proof of the efficacy of his humane appeals to those in high worldly rank, even when the mode of his application was calculated by its singularity, to render his efforts abortive.

During the American war, when the British army occupied Philadelphia, Benezet was assiduous in affording relief to many of the inhabitants, whom the state of things at that distressing period had reduced to great privation. Accidentally observing a female, whose countenance indicated calamity, he immediately inquired into her circumstances. She informed him that she was a washerwoman, and had a family of small children dependent on her exertions for subsistence; that she had formerly supported them by her industry, but then having six Hessians quartered at her house, it was impossible from the disturbance they made, to attend to her business, and she and her children must speedily be reduced to extreme poverty. Having listened to her simple and affecting relation, Benezet determined to meliorate her situation. He accordingly repaired to the general's quarters; intent on his final object, he omitted to obtain a pass, essential to an uninterrupted access to the officer, and entering the house without ceremony he was stopped by the sentinel, who after some conversation, sent word to the general "*that a queer looking fellow insisted upon seeing him.*" He was soon ordered up. Benezet on going into the room, inquired which was the chief, and taking a chair, seated himself beside the general. Such a breach of etiquette surprised the company present, and induced a German officer to exclaim, in his vernacular tongue, "*what does the fellow mean?*" Benezet however, proceeded, in French, to relate to the general the cause of his visit, and painted the situation of the poor woman in such vivid colours, as speedily to accomplish the purpose of his humane interference. After thanking the commander for the ready acquiescence to his request, he was about taking his departure, when the general expressed a desire to cultivate a further acquaintance, requesting him to call whenever it might be convenient, at the same time giving orders, that Benezet in future should be admitted without ceremony.

He died in 1784, and it is related that his interment produced "the greatest concourse of people that had ever been witnessed on a similar occasion in Philadelphia:" there being "a collection of all ranks and professions among the inhabitants," to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased.

Mr. Vaux is entitled to the thanks of the community for preserving so valuable an example. In his style there is no parade of sentiment or glitter of ornament. It is a "round unvarnished tale," told in a neat manner, of an uncommonly good man.

CRITICISM.—*Festoons of Fancy, consisting of compositions amatory, sentimental and humorous, in verse and prose.* By William Littell, Esq. LL. D.—From the Press of Wm. Farquar, Louisville, Ken. 1814. 12mo. pp. 180.

THIS is a very amusing collection of essays, written by a *vieux garçon*, in the west, who scatters the arrows of ridicule in all directions. Although all unus'd to the melting mood, he speaks with some feeling on "the silent eloquence of love;" but he very soon abandons the fairy bowers of poesy to mingle in mortal strifes. He has availed himself, with more wit than decorum of the style of the Bible to describe the proceedings of the Legislature of Kentucky in certain cases. At p. 70 we have the petition of one of those would-be Solons, whose existence is among the taxes which a free country must endure. It is addressed "to their majesties the sovereign people of Kentucky," and states that the

"petitioner hath grown gray and poor, and become an idler and a drunkard, in attempting to serve his country, in the capacity of a legislator. He has been six times a candidate for a seat in the assembly, and twice for one in the senate, but never had the good fortune to be elected. He would now willingly live a private life, if he had any thing to live on; but his fortune, which was at the first but small, has been entirely swallowed up in prosecuting ways and means to obtain your majesties' favour: and your petitioner moreover contracted a disrelish for all ordinary industry, and such a relish for strong drink, that it is utterly impracticable for him ever to retrieve his circumstances, or even to procure a livelihood for the remainder of his days.

"Under these circumstances, he thinks he may, with profound submission to your majesties, request a reimbursement of all the expenses to which he has put himself, in order to obtain your favour; and the more especially as your majesties did actually receive and consume his living, notwithstanding you withheld your favour. Your petitioner will further remark, that he makes no charge of loss of time, for one half of the first four years, and the whole of the last four, which he spent in riding about from house to house, in going to raisings and log-rollings, and in frequenting taverns and tippling-houses, gambling-tables, dram-shops, and every other hole and corner where your majesties were to be met with, in order to accommodate himself to your majesties' humour. He likewise lays out of his account the great danger of damnation to which he has subjected himself, by the manifold falsehoods, and calumnies, and slanders, which he has invented and circulated, from time to time, to the disparage-



ment of his competitors—and only charges your majesties with what he has actually expended.

“Annexed hereto is a statement exhibiting his expenditures,” &c.

The frankness of the following speech is quite amusing, and many of our readers will be ready to confess, that,—*nomine mutato*—by a slight change as to customs and manners, it would suit as well the meridian of London or Paris, as the woods of Kentucky. It is supposed to be delivered, on the passage of a bill, entitled, “an act to promote the impartial administration of justice.”

“MR. SPEAKER—I shall vote against the passage of this bill, because I apprehend that, if it should pass into a law, it may have a tendency to suppress the progress of villany, vice and barbarism.—I am not misunderstood; I mean precisely what I say, and I have no doubt that many members of this honourable body act from the same motives, although they are not under the same necessity of avowing them that I am.

“MR. SPEAKER—You know that I am a representative of a new county, but you cannot know as well as I do of what materials the population of that county is composed: when you learn this, you will see that my conduct is perfectly consistent. The first settler there was captain —, who retired thither to avoid a prosecution for horse-stealing. He was followed in the ensuing spring by — with his sons and sons-in-law; several of whom were threatened with prosecution for hog-stealing. The next year about a dozen other very conspicuous families settled there; and it immediately became an asylum for the idle and the profligate of every description, for debtors who were unable to pay, and unwilling to go to jail; for those prosecuted, and in danger of being prosecuted, for felony, riots, batteries, and every species of crime.

“It is true our population is small, but among us there are some aspiring men who wished to display their talents in civil and political life, as well as in hunting, horse racing and fighting: and as they could not get into office, without having a new county, they applied for and obtained one. This was the only motive for so doing, and not as some suppose, a disrelish for our former practices and mode of life.

“Now Sir, I assert it boldly, that ten men cannot be found among my constituents, who upon an *impartial* trial, would not be either sentenced to the penitentiary, sold out as vagrants, or imprisoned for debt. But as long as trials are carried on in *our own county*, the administration of justice is perfectly harmless; for being all nearly in the same situation, and

having the whole management of it among ourselves, we so mould it as to suit our peculiar circumstances.

"Mr. Speaker—I know the situation of my constituents, and I know their wishes. I know that there is nothing which they dread so much as an *impartial administration of justice*; and that it is their wish that no law shall pass which will have a tendency to produce it: and knowing their wishes, I feel myself bound by them.

"Mr. Speaker—I am no federalist, no aristocrat, I never attempt to dictate to my constituents, or to vote against what I know to be their wishes: and I hold it as the first principle of repuplicationism, that if any member of this house shall vote contrary to what he knows to be the will of his constituents, he ought to be ——— here and hereafter."

The common practice of sending strings of *Resolutions* from the State Legislatures, indicative of the *sense* of the people, on public measures, is admirably ridiculed, in a remonstrance from our author to the Legislature. He states that he has

"seriously reflected on the practice, adopted by your honourable body, of collecting every winter the annual crop of the wisdom of our state, and transmitting it in the form of resolutions, instructions, &c. to Congress assembled at Washington City, and entirely disapproves of the practice, for the following reasons:

"*First*, because it is making the state of Kentucky contribute more to the good of the union, than any one state is bound to do, or was ever expected to do. According to the principles of the Federal constitution, each state is bound to contribute annually, to the support of the general government, just as much of the state wisdom as its representatives and senators in Congress can carry to the seat of the federal government: and no more. And your remonstrant believes, that by a sound construction of the 10th article of the amendments to the Federal constitution, every particle of state wisdom, which is not expressly given to the general government, is expressly reserved to each state.

"*Secondly*, your remonstrant considers this practice as an ostentatious profusion of the public wisdom, on those who stand in need of it, and who give our country no thanks for it. It is notorious that the general government has made no complaints of a lack of wisdom, that she has not applied to this state for any addition to its constitutional quota, either by way of donation or loan; but on the contrary has shown by her uniform conduct, that she is content with the quantity transmitted by our Representatives and Senators.

"*Thirdly*, It is with reluctance that your remonstrant acknowledges the unpleasant truth, that this state is far from being rich in wisdom: and

if the present practice is persisted in, the time is not remote when there will be an entire bankruptcy in that article: the consequence of which will be, as he supposes, that the general government will be obliged to put this state under commission of lunacy; which will be more vexatious and embarrassing to that government, than all the donation wisdom she ever has, or ever can receive from this state, will compensate for. Your remonstrant will here observe, that he strongly suspects that government anticipates such an event, and the vexation to herself resulting therefrom, which accounts for her never returning any thanks to this state, for the various cargoes of wisdom, with which she has been from time to time presented.

"Your remonstrant has observed with deep concern, that this practice has produced a manifestly increasing lack of wisdom, in every department of our state government: our laws have become obscure, impolitic, and unjust; the execution of them wavering, unsteady, and feeble; our judicial decisions unrighteous, absurd, contradictory to those of all other nations and states, and inconsistent with each other: and what he considers still more conclusive, the number of lunatics, and other persons of unsound mind has of late years increased to an alarming degree; as will be manifest to every one who will take the trouble to examine the auditor's books.

"Your remonstrant therefore, solemnly admonishes your honourable body, not to send to Washington City, or to any other place, any more of the state wisdom: and further submits to your consideration, whether it is not expedient, to re-import for your own use, a part at least of what has been already sent there."

There is a sensible "letter to a young lawyer," who is advised to read Sallust, Tacitus, and Montesquieu, and all the speeches of Edmund Burke, Alexander Hamilton and Fisher Ames, which, the author very properly characterizes as exhibiting "the highest degree of excellence in all the various species of style enumerated by rhetoricians."

"The author's account of himself, in answer to an invitation to tea, sent by some young ladies," proves the truth of the remark that a writer may be known from his own works. This piece did not present itself, until we had gone nearly through the volume: but in the "minds eye" we had portrayed the author of this strange olio, very much as he is exhibited in the following lines:

" I know I am, of all mankind,  
Least form'd to please the female mind,  
And let them call me what they will,  
I am not dispos'd to take it ill.

" It is a fact, I was by nature  
A most uninteresting creature,  
And have " this talent so improv'd"  
As ne'er to love or be belov'd.

" I've wander'd in the thorny maze  
Of science, from my infant days;  
And, through ambition to be wise,  
I have almost read out my eyes.

" Twelve hours each day employ'd in reading,  
Where was the time to learn good breeding?  
Immur'd with books, both day and night,  
What mortal man could grow polite?  
Immers'd in sciences abstruse  
Half out of date and out of use,  
Who could assume an easy air,  
And intermingle with the fair?

" Hence faded beauty, and ill nature,  
Infer that I'm a woman-later;  
A charge extremely hard to prove  
On me, who neither hate nor love;  
But most sincerely wish the good  
Of all compos'd of flesh and blood.

" I think somewhere in fables old  
A story *apropos* is told,  
About a wolf—poor rustic creature!  
Who tried to lay aside his nature;  
Mimicking each politer art,  
And learning compliments by heart,  
With polish'd company would keep,  
And offer'd to gallant a sheep.

" The sheep was perfectly well bred  
And quite politely bleating, said  
" I own good sir you're very kind,  
And would no doubt amuse my mind,

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

But must inform you, with your leave,  
 You very much yourself deceive;  
 Your *presence*, sir, can *never* please,  
 Your *absence*, will at least give *ease*;  
 Your love I must by distance measure—  
 The farther off the more the pleasure.”

“ By this instructed, I’m aware  
 I’ve but one way to please the fair;  
 And will pursue that only way,  
 Which is TO KEEP MYSELF AWAY.”

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

1.—The American Analectic Magazine and Naval Chronicle; published by Moses Thomas, Philadelphia, July and August, 1816, 8vo.

2. The American Portfolio; a Monthly Miscellany of Essays on various Subjects, Memoirs of distinguished Personages, Literary and Philosophical Intelligence, &c. Philadelphia, Harrison Hall, August, 1816, 8vo.

THE article which we are about to introduce to the reader is copied from the *Critical Review*. The object of the proprietors of this work, as it is described in the preface by Dr. Johnson, published in 1756, is “to exhibit a succinct view of every performance; to point out the most striking beauties or glaring defects,” &c. This promise is repeated in the number for December last, and the reader shall now have an opportunity of ascertaining how far “the rule of ’56” was observed in the following month.

“We have often regretted, that the spirit of disaffection which is too industriously promoted between the only two free nations of the world in political concerns, should have been extended to arts, literature, and philosophy; so that the inhabitants of the United States neither appreciate properly the liberal attainments of the people of this country, nor do the subjects of Great Britain estimate justly the acquirements of men of genius in the Western Republic.

“We wish to draw them near to each other, because we are confident that they will mutually improve on a close intimacy. There are advantages peculiar to old and to new countries, and the perfection of a state consists in the union and perfect incorpora-

tion of these benefits; and it should seem sufficient to be sensible of this obvious truth, to bring about that reciprocal good understanding which we would so earnestly recommend.

"We have had frequent opportunities of forming a judgment of the state of feeling of the more enlightened part of society in America, by the communications of literary friends, and by the regular receipt of the journals, and other periodical publications; and from these means of experience we must say, that the alienation we complain of is not less promoted on the other side than on this side the water, as a few extracts from the works which supply the title to the present paper, would sufficiently explain. if we were willing to transplant these noxious weeds, instead of leaving them to decay and perish on their own soil.

"The *Analectic Magazine* is principally devoted to literary intelligence, and was on the first of January instant, to be connected with a new work under the title of the *Quarterly Journal*;<sup>\*</sup> both of which are to afford, if the purpose of the editors be fulfilled, a complete body of miscellaneous reading. "The monthly Publication," say they, "contains a various treasure of the lighter articles of periodical literature, while the *Quarterly* affords a less multifarious fund of its more substantial productions."

"In the first of the numbers we have noticed, we have the life of Paul Jones introduced by the following observations.

"Whatever may have been the defects in the character of Paul Jones, or whatever his demerits towards the place of his birth, from us he deserves at least such a justification as may be warranted by the truth. He served this country well in her hour of peril, and if in so doing, he broke the ties which bound him to another, is it for us to become his accusers, or listen in silence to the accusation? No duty requires from an individual or a nation that they should be ungrateful; nor, for our part, do we know of any moral obligation which forbids us to extenuate the faults, or vindicate the fame of one who was our friend, when friends were valuable in proportion as they were rare. His motives were nothing to the United States; and we will now proceed to the detail of his life and actions, so far as they have come to our knowledge."

"With all due respect to the editors, we take leave to observe to them, that these sentiments do not intimate that liberal spirit with which such works should be conducted. We do not censure the Americans for having employed such a useful ruffian as Paul Jones; but it is one thing to avail themselves of his courage, and another to extenuate his faults, and vindicate his motives. Morals have no locality: they are universal in space, as they are eternal in obligation: and a traitor to his country is in

<sup>\*</sup> We recommend to the editors the alteration of this title, as the terms involve a contradiction.

no region to be justified, but every where is to be exposed to the detestation of mankind.

"The Portfolio is devoted to literature, science, and history; comprehending public documents as connected with the latter: and to the person by whom it is conducted we would especially request attention to the friendly admonition we have just given, as his principal object professedly is, 'to vindicate the character of American literature and manners from the aspersions of ignorant and illiterate foreigners; to expose their injustice, and repel their calumnies.'

"It is in vain," he says, 'to disguise the fact: we pay an humiliating reverence to the haughty and supercilious opinions of foreign despots over the empire of letters. Our light is always subsidiary, instead of blazing in its own refulgence (effulgence.) Such is the predominating influence of foreign literature in this country, that we dare not form a judgment upon a narrative of scenes that have passed under our own eyes, or express an opinion upon the merits of a picture at our own fire-sides, until it has been tried in the ordeal of Edinburgh or London criticism. It comports with the national pride, as well as the private interests of the gentlemen who wield these powerful engines of modern literature, to misrepresent and degrade the American name.'

"We would apprise this gentleman that we have not the smallest objection to the justification he contemplates of American literature, that we shall be as glad as perhaps he himself would be, to see that literature advance to its meridian splendour; but we would convince him that this glory can be alone attained by the assistance of foreign erudition, whether from London, Edinburgh, Paris, or Vienna. Nothing, according to our views, can more obstruct American improvement than the absurd persuasion, in defiance of all truth and philosophy, that she has acquired an extent of knowledge which renders her as independent in her literature as she is in her government, and if any thing can endanger the security of the latter, it would be the ignorance that would feed her vanity in the former. Under just views of the relations of life, it will appear to be no humiliation to improve by the attainments of others; and the solitary arrogance that would shut itself up in its own self-conceit, but adds vice to folly, and we are forced to condemn what we should be willing to commiserate.

"No, worthy citizens! let your interchange in foreign literature be as free as your interchange in foreign trade, and you will derive equal advantages in both: the narrow principle which would lead you to reject either, is one of those mischievous prejudices that partakes more of pride than prudence—more of presumption than patriotism."

The best evidence that we can offer of the manner in which the attainments of the people of Great Britain, are estimated in

this country, is contained in the catalogues of our booksellers. It will be seen, by reference to these documents, that a large proportion of English literature has been transplanted to our shores. Many of the English authors—such as Shakspeare, Junius and Blackstone—Reid, Stuart and Beattie—Southey, Scott, Moore and Byron—and most of the standard novelists—have been naturalized, and multiply like the polypus on our soil. Domestic journals cannot exist, unless they are garnished with the flowers, and seasoned with the salt, which we import from the British isle. A very spirited competition is maintained by our traders to procure “a first copy” of any new works of merit, and editions of 500 to 1000 are speedily sold. The mere courtesy-right, if it may be so denominated, of republishing the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews,\* was recently purchased for a consideration of eight or ten thousand dollars:—a sum far exceeding what has ever been paid in this country for a copy-right, excepting in the case of judge Marshall; who is said to have received fifty thousand dollars for his *Life of Washington*.

Now let it be recollected that, in no instance scarcely, where the American character is concerned, does it receive a liberal construction abroad. Instead of consulting our constitution, the commentaries upon it in the *Federalist*, and the decisions under it which have been reported by Dallas and Cranch, British writers decide upon our government and our judiciary from the representations of Ash and Janson. Yet our relish for English books suffered little abatement, notwithstanding such offensive conduct, until the publication of two articles in the *Quarterly Review*, which betrayed so shameless a disregard of truth, so much bitter malignity, such a remorseless hostility, against every thing that bore the American name, that those who disseminated the work as a proper antidote to a rival journal,—among whom we were very zealous,—regard it with a degree of disgust that is scarcely removed by the admirable manner in which the writers in this journal often inculcate the purest doctrines. So that these peo-

\* It is a custom among the honourable and liberal of the trade, not to interfere with one who republishes an English book, by putting another edition in market, except under very particular circumstances.



ple seem to strive, by their merciless butchering, how far they can alienate our feelings towards the subjects, since we have renounced our allegiance to the king. John Bull, says the Edinburgh reviewers, cannot be put

"so much out of his way, as by agreeing with him. He is never in such good humour as with what gives him the spleen, and is most satisfied when he is sulky. If you find fault with him, he is in a rage; and if you praise him, suspects you have a design upon him. He recommends himself to another by affronting him, and if that will not do, knocks him down, to convince him of his sincerity. He gives himself such airs no mortal ever did, and wonders at the rest of the world for not thinking him the most amiable person breathing. John means well too, but he has an odd way of showing it, by a total disregard of other people's feelings and opinions."

On the subject of American literature they are carefully silent. In the article which has produced these remarks, it might be supposed, from the title prefixed to it, that the two journals in question constituted a mirror in which the whole literature of the country would be seen reflected. The "succinct view" of the first mentioned journal is confined to a detection of a false principle in ethics, without informing the public that the Magazine contains a variety of well written articles on the commerce and literature of this country, and has been distinguished by the manner in which it has exposed the misrepresentations of those English writers, who have pretended to describe the naval actions which occurred during the late war.

The PORT FOLIO is the oldest literary journal that is now published in this country, having struggled along through good report and evil report, since the commencement of the present century. This is the first time, as far as we know, that the British public have been informed of its existence, in so formal a manner; and we have to regret that the English editor, instead of giving a "succinct view" of our labours, should have been content with a paragraph, from our prospectus, the meaning of which he has misconceived. We never acted under the *absurd persuasion*, that we could shut our eyes against those lights of experience which are blazing so vividly in the mother country. We are too poor, too young, to carry on business for ourselves. In every number, almost, of this journal, during the few months that it

has been under our direction, it has been shown, that we are willing to draw from the pure wells of English literature. In England, the diversion of baiting an author, Dr. Johnson says, has the sanction of all ages; but it is not so here. With us, a work generally issues from the press under the cover of certain names, of sounding import with the vulgar, who will recommend a book sometimes merely, it must be conjectured, because they are thus enabled to see their names in print. If the reviewer has the hardihood to investigate the merits and demonstrate the shallowness of a book—no matter how great may be the deficiency, the community sneers at his vanity and the writer hates him for his honesty. Hence we have generally suffered such trash to bubble along on the stream of oblivion, without visit or search, and have preferred the course of recommending, on better authority than our own, the admirable models which are constantly issuing from the British press. On this subject we deny the influence of any “narrow principle:” we feel that those who are engaged in the pursuits of literature are all of one great family, and that it is the general interest to “cultivate a reciprocal good understanding.”

As we have occasion to dilate on this subject in another article, we shall conclude by assuring the respectable editor of the *Critical Review*, that we receive his admonitions in the spirit in which they were intended, and shall be glad to promote an “interchange” of literature, with those who resemble this gentleman, in his good sense and good manners.

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EPIGRAM.

OLD Scotia boasts her Macs and O's,  
And seeks the palm in verse and prose;  
But England has a Pryor claim,  
And Erin Moore to grace her name. ORLANDO.

**CRITICISM.**—*An Experimental Inquiry into the Chemical Properties and Medicinal Qualities of the principal Mineral Waters of Ballston and Saratoga, in the state of New-York. With directions for the use of those waters in the various diseases to which they are applicable, and observations on diet and regimen. To which is added an Appendix, containing a chemical analysis of the Lebanon Spring in the State of New-York.* By William Meade, M. D. Philadelphia, Harrison Hall. 8vo. pp. 195. 1817.

THIS is a book containing not only a good analysis of our mineral waters at Saratoga and Ballston, but a very accurate and useful account of their virtues, and the disorders wherein they may be exhibited with safety or otherwise.

Hitherto no regular analysis has been made of any of our mineral springs, excepting those of York county, and Carlisle, in Cumberland county, by Mr. Cutbush and judge Cooper. The Bedford springs have not yet been analyzed, nor any of the springs that attract our citizens in Virginia; such as the Warm Springs, the Sulphur Springs, &c. Hence it is manifest, that whether the use of them be pernicious or salutary, is mere matter of accident; for no physician can safely prescribe them, until he accurately knows their contents, and is thus able to apply them in proper doses to the proper disorders they are adapted to relieve.

In these respects Dr. Meade's book is extremely useful, and may serve as a model for publications of this kind, as it not only exhibits with chemical accuracy the contents of the waters examined, but treats also with medical accuracy of the disorders wherein they are calculated to do good or harm. Beside these parts of his plan, he has given us a mineralogical and geological description of the country where the springs in question are situated; a necessary part of such a book, because the mineralogy of the country is a key to the contents of the springs that rise in it, and forms an essential part of their natural history.

Our readers will be gratified by the following synoptical table, extracted from Dr. Meade's work, which contains, in a small compass, much useful information.

*A Synoptical Table, exhibiting the Contents of the Waters of Ballston and Saratoga, compared with others which they resemble.*

NAMES of the WATERS.	Specific Gravity.	Cubic Inches.			Number of Grains in one Quart of Water.								
		Carbonic acid gas.	Azotic gas.	Sulphurated hydro- gen gas.	Muriat of soda.	Muriat of lime.	Muriat of magnesia.	Carbonat of lime.	Carbonat of magnes- sia.	Carbonat of iron.	Sulphat of magnesia.	Sulphat of soda.	Sulphat of lime.
Lowe's Well, Ballston.	1008	60½	2½		43	4½	2¾	13½	7½	1			
Public Well, Ballston.	1008	61	2½		43	3½	1¾	9½	11½	1			
Congress Spring, Saratoga.	1012	66	2		103	3½	4¾	27	17	½			
Flat Rock, Saratoga.	1007	66	1		41		4	15½	10½	¼			
Sulphur Well, Harrowgate.	1064	2	1¾	3¾	154	3½	17	4¾	1½		2½		
Crescent Water, Harrowgate.	1002	5½		3½	34		12½			½	2		
Cheltenham, England.		7½	3½		1¼		6¼			1¼	80	40	10
Epsom, England.											120		
Seltzer, Germany.		45			34			6	5				
Spa, Germany.	1010	26			1½			2½	8	1			
Pymont, Germany.		56			3			9	20	1½			16

There are two handsome views, of Ballston spring, and the Congress spring at Saratoga, neatly engraved in aqua tint, that are useful ornaments to this publication; for which the inhabitants of those places, and the company that resort thither, are under obligations to the author. The book is neatly printed; it is sold at a moderate price, and may be recommended to the patient as well as the physician.

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### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER ESQ.

“Procrastination is the thief of time.”

THERE is a strong tendency in the heart of every man to condemn the evil that is afar off, and to bend only to the storm that howls around him. It is to this impulse that we may attribute the carelessness we feel about another world, and the tenacity with which we observe the forms of this. The failure of a favourite speculation, or the loss of an hour's pleasure, affect us with the deepest chagrin; while the comfort and happiness of our latter days are regarded as matters of comparatively but little moment. We are deeply affected at having unintentionally injured a friend, we are awed by the anger of a parent, or intimidated at the threats of a foe, while the idea of a future state affords us but little uneasiness.

We are all ready enough to blame the neglect or indolence of others, but there are few of us who do not defer until to-morrow many things which ought to be done to day. The spirit of procrastination pervades all ranks, and is every day to be seen like a powerful opiate, arresting the foot of enterprise, enervating the hand of industry, and lulling to rest, the visions of ambition. Like the downy bed of repose it becomes dearer the longer it is enjoyed, and cannot be forsaken without a vigorous exertion.

To indulge this propensity we eagerly catch at every change in the natural season or the political hemisphere, and at every revolution in our own affairs or those of our neighbours. A lady will defer visiting a sick friend one day because it rains, the next

because it shines, and the third because it is cloudy; and the news of a victory, or the occurrence of a public festival, is a sufficient cause for a man's neglecting his own interest or the duties he owes to his country.

A few years ago, the embargo furnished an admirable excuse to the timid, the indolent, and the procrastinating. The youth who had finished his college exercises deferred the choice of a profession because the *times* were unpropitious; and the tender maid, who had given the long withheld assent, could not think of yielding her hand during the embargo! Nay, so rigid were the ladies in observing the system of non-intercourse, that I have known one of them absolutely discharge a lover who had been dangling for years; politely inviting him however to call again at "a more convenient season." The trader who had become involved by his imprudence, or the mechanic who longed for an idle or a riotous hour, eagerly seized upon the same apology for deferring the payment of debts or the fulfilment of contracts. A very honest country gentleman of my acquaintance, when exhorted by his clergyman to have private worship in his family, declared that he could not pray with any kind of comfort during the embargo. In short, we began by blaming the embargo first with our sins of omission, and then with those of commission, until the poor embargo was at last loaded with all the transgressions of the nation.

By and by however the embargo law was repealed—but then there was "a speck of war in the horizon," and of course all affairs of moment, such as marrying and christening, making money or saving our souls, must be deferred until it was ascertained whether we were to have war or peace. This interregnum of suspense was even worse than the embargo itself—but it was soon followed by the war. Here was ample food for the genius of procrastination. The lawyer defers his client from term to term, because justice could not be expected during the troublesome times of war; the client in turn draws his purse strings and declares he can get no money while the war lasts; and every old woman who wishes an excuse for laziness or improvidence thinks it unnecessary to set her hens until the war is over. I knew a grave personage who having read of "wars and rumours of war" in her

Bible, and having observed that the former had suspended works even of necessity and mercy, exclaimed, "if this is war, what will become of us when the *rumours of war* come."

The war was over—but then *the times were hard*; the Banks refuse to pay their notes, debtors disappoint their creditors, and very good church-going christians neglect important duties because "charity begins at home," and—the times are hard. This then must certainly be the time anticipated by the old lady above mentioned, for if what every body says is true, *the times are harder now* than during the war, therefore, say the procrastinators, if we might have many things undone then we may surely do it now.

Thus it is that we can always find an excuse for postponing that which we do not wish to perform. Although our minds are convinced—although conscience urges, we have not resolution to obey her dictates. To wisdom we say "*almost thou persuadest me;*" to religion "*at a more convenient season I will call on thee;*" and to the needy "*go and come again—to-morrow I will give.*" The fallacy of such reasoning soon becomes exposed. Any one who will seriously reflect upon the shortness of time, and the mutability of fortune, will readily perceive the necessity of grasping at every moment, and the folly of losing a single opportunity, for the improvement of the one, or the attainment of the other. The golden hours of youth pass away "*as showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men;*" and unless they have been properly improved they carry off with them the fond visions of fancy, the aspiring hopes of ambition, and all the delusive speculations of the heart. We see a few who had listened to the precepts of wisdom rising into opulence and esteem, around us, and we begin to regret the days rioted away in luxurious pleasures, or wasted in idle pursuits. But to repine at that which is lost, is as idle as to sport with that which we possess. He who is prodigal of time is misspending that which is not his own, and for which he must one day render an account. We have duties to ourselves, our friends, and our country sufficient to employ every hour.

ORLANDO.

## RURAL ECONOMY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*"So shall thy barns be filled with plenty."*—Prov. iii. 10.

*Steeping of seed*, is a practice that has prevailed in some degree since the early periods of the art of husbandry—its utility has not been fully determined. Much depends upon the nature of the steep.

The carbonated liquor afforded by dung hills, is highly esteemed in *China*, as a steep, which promotes the growth of the crop, and protects the seed from injury by insects.

*Sowing*.—Greater attention ought to be paid by our farmers to the manner of depositing seed in the ground. Winter grain should be sown deep, as it would thereby be better protected against the effect of *frost* and *thaws*, so common in our climate, which throws the grain out of the soil; in consequence of which it perishes. Spring grain, does not require so much depth. *Sowing broad cast* answers with some seed, but for others, the *drill* might be used to much greater advantage.

*Manures*.—We do not know that any subject of equal importance, has less regard paid to it by our farmers, than the formation of manures.

Many vegetable, and other substances, which are permitted to lay unobserved, and unimproved, would essentially contribute to increase this valuable article in husbandry. Soiling of horses, and different kinds of cattle, with clover, and other artificial grasses, would richly repay the *supposed waste of time*, which the practice would require. Raking the woodland and conveying the vegetable matter thus collected to the barn yard, and the clearing up of fences, instead of being burnt, should be taken to the same depot, together with all other substances capable of decomposition; and by a judicious management of the *drainings of the stable* admixed, would form a valuable stock of manure.

*Application of manure*. It is certainly a great error, to spread a small quantity of manure over a large space of ground.

If our farmers would cultivate fewer acres, and them *well*, their gains would be proportionate. People who pursue the plan of extensive cultivation with small stocks of manure do not calcu-



late the time, and labour expended to so little purpose. One acre properly manured, and well attended, will yield more than five, less judiciously managed.

*Marle.* The various success that has attended the use of this article, renders it important that accurate observation and experiment should be made with respect to it. It abounds in the state of New-Jersey, and in most alluvial countries, and certainly forms a valuable item in the list of manures. It differs however so much in quality, and produces such opposite effects on different soils, as to require great care in its application. If some of our intelligent agriculturists would make this subject an object of investigation, and *publish the result*, they would essentially serve the interests of husbandry. (*vid. post.*)

*Hedges.* Owing to the rapid consumption of our timber, it has become of importance that we should adopt the use of *live fence*. Not only the utility, but the beauty of this mode of dividing grounds, should be regarded by farmers.

*The Hessian fly* is an insect whose character and habits, have not been sufficiently studied. When we consider the extent of its ravages in some seasons it might be supposed to be of sufficient importance to give to it the attention which it merits.

Whether any particular kind of wheat is less liable to its assaults, or any mode of cultivation a protection against its ravages, are questions which ought to engage the serious notice of practical farmers.

*The cut worm, or corn grub*, has of late years become a formidable foe. *Fall ploughing* has been adopted with singular success, in preventing its destructive career. *We strongly, and confidently recommend the practice.*

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#### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Marl.* From Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. president of the Bath and West of England Society for promoting agriculture, a letter was received accompanied by the 14th vol. of Memoirs of that institution. Among other interesting papers contained in the work, is an analysis of the marl of New-Jersey by

Dr. Wilkinson of Bath, who concludes his observations as follows: "With Mr. Cooper (professor Cooper) I think, it is most probable, that the good qualities (of the marl) are principally to be attributed to the iron."

*Crops.* Letters from gentlemen of great respectability were read on the subject of the crops.—It appears that the Hessian fly has destroyed many fields of wheat in the state of Virginia. In Maryland and Delaware, it has done much injury. In Pennsylvania the harvest promises to be abundant. The cut worm has every where seriously affected the corn, and unless the season should be uncommonly favourable, not more than one-third of the usual quantity of Indian corn will be grown.

*New plough.* T. M. Randolph Esqr. of Virginia has presented to the president of the society a *hill-side plough*; this implement will no doubt be found an important acquisition to the farmers of Pennsylvania.

*Hare's blow-pipe.*—From a Letter of Dr. Wilkinson of Bath to the president we make the following extracts: "I avail myself of the present opportunity in mentioning that the experiments noticed by Dr. Clarke of Cambridge with an apparatus containing a condensed mixture of the oxygene and hydrogen gases in the same proportion as they enter into the composition of water, have been repeated in Bath about two months since by myself, with the valuable assistance of *Sir H. Davy*. We observed very little difference in our experiments from those published in the American Memoirs of 1804 by *Mr. Hare*, although the heat from this inflamed mixture is very intense, yet it only fused the earths, but did not reduce any to the metallic state. On every account I prefer *Mr. Hare's mode of conducting the experiments*, to the one adopted by Dr. Clarke.

*Sheep.* Several applications were made from the southward for the broad tail Tunis sheep, experience having proved (as the writers assert) that that breed possesses advantages superior to the Merino.—*Meeting of the 12th. June.*

CRITICISM.—*The Colonial Policy of Great Britain, considered with Relation to the North American Provinces, and West Indian Possessions, &c. &c.* By a British Traveller. 1816.

The following article will be perused with no little interest, by the American reader, because it contains the sentiments of a respectable journal, which is published in the metropolis of a country where we are regarded with a watchful eye. The anxiety of the author and his reviewer, on the subject of Canada, is quite natural, but as long as Great Britain is obliged to give bribes to settlers "to prevent them from repairing to the United States, in preference to remaining in Canada," the population will be small, and the Colony continue to be exposed to great hazard. It is in vain that these writers assume an air of contempt in estimating our strength. It suits their purposes to represent us as a nation, which exhibits "at once the dissipation of youth, the selfishness of maturer years, and the feebleness of old age." John Bull may swallow all this, because he is a great blockhead, and it is his principle to "hate all other countries," and "to think all other people, fools." (*Ed. Rev.*) But in an unguarded moment these writers will admit,—as is done in the review before us,—that "Great Britain never had an enemy more to be dreaded," than her *dissipated, selfish, and feeble* offspring. Reflections on Custom-houses, come with an ill grace from a country whose commercial revenues are protected by a mass of legislative provisions, greater we believe in bulk, than those which contains the whole code of the United States. In the various reports of our collectors to the Treasury Department, it is frequently remarked how seldom frauds occur. These reports are confirmed by an inspection of the calendars of the District Courts, where such offences are cognizable. Not long since, a parcel of stones were found concealed in cotton which had been shipped to a foreign port. In the English newspapers such occurrences are published daily, and John Bull shakes his chubby cheeks at the hoax, as it is there innocently termed. But among us this infamous fraud excited an universal burst of indignation, and the people were urged in the daily gazettes, to vindicate the national character, by detecting the swindler. Because "an eminent divine" took occasion to say,

in *Boston*, that "we are accused of being too greedy of gain, and not over-scrupulous how we obtain it," the author of the book under consideration, takes it *pro confesso* and affirms that we are "justly characterized." How it may be in Boston we shall not say, but in the Southern section the very reverse of this is the fact. If a Virginian can get enough to clothe his negroes and entertain his friends he is satisfied. We fear that there are very few dealers in any country, who could stand the test which the holy minister is commissioned to apply. The most upright dealer who occupies his comptor for six days, and on the seventh, instead of resting from his labours, shall sit down to count his gains, will assuredly learn from this authority that *he is too greedy of gain*. Yet it would be regarded as an atrocious libel to say of this man, that he is "not very nice as to the adoption of means" in his "commercial transactions." If we were to draw inferences with such facility, what could we say of the state of morals, among our calumniators after reading "the Book"—the most remarkable speeches of Erskine, Curran and Phillips, the delicate epistles of the "commander in chief," and that miracle of piety, as he is described by some writers,—lord Nelson? what could we not say that would not be quite as liberal and as logical as the strictures of the *Quarterly Review* on *Inchiquin's Letters*, and *Porter's Journal*? Has our "cupidity" ever prevailed to so "astonishing a degree," as to induce us to subjugate an immense empire, by means, which, when described by Burke, produced sensations almost incredible? Do our ministers of justice seek for culprits in the abodes of opulence and the circles of fashion, and knock, in vain, at the gates of the palace?—Why must we be compelled to perform the painful task of exhibiting such profligacy? Far more in unison with our feelings would it be to expatiate on the nobler qualities of the English character; to extol their patience under difficulty, their greatness in action, and their magnanimity in success: to sit at the feet of their philosophers, and gather experience from her statesmen. But the continent is the theatre which they select for the display of their bright side, while to us, who are united to them by the ties of blood and act under the same code of moral and municipal law,—to us they exhibit only the dark features. Their obstinacy drove us into a political independence;

and it might be feared that their superciliousness and misrepresentations would produce a revolt in the empire of letters, were we not certain that the wand of THE POET would recal us to his own island where Genius has enchanted all the groves and Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets.

The reviewer complains that we should consider our artists as the best; our men as the strongest, &c. This is a silly vanity which is to be found in all parts of the world, and in no country is it indulged to such an excess as Great Britain. John Bull, say the Edinburg Reviewers

will have it that he is a great patriot, for he hates all other countries; that he is wise, for he thinks all other people fools; that he is honest, for he calls all other people rogues. He beats his wife, quarrels with his neighbours, damns his servants, and gets drunk to kill the time and keep up his spirits, and firmly believes himself the only unexceptionable, accomplished, moral and religious character in christendom. He boasts of the excellence of the laws and the goodness of his own disposition; and yet there are more people hanged in England than in all Europe besides: he boasts of the modesty of his countrywomen, and yet there are more [who have lost all modesty] in the streets of London than in all the capitals of Europe put together.

We too must be indulged in boast when we reflect that Americans go abroad to establish and preside over the most honorable institutions; or remain at home to protect the country;—to contend with the pupils of Nelson and the followers of Wellington. But it is time to commence the Review.

“ There are many sensible remarks in this little volume, on a subject of great national importance; mixed, however, with no small portion of advice which it would be impossible to follow, and with numerous recommendations which in the mean time it would be impracticable to execute. From the beginning to the end of it, the Americans are represented, not without some truth we believe, as an unamiable, restless, and very ambitious people; jealous in the extreme of British power, envious of our superiority, and filled with the most determined rivalry, first to surpass, and then to humble us. The author, who designates himself a ‘ traveller,’ seems to have lived a good deal amongst them, professing thus to be intimately acquainted with their country, their manners, spirit, and political projects; and we have so far to speak in favour of the genuineness of his *characteristics*, as to remark that they are not contradicted by any thing which we have learned

of Independent America, through other sources. Perhaps there is, now and then, a little excess of bitterness against them, and rather too deep a shade thrown over their moral characters, as merchants and politicians, but, on the whole, the picture, we should conceive, is a striking likeness, giving, in strong colours, the distinguishing expression of their national features, and without any intentional distortion or wilful caricature.

"The avowed object of this publication is to recommend to our Government a vigorous system of policy with regard to our American provinces; to encourage emigration to them; and, above all, to foster their trade, to the complete exclusion of the United States, in every article which they can possibly supply, either to the mother country, or to the West India islands. The affairs of Europe have so deeply engrossed the attention of our rulers, during the last twenty years, as to render the concerns of our Transatlantic possessions of very inferior consequence; and it was not, in fact, until a serious attempt had been actually made by the Republicans to wrest them from us altogether, that we began to perceive the necessity, both of strengthening their means of natural defence, and of adding to the military establishment in the frontier provinces; and yet it is well known that, notwithstanding our utmost efforts, the failure of the enemy, in their several enterprises, was much more attributable to their want of almost every soldier-like quality, than to the adequacy of our preparations to repel invasion. The expediency, however, of increasing a trusty and efficient population in all the provinces, and particularly in Canada, was thus practically manifested to the Government at home; and, accordingly, in pursuance of this object, various inducements were held out, upon the termination of hostilities, to direct the current of emigration, which was then anticipated in England, to British America: and there is reason to believe that the system would have been persevered in, but for the interruption of all our peaceful arrangements which was occasioned almost immediately after by the return of Buonaparte from Elba."

"The observations of the author, in relation to the subject at large, may be divided into two heads; namely, as they respect the furtherance of commerce; and next, as they respect security and defence. Before, however, we enter upon these topics, we shall exhibit a very short sketch 'of the genius of the Americans,' meaning thereby, of course, the people of the United States."

"In commercial transactions this people are extremely enterprising, and not very nice, it is alledged, as to the adoption of means whereby to promote their ends. Custom-house oaths, which we regret to say are too frequently regarded even among ourselves as mere matters of form, impose very little restraint upon an American trader, who will swear, observes our traveller, that innumerable cargoes of rum and sugar were shipped at an island which was well known never to have produced one ounce of either."

'Fraud, smuggling, and perjury, are practised with success, and without reserve, and thus cupidity prevails among them to an astonishing degree. An eminent divine of Boston, thus justly characterized his countrymen from the pulpit, on 'putting away the easily besetting sin.' 'There have existed at all times,' said he, 'not only personal and peculiar, but also national sins. For instance, among the ancients the Asiatics were accused of effeminacy, the Carthaginians of perfidy; so among the moderns, the French are said to be volatile and frivolous; the Spaniards proud and cruel; the English haughty, and evincing too great contempt for strangers; and we, my brethren, *of being greedy of gain, and not over scrupulous how we obtain it.*'"

"It has often been remarked that the Americans, as a nation, exhibit at once the dissipation of youth, the selfishness of maturer years, and the feebleness of old age. They are moreover ostentatious and conceited in the very highest degree, regarding all other men with contempt and disdain. They view us in particular, as slaves and degraded vassals, degenerated not only in virtue and genius, but also in physical strength. The greatest artists of the modern world are Americans; the strongest men of the modern world are Americans; the only freemen in the modern world are Americans. Created to command the Western hemisphere, and to spread terror over the other, their ambition has already planned not only the subjugation of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, but also of every island on the Eastern shores of their extended Continent; and their imaginations, heated with this ideal triumph, already stretch across the ocean, and behold their star-bespangled flags waving in the mouth of the Thames, their fleets blockading Portsmouth, and their cruisers sweeping our trade from every sea under the heavens. Both federalists and democrats coincide in the full persuasion of the declining state of the British naval power, and of the brilliant destinies now awaiting their own; and they are at no pains to conceal that they entertain the most confident expectation that they will be able to annihilate both our navy and our commerce, at no distant period. They describe Great Britain as '*a magnificent but sinking vessel*'; and it gives us pain to add, that, in respect to deep rooted envy and the purpose of ultimately bringing us down, the *federalists* are more to be dreaded than the blustering democrats who hurried us into the late war. The former objected to a declaration of hostilities with this country, not because they had any attachment to us, or any respect for the cause of liberty in which we were then engaged in Europe, but solely because they were not yet prepared to meet us, to advantage, either by land or by water. The federalists, besides, are well known to constitute what is called, in America, the *naval party*; the men who strain every nerve to render their fleets efficient and formidable; and their councils, we may remark, are just so much the more to be feared and watched, that they prosecute them without noise, and direct them steadily to one great object. The other party have a

manifest leaning to France in all their schemes of policy; the class again, of whom we are now speaking, dislike the French as much as they dislike us, but in all their plans for maritime superiority their projects must necessarily bear a reference to the humiliation of our navy, whether warlike or commercial. Connected with this great consummation, we may allude, in passing, to the recent efforts which have been made at the Court of Naples to obtain a footing in the Mediterranean. The point which the American negotiator seems to have been instructed to insist upon, was a naval station in the territory of the Neapolitans, either on the Continent itself, or in one of their islands, with liberty to refit their ships of war, to land ammunition, and, in short, to render it the head-quarters of their European marine. Fortunately, on this occasion, the eyes of our ministers have been opened to their designs; and we trust that our influence with the government of Naples is sufficiently powerful to disappoint these ambitious Republicans.

“ It is not enough, however, that we set ourselves to counteract their projects in this quarter of the globe: we must also look sharp after them at home. We must adopt every legal measure to encourage the trade, and consequently, the population of our North American provinces, so as at once to increase our strength, where we are most vulnerable, and to create a market for our manufactures, where it will be most easy and most advantageous to do it. During the late war the people of the United States carried on a very extensive intercourse, not only with the West India islands, but also with our colonies in other seas, supplying them with produce, which, it appears, might be raised in the greatest abundance in Canada and Nova Scotia; and, at the present moment, we believe, a considerable proportion of the fish and lumber required by the planter in the sugar islands, is exported from the waters of Independent America. With respect to the former article, it is generally known that the British have a large establishment at Newfoundland, and that several thousand persons are annually employed in fishing, curing, and warehousing; but the Americans, having received permission to fish on the same banks, and without being hampered with the restrictions imposed upon our own countrymen, have contrived to outsell them in the West India market, where cheapness, rather than goodness of quality, allures the purchaser. The British fisher must dry and cure his fish ashore, submit them to the inspection of persons appointed for the purpose, and divide them into three sorts or descriptions according to the respective markets for which they are by these judges considered fit: the American on the contrary, loses no time in culling or drying his goods; he salts as fast as he catches, on board his ship, throws the gut into the sea, at the manifest hazard of ruining the fishing altogether, as the cod desert such places as are contaminated with offal; and sails for the islands



where he supplies the negro-owners with a half putrid article at a very low price. In consequence of this state of things, the Newfoundland trade has been most materially injured by the Americans; so much so, indeed, that of 456,221 cwt. of fish, which were imported into the several West India islands in three years ending with 1807, our countrymen furnished no more than 97,486, whilst their rivals, owing to the exemptions already stated, succeeded in furnishing 358,735 cwt. We admit that monopolies, in most cases, are bad, and to be avoided indeed in every instance where nothing but the interests of trade alone are consulted; still, as to the matter in hand, it is very clear that one of two things ought to be instantly done; either our people should be relieved from all restrictions in the mode of curing and sorting their fish, or all those who are allowed the privilege of fishing along with them, should be bound by the same regulations. In fact, it has now become an object of sufficient importance with us to inquire whether the supply of fish to the West Indies and other British colonies, should not be wholly furnished from British capital and industry, or whether we are still to put into the hands of our most inveterate enemy, the means of increasing that very species of warlike force, by which they hope the most speedily and effectually to work our ruin. It is stated by the author now before us, and, we believe, upon the very best grounds, that if the Americans are indebted to their more regular commerce and large vessels for *able* seamen, they derive the *ordinary*, which constitute the more numerous classes, from this very trade; and the numerous privateers which infested the ocean in the late war, drew from thence the main body of strength—men of proper habits, who could endure almost any privation or encounter any danger. It is matter of regret, therefore, that in the late treaty concluded at Ghent no mention is made of the fisheries; and it strikes us, from something which occurred at the time, that the Americans are still to be permitted to fish in our waters, but not to land for the purposes of salting and warehousing; that is, they are to be allowed to do all that they would have done at any rate, and prohibited from doing that which, in scarcely any circumstances, would they have any inclination to perform. It is certainly desirable, at all times, that the people of the United States should be excluded from a branch of industry and commerce, so eminently calculated to support a nursery of seamen; but more particularly ought this measure to be effected, amid the present embarrassments of the trading part of the community, and whilst so many of the labouring class are unprovided with employment. If this country, observes our author, perceives the propriety of retaining her natural advantages and employing her resources, she must not merely exclude the Americans from the banks of Newfoundland, but also, by every possible means, encourage emigration; for without an increase of the inhabitants, the provinces can never carry the

fishing to an extent sufficiently great to ensure that permanent utility to the nation which it is so capable of producing.

"The same remarks are applicable in their full import to the *lumber* trade; by which is meant the shipping of planks, staves, and timber of various sorts, for the use of the planters. Bryan Edwards estimates the annual demand of a West India plantation, of six hundred acres, *in staves and heading for casks alone*, at 150*l.* In the year 1791, it was estimated that in Jamaica, there were 796 sugar estates; these at the rate of 150*l.* per annum, would give the Americans 119,400*l.* annually in this branch of trade from one island alone. Add to this then, the consumption of the other colonies, the constant increase of cleared estates, the new settlements of Berbice and Demerara, and it will clearly appear that the supplies requisite for these and other descriptions of timber must be immensely great, especially when it is recollected that the buildings in the towns and plantations are chiefly constructed of wood. According to our author, the annual demand for timber, previous to the restrictions, was 117,740 loads; of which the Americans furnished 113,600, while our provinces had the opportunity of supplying only about 3496 loads; but in 1810, when the restrictions on American commerce were in force, the exports from Quebec alone amounted to 160,932 loads; proving, we think, in the strongest manner, the ability of our provinces to meet a very extensive demand in this article, and clearly exhibiting the immense disadvantages which these colonies must labour under, when deprived by undue competition, of this important branch of trade. The author adduces many facts to show that the Americans have made the most of this article of commerce, converting it, in many instances, into a lucrative manufacture, by sawing and preparing the timber, before exportation, to answer nearly all the purposes to which it can be applied in the West Indies; and hence have arisen, says he, in the stony, sterile regions of New Hampshire, flourishing settlements and a numerous population. At Da Moriscotti, he saw upon one stream, in the short space of a quarter of a mile, no fewer than eight saw-mills employed in this trade.

Now, we imagine, there would be no great difficulty in securing the whole of this gainful traffic to our own provinces. There is abundance of the raw material, so to speak, and nothing seems wanting but a few hands and a little capital, of which, at this moment, there is an overflow in Great Britain seeking an advantageous employment. It may indeed be stated, as an objection to every measure of restriction and monopoly, that, as the Americans can supply lumber on lower terms than the people of Canada or New Brunswick, it would be unjust to compel the West Indian planter to forego this advantage, and to purchase in a dearer market. In answer to this, however, it may be sufficient to observe, that the principles of a free trade are not yet recognized in any part of the world; that every nation endeavours to encou-

rage its domestic manufactures; and that, if any imaginable circumstances can justify the adoption of a restrictive system, it must be those very circumstances in which we stand with relation to America. The primary object in our transatlantic policy must be to raise and support a power of sufficient magnitude to keep the Americans in check on their own shores; to embrace every opportunity of rearing sailors, and of increasing the tonnage of our colonists; and, with these views, to deprive the former of every branch of manufacture and of sea-faring industry, which can possibly be occupied by ourselves. In prosecuting such measures too, we should only follow the example which the American government has recently set, for with the avowed intention of promoting their internal manufactures, they have since the peace nearly doubled the import duties upon all goods made in Great Britain.

We have always held it unwise, generally speaking, to legislate on the subject of provisions, for as prices are regulated by the supply, and the supply by the bounty of Heaven, rather than by the foresight of men, no laws can have a permanent efficacy, as to the steadiness of the money-value of corn, in any given number of years. In the case, however, of our American colonies, every possible encouragement should be afforded them, to raise corn for the supply of the West India islands; and thereby to enable them to seize that important article of manufacture and commerce, which has proved so advantageous to the farmer and ship-owner of the United States. The author is decidedly of opinion, and he brings forward a great number of facts in support of it, that our provinces are naturally more fertile and better fitted for the purposes of agriculture than the middle or southern states of the Union; and if the flour which is made in Canada be inferior to that of Baltimore, it is not because the wheat is coarser, but because the millers, at the latter place, are more expert and careful than in the former, or even than in any part of England. Were the provinces, however, certain of a constant market, though only to the West Indies, they would soon adopt the improvements of their southern neighbours in their mode of manufacture, and produce, instead of the present deteriorated article, flour of very superior quality; an event which would prove an effectual check, not only in open rivalry, but in illicit importation from the states into the Canadas themselves. In 1802, Canada alone exported 100,000 bushels of wheat, 38,000 barrels of flour, and 32,000 casks of biscuits; but in 1810, during the non-intercourse Act, the exports from the same province were 170,000 bushels of wheat, 12,519 barrels of flour, 16,467 quintals of biscuit, 18,928 bushels of pease, 866 bushels of oats, 98 bushels of Indian corn: and if this district, under every disadvantage, could export to such an amount, of what extension is the trade of the whole provinces not susceptible, were culture properly encouraged by legislative protection.

It is not our intention to descend to the other minor branches of trade particularized at great length by our author; we may mention, however, that of "*Notions*," which seem to be in great demand among the Creoles, consisting of potatoes, biscuits, crackers, cheese, hams, butter, tongues, salt-beef, pork, poultry, eggs, apples, jams, soured and smoked fish, with other articles, says our authority, too numerous for detail. Doubting whether these are fit subjects for an Act of Parliament, and knowing how essential they are to a comfortable existence on this side the Atlantic as well as on the other, we have only to express a hope that our colonies on the Western Continent, will soon be so much improved as to meet fully all the wants of the luxurious islanders, and in this way to secure the riches which at present go into the hands of our most malignant foes. That they are capable of raising such a supply was completely proved during the late war; for Halifax being made the principal station of a large naval and military force, a sudden demand was thus created for provisions for all kinds, which, without any previous arrangements, was immediately answered from the resources of Nova Scotia alone. The town was also swelled by a prodigious concourse of strangers, not military; and yet so far from any appearance of famine or even of scarcity, the author declares that there was a profusion of all the necessaries of life, and the prices only such as all markets will obtain, when there exists a great demand and brisk sales. Indeed there is no room for doubt that our provinces might readily be converted into extensive depots of corn, as well as of fish, sufficient not only to supply the West India islands, but even to lend assistance to the mother country in bad seasons; and as this would answer the double purpose of increasing the power of our fellow-subjects, and of limiting the resources of their ambitious neighbours, we should sincerely hope that the attention of government will be speedily directed to bring it about.

Our author is greatly alarmed at the prospect of a powerful competition, on the part of the native artizans and mechanics in the United States, in every department of manufacturing skill; and he even foresees an epoch, as at no great distance, when we shall be completely driven not only from the American market, but also from that of the West Indies, and from all other countries, in fact, to which their enterprising spirit may lead them. We cannot enter into all his fears on this subject. The Americans are, indeed, using every measure, fair and foul, to equal us in cheapness and excellence of manufactured goods, and, we must add that, their efforts have not been altogether unaccompanied with success; still in a country of which half the soil is still to be cleared, where money is laid out to so much advantage in the culture of land, where labour is dear and capital comparatively small, it would be extremely unwise, and must involve considerable sacrifices, to force the national industry into a new channel.

Be this as it may, however, we cannot interfere with the internal policy of any state. Let us keep them out of the West Indies, and diminish, as much as possible, their facility of trading with our Eastern empire; and, then, let us meet them fairly in the general market of the world.

Following the order we proposed, we are now to consider the best means of security and defence; and with the conviction before us, that the Americans have resolved, sooner or later, to annex our northern provinces to their dominions, it becomes a matter of the most urgent consideration to defeat their projects. Canada, they say, naturally belongs to them; and on the same principle they ought to have Nova Scotia, and the West India islands, as being very conveniently situated for the several branches of commerce in which they wish to embark. Our business, however, is to anticipate them in all their plans of conquest and aggrandizement, for if ever they shall reduce our provinces on the main land, our insular colonies will be exposed to the greatest hazard, and our maritime superiority can no longer rest on a solid foundation.

The first step, then, which should be taken for strengthening our American provinces, is to increase the population, by encouraging emigrants to settle in them. Various plans have been adopted for this purpose, at different eras. Charters have been granted by government for the exclusive possession of large districts, and, at other times, premiums have been held out to individuals and families, to form settlements under the immediate patronage of the crown. The plan adopted by the present ministers, and to which we alluded in the outset of the article, was to grant to every settler, eighteen years of age and upwards, one hundred acres of land in perpetuity, upon the condition that such settler should pay into the hands of a public agent, before leaving Great Britain, the sum of sixteen pounds, to be repaid to him after having resided for a given time in the colony. The object of this arrangement, it is very obvious, was in the first place, to have the settlers of a respectable order of men, and secondly, to prevent them from repairing to the United states in preference to remaining in Canada. Both these points, we are fully of opinion, deserved all the attention which was paid to them; for as the emigrants were to be carried out, free of expense, there can be no doubt that thousands would have availed themselves of the opportunity, thus presented, of crossing the ocean, who had no serious intention to continue thereafter British subjects. The author of the work which we are now examining, admits that this scheme appears well calculated for the purpose of introducing into our provinces worthy and respectable characters; though he is of opinion, at the same time, that an auxiliary measure, embracing a still lower class of settlers, might be safely adopted, and he recommends that it should be founded on the following regulations:

" 1st. That printed proposals be circulated, stating explicitly, the terms of emigration.

" 2d. That all persons indiscriminately, (except notorious villains) of an age proper to labour, be permitted to enrol their names in lists, gratuitously prepared for that purpose; at the same time stating to which of the colonies they intend removing. These lists should be posted in public places, for the purpose of guarding against fraud, that no persons be permitted to leave the kingdom, if their creditors choose to affix a negative on the list.

" 3d. That the emigrants should be under martial law, but guaranteed against all kind of military service, except that common to all inhabitants of colonies in the time of war; and that proper officers, civil and agricultural, should be appointed with a commissariat, &c.

" 4th. That the emigrants, while they remain embodied, should be fed at the expense of government; but, except in special cases, they should clothe themselves.

" 5th. That agricultural implements should be advanced gratuitously by government.

" 6th. That the several corps of emigrants should proceed in transports, provided by government, to Canada, Nova Scotia, or New-Brunswick.

" 7th. That when arrived at their destination, they should with all convenient speed, commence the clearance of the precise district allotted to them, performing the labour in a body until the whole was cleared, drained, and ready for culture.

" 8th. The land when thus prepared should be divided to each by lot; the whole being previously surveyed, and laid out into equal shares of one hundred acres or more per man.

" 9th. The officers to be paid an equivalent for their superintendence, either out of the cleared estate, or by a salary from government.

" 10th. The emigrants to be invested with their respective estates, free of all fees or charges; to hold them by the tenure of free and common socage; and to be discharged from further services."

" The author likewise recommends that, instead of disbanding soldiers at home, all regiments in future, intended to be reduced, should be sent to one of the four provinces in North America, particularly to Upper Canada, to clear land in the manner stated in the 7th and 8th regulations, reserving to them the option of settling on their respective allotments, when cleared, or of selling their shares and returning home. There appears, at first view, an apparent hardship in sending men to be disbanded so far from their native land, after the fatigues, perhaps of a lengthened war; yet, as they would be left at liberty to dispose of their estates as soon as cleared, if they should not choose to cultivate them, and would thus secure a property of four or five hundred pounds to increase the comforts of their old age, the objection loses much of its force. The great advantages of employing a regiment, as a body, in the clearance of land, and then dividing by lot to each man his proportional share, must occur to the mind the very first moment one thinks on the subject. The men, in such circumstances, act under authority, and the work is done regularly and systematically; and we all know, there are thousands of persons who would engage heartily in the cultiva-

tion of a hundred acres of cleared land, who would shrink from the previous labour of cutting down the trees, and of grubbing out the roots. At the conclusion of the revolutionary war accordingly, when government granted certain tracts of land to particular regiments, the ground being divided among the men *in an uncleared state*, was abandoned by the majority of them, or sold for a trifle; and it was only a few of the more industrious who cleared and cultivated their own portions, or purchased those of the others; on which, however, they had the satisfaction to leave their descendants in the condition of opulent farmers, and to see them spring up around them as the chief support of provincial independence. We may give an instance too, with which we are supplied in this little volume, of the rapid progress in the clearing of land, which is made by a body of men working in concert. The colony of Berbice was cleared and settled full three quarters of a mile into the interior, for near sixty miles extending along the sea coast, and the shores of the rivers Berbice and Corantain, in the comparatively short space of seven years. There the labour was performed by negroes, while that performed by whites, in a temperate climate, would be as three to one in favour of the latter; besides the clearance in this instance required that, around every lot of a thousand acres, a dike or fosse, nine feet wide and six feet deep, should be dug for the purpose of draining. How much then might be accomplished by a body of one thousand men, labouring in unison; and with the certainty of a speedy recompence before their eyes! We agree with the author in thinking, that more land would be cleared by such a corps in one year, than by the same number of individuals, unorganized and uncontrolled, in the space of twelve years. In short, if government should ever deem it expedient to give land in America to the discharged military, there can be no doubt that it should be cleared by the men before they are disembodied; for, by this means, the ground will, in the first place, be actually cleared, and secondly, there is every chance that it will be also occupied by those who clear it.

“ A double advantage would be gained by the country, were this plan adopted; the old soldier would be richly provided for at a very small expense, and our colonies would be furnished with an efficient population, who would not only be instrumental in defending the frontiers by their own personal bravery; but would also instruct the young in the use of arms. It would also prove an inducement to the people of this country to enter into the regular army, were they to see before them not only a limit to their service in active war, but also the means of providing for the wants of age, and the comfort of their surviving families. Had it not been for this powerful stimulus, the United States it is said, could not have raised an army at all; and in this particular it would be wisdom in us to learn from an enemy, whose

motions we have to watch, and whose policy we have to counteract.

“ When writing on the defence of our American provinces, it naturally occurs to mention the great importance of having a powerful fleet on the lakes. Our failures in the last war, both on the ocean and in the inland seas, arose chiefly from the inadequacy of our means, generally considered, to encounter the enemy’s force, and more especially from the small number of seamen, either able or ordinary, on board our ships. It appears from a general order, issued by the commander in chief, Sir G. Prevost, that in the whole of our squadron, on Lake Erie, there were not more than fifty sailors; the crews consisting, for the most part, of militiamen, peasantry, and raw recruits, total strangers of course, to naval tactics, and to every point of seamanship. A great mistake was, no doubt, committed in 1783, by those who adjusted the boundaries between British and Independent America, in giving to the latter so very extensive a line of coast, and the strongest positions on almost all the lakes; more particularly, as a straight line drawn from the point at which the commissioners begun, on the river St. Lawrence, to that where they ended, on the Mississippi, would have shut out the Americans from these waters altogether. To give to that people the great advantages which they now possess, it was necessary to turn off, at a right angle, from the natural direction of the boundary line, the evil of which aberration, it should seem, consists not only in opening up to our enemies the means of creating a naval power, but moreover in interposing a tongue of land, so as actually to intercept, in certain circumstances, all communication with two districts of the upper province. This error not having been corrected by the treaty of Ghent, we shall be put to the expense of maintaining a large naval armament to protect the Canadian frontiers, exposed as they must be to incessant inroads, whensoever war shall be renewed in that quarter of the world.

“ If Britain lose Canada,” says our traveller, “ the loss of the West Indies must inevitably follow: and the ruin of her navy will succeed. But if she well people, and thereby strengthen Canada, the West Indies will also increase in population; and wealth will reanimate the drooping commerce of the realm in general. And with proper restrictions on the American fisheries, the provinces may yet bear up for a short time, without feeling the direful effects of the treaty of Ghent. However, if America should think proper again to declare war, the British nation is faithfully exhorted not to conduct another contest on the principles by which the last was regulated; and not again to make peace until she can *coerce* the enemy into an abandonment of the whole line from St. Regis in the river St. Lawrence, to the Lake of the woods, including also Lake Michigan and the Michigan territory, and insisting on the Americans retiring from the waters of the rivers and lakes, a few miles into the interior. All that portion, too, of the district of Maine, extending from the Grand Lake in New-Brunswick, in a straight line, to the river Chaudiere in Lower Canada, ought also to be secured: or, if thought more advisable, a straight



line may be drawn from the confluence of the rivers Piscatagnis and Penobscot in Maine, to the same river Chaudiere, and down the Penobscot to Castine, continuing it out at sea to the Isle Haute. This would include an important coast, well stored with islands and harbours."

"The opportunity, we apprehend, has gone by for making these desirable arrangements as to the boundaries, and there is unquestionably some rational ground for regret, that among the British commissioners at Ghent, there was not one intimately acquainted with the topography of the country concerning whose destinies they were appointed to deliberate. Much disappointment is accordingly felt in the provinces, and the best informed people there hesitate not to assert that their interests have either not been understood or miserably neglected, in framing the late treaty. We do not hold ourselves competent to judge on such matters; but we can feel no hesitation in concurring with the sensible and patriotic writer who has suggested these remarks, in the opinion, that there is no people on earth who will so readily as the Americans, take advantage of an oversight, and that, in short, Great Britain never had an enemy more to be dreaded.

"We give the author thanks for the pains which he has taken to rouse the attention of the public to this most important subject. He has stated facts strongly and fearlessly, and evidently too with the feelings of a man who loves his country. Perhaps he does not perceive, as clearly as he ought, the difficulties which are to be surmounted in the creation of a new system; and seems occasionally to forget, that it is the duty of governments rather to guide than excite every impulse on the part of the people. We concede to him, at the same time, that emigration at present would be a national blessing, and that of all parts in the world, Canada is the colony to which it ought to be directed."

A fellow snatched a diamond ear-ring from a lady; but it slipping through his fingers, and falling into her lap, he lost his booty. The doubt was, whether it was a taking from her person. How frivolous! was there not plainly an assault, and an intention to rob? But there are many of the like quirks and frivolities in our law.

Ships, in most languages, are females, and they speak of them as such; is it not then absurd to give them the names of men, as *Atlas*, *Ajax*, *Royal George*, &c.? and will it not occasion often strange solecisms in the language of mariners?

Our Bibles mostly preserve the different cases of the plural English pronoun *ye* and *you*; and our grammarians also attend to this. Why then will not people conform to rule, and write grammatically, and use *ye* for the nominative case?

## POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ADIEU TO THE MUSE.

Written after reading Milton's *Penseroso*.

HENCE, now the poet's life forlorn,  
 Of Vanity and Fancy born,  
 'Tis but a wild, delusive joy,  
 And shall no more my peace annoy.  
 Find out, oh muse, some garret high,  
 Where sits the bard with haggard eye.  
 There Poverty his bosom wrings,  
 And the starv'd cricket nightly sings.  
 By dying coals I see him sit,  
 With naught to warm but sparks of wit.  
 See him, with hunger how perplex'd,  
 Or how with sonnets he is vex'd.  
 I hear the girl, by landlord sent  
 To dun him for his quarter's rent:  
 But though he gives a muse's note,  
 It will not stop her curs'd throat.

No, no, sweet muse, I quit the train;  
 No more I'll sing the tuneful strain.  
 Without a sigh I quit the hill,  
 The painted mead, the babbling rill:  
 The rustling trees, the nodding grove,  
 Where oft in rhyme I *wrote* of love.  
 No more I *dream* of maidens fair,  
 With azure eyes and auburn hair;  
 Of youthful nymphs, whose sad disdain,  
 Has waken'd all my bosom's pain,  
 (Though all the pain was in my pen;  
 But tell not this, sweet muse, again.)  
 No more I'll watch the midnight oil,  
 Biting my nails in rhyming toil;  
 Calling on every muse and grace  
 But for an hour to take my place,

And write some soft and tender sonnet  
On lady's eye-brow or her bonnet;  
Nor call on Love to cast his dart,  
And wound some fair one's throbbing heart,  
Who so afflicts this breast of mine,  
That I can neither sleep nor dine.

So pretty muse, pray take your flight;  
Away you go this very night.  
Though we have pass'd bright hours together,  
And this is cursed chilly weather,  
Yet tramp you must before I waver,  
Seduced again by your palaver.  
But come, thou judge, sedate and sage,  
Come, and unfold thy learned page.  
Oh! how shall I thy name invoke?  
Chief justice, or my master Coke!  
Whose ancient visage is so rough  
To me it seems quite in a huff.  
Thy wig and gown tell what thou art,  
And terrors strike within my heart.  
Thy firm fix'd eye and scowling frown,  
Are quite enough to knock one down:  
I do confess I've been a truant,  
But prythee take a milder view on't.  
Think, judge, how many a Caroline,  
A *Susan*, Sall, and Emmeline,  
Trip by the door, and with a look,  
Entice us from thy crabbed book;  
Which is the very sort of writing,  
That Job did wish his foe inditing;  
For all the plagues which he did bear,  
With thy perusal can't compare:—  
I mean, to youths of ardent heart,  
By thy commands compell'd to part  
With all the sports of opening age,  
The turf, the dance, the mimic stage:

To study quirks and find out tricks,  
 Each morn and eve of hours full six,  
 Six hours to sleep, and four to pray,  
 Is what thou orderest every day.  
 But two to eat, whate'er the food,  
 Sour-cROUT, accurst, or beef-steak, good.  
 Then—lest our trade, with plots so thick,  
 Should headlong drive us to Old Nick,—  
 What time is left—in spite of qualms,  
 Must all be spent in singing psalms.  
 Why Satan fled from David's fiddle,  
 Has long been deem'd a puzzling riddle:  
 But Shakespeare's page will make it plain,  
 And Avon's aid I ne'er disdain.  
 Old Nick was full of plots and wiles,  
 All which he scorn'd to cloak with smiles;  
 He had no "music in his soul;"  
 His feelings he could ne'er control;  
 But lawyers better act their part,  
 They seem to love the tuneful art;  
 Though discord is the darling stream,  
 Which floats their barks to wealth and fame.  
 Thus 'tis we say, though quite uncivil,  
 A CUNNING LAWYER BEATS THE DEVIL!

Give ear, LORD COKE, to what I sing!  
 Take what a truant fain would bring,  
 Exert the force to thee belongs,  
 Protect thy son—and burn his songs:  
 In silken strings his muse, oh! bind:  
 Be to his Fair a little kind:  
 To reading grave restrain his rage,  
 And chain him to thy grimmest page.  
 Not fee-less then his days may pass,  
 When he forgets each smiling lass,  
 And stead of frowns, and blush and dimple,  
 He dreams of fees—in tail or simple.

Thee, COMMON LAW, in days of yore,  
 To that grave wizzard, STUDY, bore,  
 In Albion's great Eliza's reign,  
 Nor was such mixture held a stain.  
 Oft in the Pleas and in the bench,\*  
 With eager feet he sought the wench:  
 And there he strove her heart to woo,  
 And did what every judge should do.†  
 Then through the realm he spread your names,  
 Notwithstanding proud king James.

Come, steadfast judge, so wise and grave,  
 And bring both Butler and Hargrave;  
 With sheets about the folio size,  
 And notes to please the student's eyes:  
 Black-letter type, and Norman French,  
 Which erst was used on the bench.  
 Or rather cheer the weary way,  
 With such a guide as Mr. Day.‡  
 Come, but keep thy frowning state,  
 Or I, again, in rhyme shall prate.  
 Give me thy mind, thy piercing look,  
 That I may understand thy book,  
 And, kept within my office still,  
 Study myself "to marble," till,  
 "With a sad, leaden, downward cast,"  
 I am a limb of law at last.

\* C. P. and B. R.

† Alluding to the answer which lord Coke made to king James, upon being asked whether certain oppressive exactions, which were about to be levied by royal authority, would be legal. All the other judges replied that the king's will was law; but Coke sturdily said, that when the cause came before him as a judge, *he would do what a judge ought to do.*—SCRIBLERUS.

‡ Here I apprehend our author hath reference to master Day, of Connecticut, a right worthy son of the law, who hath lately put forth a new edition of *Co. Litt.*, enriched with a commentary which bears a goodly testimony of his patient labour and learned reading.—SCRIBLERUS.

Then come again, with, in thy hand,  
 Ejectments 'gainst my neighbour's land,  
 And plenteous suits, with good retainer,  
 'Bout 'states in fee or in remainder.  
 Next, teach me all thy tricks of art,  
 And from thy court I'll ne'er depart.  
 Give me to know these wiles of trade,  
 And then, by Jove, my fortune's made.  
 Teach me, while clients on me gape,  
 While judges take their custom'd nap—  
 While culprits list with eager hope,  
 And Ketch prepares the slipp'ry rope,  
 While wearied jury's sidelong glance  
 Announce th' expected sheriff's dance—  
 Teach me to talk, though right or wrong,  
 With blushless face and flippant tongue,  
 Of jointures, gaolers, ipso facto,  
 Of writs for debt, or parco fracto,  
 Of habeas corp. ad prosequendum,  
 Or caught some knave, ad respondendum,  
 Cui in vita, custom, cucking,  
 More seemly, now, 'tis call'd a ducking;  
 Of nudum pactum, levant couchant,  
 Of vagrant beasts, or maidens flippant;  
 Of strolling rogues who hen-roosts rob,  
 Or villains dire who pay the mob.

But chief of all, oh! with thee bring  
 "Him that you soars on golden wing."  
 Let him but hold the tempting fee,  
 And I'll ne'er plead a double plea;  
~~THEE~~ client oft, the crowd among,  
 I'll seek amid th' exchange's throng,  
 And missing thee, I'll walk or hop,  
 Right straightway to the barber's shop;\*

\* Here and in other parts of this delectable performance, it seemeth that our author hath laid his scene in one of the southern cities. But since this poem was writ, divers changes have occurred there, at which his heart

Here I'll behold thy undrawn purse,  
 My *honorarium* to disburse.  
 Like boys, who by the gutter's side,  
 With lifted hands, and jaws stretch'd wide,  
 Watch the bright pennies turning round,  
 And wish, yet fear them on the ground.  
 Oft too, as in my office, near,  
 Our crier's Stentor voice I'll hear—  
 "Court met—oh yes—oh yes—oh yes,"  
 My client's cause to curse or bless.  
 Or, if the judges do not sit,  
 At home, I'll frame the wily writ:  
 And teach the knaves to pay their losses,  
 Or else beware of lawyers' crosses.  
 But if I get not fee diurnal,  
 GIVE ME SUBSCRIBERS TO MY JOURNAL.

Far from all rude resort of men,  
 Save the rough tip-staff now and then,  
 Or the grim gaoler's glad report,  
 "Defendant, now sir's safe *in court*,"  
 May I at last, in weary age,  
 Find out the *judge's* "hermitage."  
 "Where I may sit, and rightly spell"  
 Which cause is bad, and which is well.

would greatly rejoice, if he were now living. It is true, that at the shop here alluded to, shaving doth continue to be carried on as it was in his time; for there is no lack of beards, whatever may be said of brains, in the said town. The street, however, is no longer adorned with the stately edifice, which was the admiration of all who travelled in those parts; it hath been rased to the very foundation. But it cannot be said now, as it was writ in the days of merry king Charles,

Undone, undone, the lawyers are,  
 Since Charing-Cross hath tumbled down,

sith they have erected another house, under the brow of a hill, lest justice might be stared out of countenance by the monstrous doings of wicked men, of which our author had a perilous experience.—SCRIBLERUS.

And where, without the lawyer's strife,  
My income settled is for life.

These things, judge Coke, oh! deign to give,  
"And I with thee will choose to live."



SEDLEY.

—  
THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.\*

UNRUMBL'D yet, the sacred fane uprears  
Its brow majestic in the storm of years;  
Time has but slightly dar'd to steal away  
The marks of beauty from its columns gray;  
Each sculptur'd capital in glory stands,  
As once the boast of those delighted lands,  
Nor barbarous hand has pluck'd their honours down,  
Some baser monument of art to crown.

Girt with the sculptur'd deeds achiev'd of yore,  
That once the vision saw but to adore,  
Rich with the proud exploits of Æthra's son,  
And lofty conquests by Alcides won,  
The splendid pile still claims a holy fear,—  
The passing pilgrim pauses to revere,  
The pensive poet views its columns proud,  
And fancy hears again the Anthem loud  
From kindling bards that once arose on high,  
A tuneful chorus trembling on the sky.

The inner shrine no more protects the slave,  
No more the holy walls th' oppress can save,  
No more the wretch protection there can claim,  
And live secure in Theseus' honour'd name;  
Sunk are his honours, in oblivion's tomb,  
His deeds forgotten in a night of gloom,

\* The temple of Theseus, at Athens, is one of the most beautiful and entire remains of ancient architecture. It was once a sanctuary for slaves, and men of mean condition. It is now a church, dedicated to St. George, and revered as much as ever by the Athenians. See *Potter, Stuart and Revett, &c. &c.*



No more he shines, Athena's glowing star,  
Friend of the wretch, and pattern of the war.

To holier uses rise those walls on high,  
And holier anthems murmur on the sky,  
The shrine is crumbled to its native soil,  
And Pagan grandeur given to the spoil;  
No worshipp'd Theseus decks the beauteous fane,  
And none prolong to him th' adoring strain,  
A Christian temple now, it proudly spreads  
Its Dorian pillars' venerable heads,  
Devoted still to worship and to heaven,  
To purer skies and holier creed 'tis given;  
And, oh! may thus the Christian worship shine  
O'er the wide world in every Pagan shrine! E.  
*New York, 19th Sept. 1816.*

---

TO MYRILLA,

Who contemplated her prospects in life through a gloomy vista.

Where'er thou mov'st full many an eye  
Glistens with beams of ecstasy;  
And oft the deep-drawn sighs proclaim,  
The nymph whose charms each youth inflame.

No envious gnomes thy peace invade,  
No treacherous vows to thee are paid;  
For thee no anguish points its sting,  
Nor floats thy name on slander's wing.

Then why should sorrow's sadd'ning gloom,  
O'erspread with care thy beauty's bloom?  
Why should distrust thy bosom move—  
Thy gentle bosom form'd for love?



SEDLEY.

---

ON A BAD PORT:

HERE lies a poor fellow, who once was a poet!  
"Aye, a *very poor fellow*—'be quiet, I know it.'"

ORLANDO.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

AUGUST, 1847.

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Embellished with a curious engraving.

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR young friends at New York—"E." and "R."—are informed that we eagerly listen to the sounds of the lyre when they strike the strings.

We are impatient under the procrastination of "L." Has he been smitten with a *graphobia*?

The lines on "Prudence" would inculcate avarice. In the pages of Strangford we find better advice:

Since in this dreary vale of tears  
No certainty but death appears,  
Why should we waste our vernal years  
In hoarding useless treasure?  
No—let the young and ardent mind  
Become the friend of human kind,  
And, in the generous service, find  
A source of purer pleasure.

A deserted "Amelia" complains in good set terms of a faithless "Celadon," who really does not appear to be worth her regret. Of so fickle a swain we could say, with *Don Pedro*, "It were alms to hang him."

We have not yet been able to furnish a Memoir of the late GOVERNOR MIFFLIN, whose portrait embellished the last number. From some of the personal friends of this distinguished patriot we expect to receive communications, without which we cannot do justice to the subject.

Portraits of *Granville Sharp*, who should be surnamed "*the Benevolent*," and Mr. *Phillips*, "the Irish orator," are in the hands of our engravers.

The translation of a little tract on *Military Tactics* reached us in safety; but we have not been able to make the inquiries suggested by our respectable correspondent; to whom we have to return our thanks, for this and the several other instances of kindness towards our humble labours.

We congratulate the lovers of literature and our countrymen in general, on the signal success of the poem which has been emphatically and happily styled *our AIMS OF PALESTINE*. The good taste of the public has already demanded a third edition of this delightful production of the American muse. That it has not been universally applauded should not surprise us; nay, even that it has been made the subject of some stupid jests; for all enthusiasm, all genuine poetry, all exalted ideas, have a ludicrous aspect for the unfeeling. The work however is fortunate in this respect, that no quotation can be made from it which does not contain some beauty which a poet would delight to acknowledge. The most cold and tasteless of those by whom it has been abused, have not been able to cite any of its lines which do not show that their censures are as false as they are silly and contemptible.

# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1817.

NO. II.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO GOVERNIER MORRIS.

*Valley Forge, May 18th, 1778.*

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR favour of the 15th instant gave me singular pleasure. I thank you for the agreeable intelligence it contains; which (though not equal to my wishes) exceeds my expectation, and is to be lamented only for the delay, as the evils consequent of it, will soon (as I have often foretold) be manifested in the moving state of the army, if the departments of quarter-master and commissary will enable us to stir, and keep pace with the enemy, who from every account are busy in preparing for their departure from Philadelphia. Whether for the West Indies, a rendezvous at New-York, to prepare for their voyage, or for some other expedition, time only can discover. The sooner however the regimental regulations and other arrangements are set about, the sooner they will be finished, and for God's sake, my dear Morris, let me recommend it to you, to urge the absolute necessity of this measure with all your might.

As the council held at this place was by order of congress, and the members constituting it pointed out by them, it was determined, out of respect to that body, to treat the new members with civility. Indeed the wish of all here that no private difference should interrupt that harmony which is so essential in public councils had no small share in the amity that appeared. Contrary, I own, to *my* expectation, the same sentiments respecting the measures to be pursued, pervaded the whole:—our resolutions of consequence, were unanimous.

I was not a little surprised to find that a gentleman who some time ago (when a cloud of darkness hung heavy over us, and our affairs looked gloomy) was desirous of resigning, now stepping forward in the line of the army. But if *he* can reconcile such conduct to his feelings as an *officer* and man of *honour*, and congress has no objection to his leaving his seat in another department, I have nothing *personally* to oppose to it. Yet, I must think, that gentlemen's stepping in and out, as the sun happens to beam forth or obscures, is not *quite* the thing, nor *quite* just with respect to those officers who take the bitter with the sweet.

I am told that C—nw—y (from whom I have received another impertinent letter, dated the 23d ultimo, *demanding* the command of a division of the continental army) is, through the medium of his friends, soliciting his commission again. Can this be? and, if so, will it be granted?

I am very sincerely,  
and affectionately yours,  
G. WASHINGTON.

---

MR. ADAMS TO MR. C. CUSHING, SCHOOL MASTER, NEWBURY.  
*Worcester, Oct. 19th, 1756.*

MY FRIEND,

I look upon myself obliged to give *ye* reasons *yt* induced me to resolve upon *ye* study and profession of *ye* law, because you were so kind as to advise me to a different profession. When yours came to hand I had thoughts of preaching, but *ye* longer I lived, and *ye* more experience I had of that order of men, and of *ye* real design of their institution, *ye* more objections I found in my own mind to that course of life. I have *ye* pleasure

to be acquainted with a young gentleman of a fine genius, cultivated with indefatigable study, of a generous and noble disposition, and of *ye* strictest virtue, a gentleman who deserves *ye* countenance of *ye* greatest men and *ye* charge of *ye* best parish in the province. But with all these accomplishments, he is despised by some, ridiculed by others, and detested by more, only because he is suspected of Arminianism. And I have *ye* pain to know more *yn* one, who has a sleepy stupid soul, who has spent more of his waking hours in darning his stockings, smoaking his pipe, or playing with his fingers *yn* in reading, conversation, or reflection, cry'd up as promising young men, pious and orthodox youths and admirable preachers. As far as I can observe, people are not disposed to inquire for piety, integrity, good sense, or learning in a young preacher, but for stupidity, (for so I must call the pretended sanctity of some absolute dunces) irresistible grace and original sin. I have not in one expression exceeded *ye* limits of truth, though you think I am warm.—Could you advise me, then, who you know have not *ye* highest opinion of what is called orthodoxy, to engage in a profession like this.\*—But I have other reasons too numerous to explain fully. This you will think is enough.—What I said to you in my last, against *ye* practitioners in *ye* law, I cannot recollect. It is not unlikely my expressions were unguarded, as I am apt to speak and write too much at random. But my present sentiments are *yt* some of those practitioners adorn and others disgrace both *ye* law *yt* *ye* profess, and *ye* country *ye* inhabit. The students in *ye* law are very numerous, and some of them youths of which no country, no age, would need to be ashamed—and if I can gain *ye* honour of treading in *ye* rear, and silently admiring the noble air and gallant achievements of *ye* foremost rank, I shall think myself worthy of a louder triumph, than if I had headed *ye* whole army of orthodox preachers.

The difficulties and discouragements I am under, are a full match for all *ye* resolution I am master of. But I comfort myself with this consideration. The more danger the greater glory. The general who at *ye* head of a small army, encounters a more nu-

\* After I had wrote so far, I received yours, for which I return you my thanks, and pray the continuance of your favours.

merous and formidable enemy, is applauded if he strove for the victory and made a skilful retreat, although his army is routed and a considerable extent of territory lost. But if he gains a small advantage over the enemy, he saves *ye* interest of his country, and returns amidst *ye* acclamations of the people, bearing the triumphal laurel to the capitol. (I am in a very bellicose temper of mind to night, all my figures are taken from war.) I have cast myself wholly upon fortune, what her ladyship will be pleased to do with me I can't say. But wherever she shall lead me, or whatever she shall do with me, she cannot abate *ye* sincerity with which I trust I shall always be your friend.

JOHN ADAMS.

---

DR. FRANKLIN TO MAZZEI.

*Philadelphia, 3d Dec. 1775.*

DEAR SIR,

IT was with great pleasure I learned from Mr. Jefferson that you were settled in America; and from the letter, you favoured me with, that you liked the country, and have reason to expect success in your laudable and meritorious endeavours to introduce new products. I heartily wish you all the success you can desire in that, and every other laudable undertaking that may conduce to your comfortable establishment in your present situation. I know not how it has happened that you have not received an answer from the secretary of our society; I suppose they must have written, and that it has miscarried. If you have not yet sent the books which the academy of Turin have done us the honour to present us with, we must, I fear, wait for more quiet times before we can have the pleasure of receiving them, the communication being now very difficult.

All America is obliged to the great Duke for his benevolence to it, and for the protection he afforded you, and his encouragement of your undertaking. We have experienced that silk may be produced to great advantage. While in London, I had some trunks full sent to me from hence, three years successively, and it sold by auction for 19*s.* 6*d.* the small pound, which was not much below the silk of Italy.

The congress have not yet extended their views much towards foreign powers. They are nevertheless obliged by your

kind offers of your service, which perhaps in a year or two more may become very useful to them. I am myself much pleased that you have sent a translation of our declaration of independence to the grand Duke; because having a high esteem for the character of that prince, and of the whole imperial family, from the accounts given me of them by my friend Dr. Ingenhouse and yourself, I should be happy to find that we stood well in the opinion of that court. Mr. Tromond of Milan, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted in London, spoke to me of a plant much used in Italy, and which he thought might be useful in America. He promised, at my request, to find me some of the seeds, which he has accordingly done. I have unfortunately forgotten the use, and know nothing of the culture. In both these particulars I must beg information and advice from you. It is called Ravizzoni. I send specimens of the seed enclosed. I received from the same Mr. Tromond four copies of a translation of some of my pieces into the fine language of your native country. I beg your acceptance of one of them, and of my best wishes for your health and prosperity.

With great esteem,

I have the honour to be,

B. FRANKLIN.

---

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

### ON THE CHARACTER OF RACINE.

HE would undoubtedly be an extraordinary man who should conceive the whole art of tragedy, such as it existed in the brightest days of Athens, and who should exhibit of it, at the same time, the first plan and the first model.

But these efforts are beyond nature: it is not capable of such vast conceptions.

No art exists which has not been developed by degrees, and all are perfected only in the course of time. One man adds to the labours of another; one age increases the brilliancy of those



lights which illuminated its predecessor, and thus, by writing and perpetuating their efforts, generations have made amends for the feebleness of nature, and man, who has but a momentary existence has prolonged his knowledge and labours through a course of ages.

The invention of dialogue was, no doubt, the first step in the tragic art. He who conceived the idea of adding action to it, made an important improvement. This action was modified in different ways, becoming more or less involved, and more or less probable. Music and dancing lent their aid to embellish this imitation. We studied the illusions of sight and theatrical show. The first man who, from a combination of all the arts united, produced such brilliant effects, deserves to be called the father of tragedy. This title is due to *Æschylus*, but he taught *Euripides* and *Sophocles* to surpass him, and the art was carried to its perfection in Greece. This perfection, however, was relative and, in some respects, national. In fact, if there are to be found in the ancient dramas, beauties of all times and places, it is not less true, that a good Greek tragedy, faithfully translated, would not be a good French tragedy; and if any exception to this general rule can be cited, this exception itself would show that five acts of the Greeks would not give us more than two. We are generally obliged to furnish a longer and more difficult plot. *Melpomene*, among the ancients, appears upon the stage with the attributes of *Terpsicore* and *Polhymnia*. With us she stands alone, without any advantages but those which her own art supplies, and with no aid but what she derives from terror and pity. The songs and the lofty poetry of the Greek chorus relieves the extreme simplicity of their subjects, and prevent us from perceiving the void in the representation. With us, to fill up the measure of five acts, we are obliged to resort to a plot always intricate, and the sources of an eloquence more or less affecting. The harmony of Greek verse enchanted the eager and delicate ear of a poetical people. With us, all the splendours of diction cannot, in representation, excuse faults, fill up chasms, or excite an interest, before an assemblage of men, who are all equally susceptible of emotion, but who are not equal judges of style. Besides, among the Athenians, their exhibitions given at certain times of

the year, were magnificent religious festivals, in which all the rivalry of the arts was displayed: and the senses were seduced into a pleasing delusion which rendered the judgment much less severe. Here the satiety which arises from a daily enjoyment, makes the spectator fastidious, and desirous of strong and new impressions. From these considerations we conclude that the art of Corneille and Racine, must be more extensive, more various and more difficult, than that of Euripides and Sophocles.

The latter possessed another advantage over their imitators and rivals: they displayed to their fellow-citizens the important events of their own history, the triumphs of their heroes, the misfortunes of their enemies, the perplexities of their ancestors, the crimes, and the vengeance of their gods. They excited elevated ideas, flattering and affecting remembrances, and spoke, at the same time, to the man and the citizen.

Tragedy, subordinate, like every thing else, to the patriotic character, was, therefore, among the Greeks, their religion and history, in action and exhibition. Corneille reigned by his own genius, and borrowed nothing from the ancients but the principal rules of the art, and without taking their manner for a model, he made tragedy a school for heroism and virtue. But how much still remained to be done! How far was the dramatic art from having caught all those excellencies of which it is composed! How much was still to be achieved, not to perfect, but to create it! For may we not call a creation, that assemblage of new and tragic beauties, which bursts forth in *Andromache*, the first masterpiece of Racine. "It was by starting from this point that Racine, more profound in the knowledge of his art than any who had preceded him, opened for himself a new path, and tragedy became a history of the passions and a tablet of the human heart." (*Eloge de Racine.*)

But we should not omit to throw a glance over the efforts of his early years. In the midst of all his defects, we shall thus perceive the germ of great poetical talent, and Racine early manifesting one of his peculiar merits, I mean his versification. He was not past five and twenty when he produced his *Rival Brothers*, which had been commenced a long time before, a subject treated in all the ancient theatres, but which had not yet

been attempted on the modern stage. Neither of the brothers can excite any interest; they are both guilty in nearly an equal degree, and are equally odious: the one is the usurper of a throne, and the other is the enemy of his country. The mother can show but an impotent grief; and the intrigues of love cannot well be mingled with the horrors of the house of Laius. Such is the defect of the subject, and it is not remedied by the fable. The manner of the young poet is faithfully copied from the defects of Corneille. Nothing more strongly proves that talents generally begin by imitation. It is at once an homage which we render to our masters, and a rock to be avoided, unless the model be perfect: for such is the inexperience and weakness of this age that it devotes itself to that which is easiest to be imitated, the faults. Thus we find in the *Rival Brothers*, one Creon, who, at the same time that he is embroiling his two nephews, and endeavouring to obtain the succession by destroying both, is most tranquilly and frigidly in love with the princess Antigone, as Maximus is with Emilia, and the rival of his son, Hemon, who, he well knows, is the preferred suitor. He finishes by making to Antigone, who does not disguise her hatred and contempt of him, a proposition at least as unsuitable and improper as that of Maximus to Emilia. When Eteocles and Polynices are killed, and their mother, Jocasta, has killed herself, and Hemon and Meneceus the two sons of Creon have perished in the sight of both crimes, this father who remains alone, can propose nothing better to Antigone than a marriage. Such a scene in the fifth act of a play filled with murders and crimes is sufficient to ruin it. Antigone replies only by turning away from him, and follows the example of the rest of the actors, by killing herself. Creon has not courage to imitate her, apparently because it has been said that all must not die; but he makes great outcries, and finishes by saying *he will seek repose in the infernal regions*.

We find also in this play, long soliloquies without necessity, which they were in the habit of giving to the actors and actresses as the most proper opportunities to shine in, and in stanzas after the manner of those of Polyuctes and Heraclius, a sort of episcodical piece, which has long been banished from the stage: where it formed a shocking incongruity, by placing the poet too

evidently in the place of the person represented. We have also declamations, maxims unnecessarily horrid, and even metaphysical reasoning instead of argument; faults into which Racine never afterwards fell. Jocasta addresses her two sons nearly in the same manner that Sabina, in the *Horatii*, speaks to her husband and brother-in law. She endeavours to convince them in a formal manner that they ought to kill her: and we may remark, here, how little interval there may be between a false and a true taste. Jocasta despairing of being able to prevail upon her sons, tells them that they ought to kill each other before the combat; that she will cast herself between their spears; but she proceeds,

Je suis de tous les deux la commune ennemie,  
 Puisque votre ennemi reçut de moi la vie.  
 Cet ennemi sans moi ne verrait pas le jour;  
 S'il meurt, ne faut-il pas que je meure à mon tout?  
 N'en doutez point, sa mort me doit être commune;  
 Il faut en donner deux ou n'en donner pas une.

These subtleties are far too ingenious. This is not the language of grief: she has not sufficient command of herself to invent such sophisms: such a mind might, at this period, produce something brilliant, but it requires only a moment's reflection to see that this is false.

Yet the *Rival Brothers* had some success, and is not destitute of beauties. The hatred of the two brothers is depicted with energy, and the scene of their interview is very well managed.

The poet had the art of portraying two characters under the dominion of the same passion, and this alone sufficed to announce the dramatic talent which Moliere discovered and encouraged in the first production of Racine. Polynices has more grandeur and haughtiness; Eteocles is distinguished by ferocity and fury. When Jocasta represents to Polynices that Eteocles has won the regard of the people since his reign in Thebes, the prince answers,

C'est un tyran qu'on aime  
 Qui par cent lachetés tâche à se maintenir

Au sang où par la force il a su parvenir,  
 Et son orgueil le rend, par un effet contraire,  
 Esclave de son peuple et tyran de son frere.  
 Pour commander tout seul il veut bien obéir,  
 Et se fait mépriser pour ne fair hair.  
 Ce ne pas sans sujet qu'on me préfere un traître;  
 Mais je croirais trahir la majesté des rois,  
 Si je faisais le peuple arbitre de mes droits.

There is an excellence in the tone and sense of these verses, resembling the good poetry of Corneille, and it shows that his young rival had already learned to imitate some of his beauties.

On the other hand, Eteocles forcibly traces the reciprocal aversion which had always reigned between his brother and himself. It was not easy to express, with propriety, the traditionary fable of the contest between Eteocles and Polynices in the womb of their mother. The poet makes the attempt, and with some few exceptions, the whole of this extract, is in the tragic style.

Je ne sais si mon cœur, s'appaisera jamais;  
 Se ne pas son orgueil, c'est lui seul que je hais,  
 Nous avons l'un pour l'autre une haine obstinée;  
 Elle n'est pas, Créon, l'ouvrage d'une année;  
 Elle est née avec nous, et sa noire fureur,  
 Aussitôt que la vie, entra dans notre cœur.  
 Nous étions ennemis dès la plus tendre enfance;  
 Que dis-je? nous l'étions avant notre naissance.  
 Triste et fatal effet d'un sang incestueux!  
 Pendant qu'un même sein nous renfermaient tous deux,  
 Dans les flancs de ma mere, une guerre intestine  
 De nos divisions lui marquait l'origine.  
 Elles ont, tu le sais, paru dans le berceaux,  
 Et nous suivront peut-être encore dans le tombeau.  
 Ou disait que le ciel, par un arrêt funeste,  
 Voulut de nos parens punir ainsi l'inceste,  
 Et que dans notre sang il voulut mettre au jour  
 Tout ce qu'ont de plus noir et l'haine et l'amour.  
 Et maintenant, Créon, que j'attends sa venue,

Ne crois pas que pour lui ma haine diminüe,  
 Plus il approche, et plus il me semble odieux,  
 Et sans doute il foudra qu'elle éclate à ses yeux,  
 J'aurais même regret qu'il fuyé et non qu'il se retire.  
 Je ne veux point, Créon, le haïr à moitié.  
 Et je crains son courroux moins que son amitié.  
 Je veux *pout donner cours* à mon ardente haine  
 Que sa fureur du moins autorise la mienne;  
 Et puisqu'énfin mon cœur ne saurait se trahir,  
 Je veux qu'il me deteste, afin de le haïr.

And a moment afterwards when the approach of his brother is announced, he exclaims

Qu'on hait un ennemi, quand il est pres de nous!

The description of their combat, notwithstanding some juvenile verses, is, in general, well done and worthy of the subject. But the talent of the author for versification displayed itself much more in his *Alexander*. This is the first of the French pieces which is written with that degree of elegance which consists in propriety of terms, loftiness of expression, and variety and cadence of verse. This merit which the author afterwards carried much further, and the character of Porus, marked, already, an improvement in his composition, and the piece had considerable success; but it is deficient in that interest which can alone sustain representations, when they do not possess other merits of a different kind, sufficiently superior to take its place, as we find in some of the dramas of Corneille. The spirit of imitation is still more evident here than in the *Rival Brothers*. Alexander is also coldly in love with an Indian queen, as Cæsar was with the queen of Egypt. Friendship, no doubt, blinded Despréaux, when he put into the mouth of a countryman these reproachful verses, which he intends for praise:

Je ne sais pas pourquoi l'on vante l'Alexandre:  
 Ce n'est qu'un glorieux qui ne dit rien de tendre.

He is not very tender if it is true: but he has sufficient gallantry to say to his mistress:

Je vous avais promis que l'effort de mon bras  
 M'approcherait bientôt de vos divin appas.  
 Mais dans ce même tems. souvenez-vous, madame,  
 Que vous me promettiez quel que place en votre ame.  
 Je suis venu: l'amour a combattu pour moi.  
 La victoire elle-même a dégagé ma foi.  
 Tout ce de autour de vous; c'est à vous de vous rendre.  
 Votre cœur l'a promis: voudrait-il s'en défendre?

And, a moment afterwards,

Que vous connaissez mal les violens desirs  
 D'un amour qui vers vous porte tous mes soupirs!  
 J'avouerai qu'autre fois au milieu d'une armée,  
 Mon cœur ne soupirait que pour la renommée.  
 Mais hélas! que vos yeux, ces aimables tyrans,  
 Ont produit sur mon cœur des effets différens!  
 Ce grand nom de vainqueur n'est plus ce qu'il souhaite,  
 Il vient avec plaisir avouer sa défaite.

Boileau did well to place among the *heroes of romance* an Alexander who *sighs for amiable tyrants* and who *avows his defeat*. There are some men who should never sigh upon the stage, and Alexander belongs to this class. But we must excuse Racine; he was misled by imitation. He was very young; and afterwards learned to speak the language of love very differently.

Another radical defect in this piece is the want of action. Porus is defeated at the end of the third act, and yet he remains on the field of battle until the fifth, to dispute a victory which Alexander himself had already declared as certain; and in this long interval, Alexander is engaged in adjusting a dispute between Axiana and Taxila of whom no person had dreamed. The time is taken up in useless conversations: but that of the second act, between Porus and Hephestion, offers at least some beauties in detail. Hephestion is speaking of the exploits of his master:

Eh! que pourrais-je apprendre  
 Qui m'abaisse si forte au-dessous d' Alexandre?

Serait-ce sans effort les Persans subjugués,  
 Et vos bras tant de fois de meurtres fatigués?  
 Quelle gloire en effet d'accabler la faiblesse  
 D'un roi déjà vaincu par sa propre mollesse;  
 D'un peuple sans vigueur et presque inanimé,  
 Qui gemissait sous l'or dont il était armé,  
 Et qui, tombant en foule, au lieu de se défendre  
 N'opposait que des morts au grand cœur d'Alexandre?  
 Les autres éblouis de ses moindres exploits,  
 Sont venus à genoux lui demander des lois;  
 Et leur crainte écoutant je ne sais quels oracles,  
 Ils n'ont pas cru qu'un dieu pût trouver des obstacles.  
 Mais nous, qui d'un autre œil jugeons les conquérans;  
 Nous savons que les dieux ne sont pas des tyrans;  
 Et de quel que façon qu'un esclave le nomme,  
 Le fils de Jupiter passe ici pour un homme.  
 Nous n'allons point de fleurs parsemer son chemin;  
 Il nous trouve partout les armes à la main.  
 Il voit à chaque pas arrêter ses conquêtes;  
 Un seul rocher ici lui coûte plus de têtes,  
 Plus de soins, plus d'assauts, et presque plus de tems,  
 Que n'en coûte à son bras l'empire des Persans.  
 Ennemis du repos qui perdit ces infâmes,  
 L'or qui n'ait tous nos pas ne corrompt point nos ames.  
 La gloire est le seul bien qui nous puisse tenter.  
 Et le seul que mon cœur cherche à lui disputer.

These verses have all the vigour and dignity that belong to this species of poetry. I remember to have seen four others cited, which are perhaps more brilliant, but which do not appear to be in so pure a style.

Oui, je consens qu'au ciel ou élève Alexandre;  
 Mais si je puis, seigneur, je l'en ferai descendre,  
 Et j'irai l'attaquer jusques sur les autels,  
 Que lui dresse en tremblant le reste des mortels.

I do not doubt that these verses were applauded by the generality; but they must have received less praise from con-



noisscurs. They possess emphasis and affection, but want true grandeur. To elevate *Alexander* to the skies in order to make him descend, has an air of boasting which shows a juvenile pen. In the tragic style there should be nothing that bears the least appearance of labour. Such are the verses which are made at twenty, but destroyed at thirty; and after *Andromache*, Racine never made any in this way. At present when we have wandered so far, in general, from the true principles of style, many may be surprised at this opinion of verses, of which a crowd of writers would be proud; but it is by reading the models which Racine has left us that we learn to be so severe in our judgment.

The first of these was *Andromache*. Racine, not contented with what he had done—for genius always estimates what it has accomplished by what it may acquire,—and not finding in these productions those feelings which animated his mind, abandoned himself to reflection. He saw that political conversations did not compose tragedy. Taught by his own sensations, he saw that it was necessary to dive into the human heart; and in this he beheld the true nature of tragedy. He conceived that the great desire which attracted spectators to the theatre, the greatest pleasure which they experienced, consisted in viewing themselves as it were in a mirror: that if we wish to be elevated, we are still more desirous of being courted, perhaps because we are more certain of our weakness than our virtue: that admiration alone is too transient and volatile to support an entire piece: that the soft tears which it sometimes draws are soon dried, whereas pity penetrates to the heart with an emotion which is continually increasing and which the heart loves to cherish; and she produces delicious tears, which the tragic poet can elicit at will when he has once discovered the source. These ideas were rays of light, to a genius so apt and fertile, which, in examining itself discovered all the movements of our passions, the secrets of all our thoughts. With what rapidity does a single luminous principle, embraced by genius, carry us on to perfection!

(To be continued.)

CRITICISM.—*Diary of a Tour in North Wales, in the year 1774. To which is added an Essay on the Corn Laws*, by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Philadelphia, H. Hall, 1817. pp. 148. 62 1-2 cents.

THE Philadelphia edition is embellished, like the London copy, with an elegant fac simile of Dr. Johnson's writing, which, from comparison with an original letter, we believe to be faithfully executed. Whatever may be said of the practice of exposing private papers by the publication of MSS. will not apply to this *second* edition of a book in which though there is little to praise, there is nothing to condemn. Some over-nice critics, who have thumbed every page of *Bozzy* and *Piozzy*, where the "obscurity of a learned language" has not been employed, complain that certain passages in which the infirmities of the Doctor are noted, have not been rejected; but we can find similar occasion for this and every other objection that we have heard to the contents of this book, in others that were published with the implied permission of Johnson himself. On one occasion he said he should "like to see *all* that Ogden had written;" and the American publisher has adopted the expression as a motto to this compilation. There are many who will apply this language, with enthusiasm to Johnson, in our country; and they will therefore be gratified with this edition. But mere curiosity should not be exposed to a heavy tax, to the injury of the permanent interests of literature; and therefore the itinerary and the garrulous index, and the widely-spreading margin of the English work, have been rejected in the American copy. This is not all: if the *Tour* contribute no more to the stock of our literature, than the means of satisfying an innocent curiosity, the appendix has claims of a higher order. This is a paper, as Johnson once observed, containing salt which will make the book keep. It is entitled, "*Considerations on the Corn-Laws.*" The Edinburgh Reviewers say that it "is in the very best style of that great master of reason. It was written," they continue, "so early as 1766; and at a period when subjects of this kind were but imperfectly understood, even by those who devoted themselves to their study. It is truly admirable to see with what vigorous alacrity his powerful mind could apply itself to an investigation so foreign from his habitual occupations.

We do not know that a more sound and enlightened argument, in favour of the bounty on exportation, could be collected from all that has been since published on the subject; and convinced, as we ourselves are, of the radical insufficiency of that argument, it is impossible not to be delighted with the clearness and force of the statement. There are few of his smaller productions that show the great range of Johnson's capacity in a more striking light than this short essay."

We shall now proceed to place before the reader an abridgment of what appears on the subject of the *Tour* in the *Critical Review*.

This posthumous work of Dr. Johnson brings to our recollection the sentiment of Shenstone.

" Though weeping virgins haunt his favoured urn,  
Renew their chaplets and repeat their sighs,  
Though near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,  
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?"

*Elegy on Posthumous Reputation.*

Whatever may be the care with which an author may preserve his own repute by seasonable publication, if a scrap or a fragment be left unedited after his death, to which his name can give currency, there will ever be an attentive friend at hand, who, from some motive or other, will disappoint his solicitude, and expose him, in all his nakedness and infirmity, to the compassion or contempt of mankind.

It is not our disposition to adopt the sickly cant of '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;' we would rather resort to the ancient Egyptian policy of submitting the actions of the dead to the tribunal of the living; but we would not have every recess of learned privacy emptied of its contents to render a man the medium of his own degradation, when he is no longer able to defend himself from the venom of the shafts of those who have long yielded to the vigour of his bow. We have however no anxiety on this occasion for the reputation of the venerable tourist; it is neither to be injured by malicious criticism or officious friendship, and, to employ his own metaphor, its blaze will neither be blown out nor die in the socket, and he will be among the very few 'perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.'

We do not wish hastily to attribute to Mr. Duppa, the editor of this little volume, any intention to defame Dr. Johnson; we know that different opinions are entertained on the subject to which we are adverting; and if he think it decent or proper to give this alternation of fatigue and repose, sickness and health, exhaustion and repletion, to the world, we have little objection,

but we have some dislike that it should be called a journey into North Wales, and converted into a sort of counterpart to the 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,' so much and so justly admired for the vivacity of the descriptions and the philosophical views of society it presents.

We are the more ready to excuse Mr. Duppa, because he really appears to be sensible of the merits of Dr. Johnson, and so much so, that he anticipates the circulation of "more last words," from such high authority, without any intrinsic worth to recommend this literary codicil to public notice. He would have us except, however, the comparison of Hawkestone and Ilam, in which, for the first time, he supposes the doctor to have shown the interest he felt in the beauties of nature. Whether the editor seriously imagined, that from these few sentences preserved, he had discovered a new trait in the expressive mind of his author, or whether the bare pretence to this new feature is to apologize for the feeble portrait he has now unexpectedly produced, thirty years after the decease of the original, we do not pretend to determine; but of this we are assured that no other man who reads the account will be at all inclined to differ from his former opinion of Johnson, that acute and active as his sensibility was to moral beauty, to natural beauty as displayed in the magnificent scenery of this gay and resplendent globe, he was as obtuse and tardy in his feelings as it was possible for any one to be under the subsisting harmony between moral and natural objects.

Those who follow us in our extracts, and recollect the ardour and enthusiasm which were awakened by the same scenes in other travellers, will have no doubt of the incorrectness of the conclusion of Mr. Duppa; but the author himself has disposed of it in a line, 'We then went to see a cascade,' says the doctor; 'I trudged unwillingly, and was not sorry to find it dry.' (p. 77.) The state of this cascade was that of the author; he was arid to such scenes, although he could overflow in the contemplation of the sublime operations of Providence in the intellectual world.

The tour is not calculated to display the magnificent scenery he visited, but the operations of a great and powerful mind in its meanest attire—in its night-gown and slippers, if we may so express ourselves,—when it was consulting only its own ease and indulgence, without an observing eye, ~~or~~ a listening ear, like the editor's, to expose its eccentricities and aberrations.

Until we come to the description of Dovedale, in the 18th page, we have nothing but remarks in the shortest form of an itinerary journal, including names of places and persons with distances and accommodations. He then proceeds:

"At Dovedale, with Mr. Langley and Mr. Flint. It is a place that deserves a visit; but did not answer my expectation. The river is small; the rocks are grand. Reynard's Hall is a cave very high in the rock; it goes backward several yards, perhaps eight. To the left is a small opening, through which I crept, and found another cavern, perhaps four yards

square; at the back was a breach yet smaller, which I could not easily have entered, and wanting light, did not inspect.

"I was in a cave yet higher, called Reynard's Kitchen. There is a rock called the Church, in which I saw no resemblance that could justify the name.\*

"Dovedale is about two miles long. We walked towards the head of the Dove, which is said to rise about five miles above two caves called the Dog-holes, at the foot of Dovedale.

"In one place, where the rocks approached, I proposed to build an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it.

"The water murmured pleasantly among the stones.

"I thought that the heat and exercise mended my hearing. I bore the fatigue of the walk, which was very laborious, without inconvenience.

"There were with us Gilpin and Parker. Having heard of this place before, I had formed some imperfect idea, to which it did not answer. Brown says he was disappointed. I certainly expected a large river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water.

"He that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands." (p. 18—21.)

Those who have visited the magnificent edifice of Lord Scarsdale, at Kedleston, would not thank us for transcribing the account of it here given, showing only, that in architecture the author was no proficient; nor would they be obliged by our extracting his remarks on the machinery of a silk-mill, the process of salt-making, the preparation of papier maché, or on the splendid works at Boulton's,† which would expose further his utter ignorance of all that relates to practical mechanics and chemistry. His genius had taken a different direction, and it was a mark of his wisdom, if he selected for it the course on which he could outrun all his competitors. Victory was the constant object of his pursuit, even in the friendly contests of domestic intercourse and familiar conversation, and he rarely failed to acquire it, either by dexterity or strength.

At Pool's Hole, near Buxton, our traveller was unwilling to encounter the difficulties it presented, and therefore, taking an imperfect view, he gives an inadequate description of it; but as the editor relies much upon the comparison of the beauties of Hawkestone and Ilam for the reception of his publication, and the novelty he assumes to have discovered in the mind of his author, we will supply the whole passage.

"We saw Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, and were conducted by Miss Hill over a large tract of rocks and woods; a region abounding with striking scenes and terrific grandeur. We were always on the brink of a precipice, or at the foot of a lofty rock; but the steep

\* "This rock is supposed rudely to resemble a tower; hence, it has been called the Church."

† Of this last he only says: 'We then went to Boulton's, who led us through the shops. I could not distinctly see his enginery. Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings. Spoons struck at once.'

were seldom naked: in places, oaks of uncommon magnitude shot up from the crannies of stone; and where there were no trees, there were under-woods and bushes.

"Round the rocks is a narrow path, cut upon the stone, which is very frequently hewn into steps; but art has proceeded no further than to make the succession of wonders safely accessible. The whole circuit is somewhat laborious: it is terminated by a grotto cut in the rock to a great extent, with many windings, and supported by pillars, not hewn into regularity, but such as imitate the spots of nature, by asperities and protuberances.

"The place is without any dampness, and would afford an habitation not uncomfortable. There were from space to space seats cut out in the rock. Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows, and the loftiness of its rocks. The ideas which it forces upon the mind are, the sublime, the dreadful, and the vast. Above is inaccessible altitude: below is horrible profundity. But it excels the garden of Ilam only in extent.

"Ilam has grandeur, tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the vallies, he is composed and soothed.

"He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone, wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration.

"Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains; Hawkestone can have no fitter inhabitants than giants of mighty bone and bold emprise—men of lawless courage and heroic violence. Hawkestone should be described by Milton, and Ilam by Parnel." (p. 38—43.)

Now the reader has had an opportunity of judging for himself as to the felicity of this description, we shall not be disposed to detract a syllable from what we have before said with regard to it: yet it has merit; the author was awake to the magnificence and loveliness of the scene; and if he do not exhibit it with the pencil of an artist, he felt the close alliance between moral and natural beauty; and from his keen perception of the one, he supplies a happy illustration of the other.

The old clerk at Dymchurchion Church, by his mercenary flattery of Mrs Thrale, seems to have occasioned a feeling of permanent dislike in the doctor, hardly justified by the weakness which produced it. In the original note, the observation is in this form, and is somewhat varied in the text, as the editor acknowledges: 'The old clerk had great appearance of joy at seeing his mistress, and foolishly said, that he was now willing to die.' The author afterwards wrote in a separate column, under the head of 'Notes and additions,' 'he had a crown,' and subsequently there is interlined the word 'only,' in ink of a different shade. On no occasion of his life did Johnson show more his detestation of flattery, than at the period when the vanity of lord Chesterfield excited it. It will be recollected, that the plan of

his Dictionary was announced to the public in a pamphlet addressed to that nobleman. In the hope of a dedication, after neglect and abandonment, his lord thought fit to write some papers in 'The World' of a complimentary character. The manly spirit displayed in the letters of Dr. Johnson on that concession are well known and they contributed more, perhaps, to the mortification of the arrogant peer, than any other circumstance in his ceremonious and courtly history.

The doctor, we believe, never in his writings avowed any attachment to the University of Oxford, where he was maintained by Mr. Corbet as a companion to his son. He was entered a commoner at Pembroke when nineteen years of age, but was careless of his character and conduct, whether in regard to discipline or study; and after the departure of his young friend, he was reduced to a condition of great poverty. Yet his mind was not depressed by his circumstances, and he translated Pope's Messiah into Latin hexameters, if not with classic correctness, in a style of extraordinary vigour. His pursuit was general knowledge, and finding it not to be attained in the confined studies of academical establishments, he left Oxford without taking a degree; so that it was not until the lapse of nearly half a century that he obtained the diploma of doctor of laws from the University, and by the interest of lord North, not gratuitously or voluntarily conferred.\* Yet he was desirous of this distinction, and had then published the whole of those works that raised him to the pinnacle of literary fame, the Lives of the Poets excepted, with which he concluded his labours as an author.

At Oxford he seems to have shut himself up with Mr. Coulson, senior fellow of University College; a man resembling the doctor in appearance, and who is the person designated in the Rambler under the name of 'Gelidus the Philosopher.' 'The ladies,' our traveller says, 'wandered about the University.' The only conversation he mentions is with Dr. Vansittart, the uncle of the present chancellor of the exchequer, who communicated to him the particulars of some disorder with which he was afflicted. He now concludes, 'Afterwards we were at Burke's (Beaconfeld,) where we heard of the dissolution of the parliament. We went home.'

No conclusion can be fairly drawn as to the declining strength of the doctor's mind from this short fragment; indeed, at the time of penning these notes he was in the full vigour of his understanding, although sixty-five years of age. He had received his pension in 1762, and published his edition of Shakspeare in 1765; but it was not until 1770, four years prior to this journey, that he interfered ostensibly in any political controversy; and then he wrote 'False Alarm,' when the constitution was by some supposed

\* Johnson had before obtained the same rank from the Dublin University, which he declined to assume.

to have received a violent shock from the resolutions of the house of commons in the case of John Wilkes. The next year appeared 'Falkland's Island,' to show the folly of going to war on account of the conduct of Spain; and in the same year of the Journey to Wales (1774,) he published 'The Patriot,' on the eve of the general election, of which, as we have seen, he first obtained information at Mr. Burke's, at Beaconfield. 'Taxation no Tyranny,' which came out in 1775, was directed against the American congress; and it was from the utility of such publications to the ministry, and the respect the highest officer in it entertained for an accomplished scholar, that he acquired the degree from Oxford, to which we have already adverted.

To the Diary is subjoined, in the aphoristic method, 'Opinions and Observations, by Dr. Johnson;' and these, equally on account of the authority from which they are derived, the peculiar felicity with which they are stated, and the intrinsic merit they possess, we cannot persuade ourselves to omit.

"1. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in time past.

"2. Of real evils the number is great; of possible evils there is no end.

"3. The desire of fame not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

"4. Flashy, light, and loud conversation, is often a cloak for cunning; as shewy life, and a gay outside, spread now and then a thin covering over avarice and poverty.

"5. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt; and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome.

"6. Old times have bequeathed us a precept, to be *merry and wise*; but who has been able to observe it? Prudence soon comes to spoil our mirth.

"7. The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

"8. It is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket; a very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

"9. There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will by me at least be thought worthy of esteem.

"10. In the world there is much tenderness where there is no misfortune; and much courage where there is no danger.

"11. He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare, and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his foot firm upon dry ground may pluck another out of the water; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

"12. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.



"13. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life; hyperbolical praise only corrupts the tongue of the one, and the ear of the other.

"14. The fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity, are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.

"15. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished. Esteem of great powers or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost; but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

"16. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centred, and neglects the interchange of that social officiousness by which we are habitually endeared to one another. To be without friendship, is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state. To have no assistance from other minds in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution.

"17. Faith in some proportion to fear." (p. 150—156.

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**CRITICISM.**—*Reflections on the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures*, intended to show its defects, and the necessity of attempting to improve it, with a specimen of such an attempt. By B. Boothroyd, 4to. pp. 58. 1816.—From the Critical Review.

[The account of the early English version of the Bible, contained in this article, is rather superficial. In his remarks on the Psalter, the author does injustice to the church of England. The Psalter is translated from the Septuagint, and not from the Hebrew Bible, as he asserts.—Ed.]

It is probably well known to the generality of our readers, that we are indebted for the first *printed* edition of any part of the scriptures in the English language, to William Tyndal. This distinguished person embraced the doctrine of the reformation, and having thus rendered himself obnoxious to the Romish hierarchy, he was compelled to leave England, his native country, and seek an asylum in foreign lands. For some time he travelled in Germany, where he became personally acquainted with Luther. He afterwards removed into the Netherlands, and fixed his residence at Antwerp. Justly supposing that the circulation of the scriptures in the vernacular language would be efficacious as a means to oppose the superstitions of his countrymen, and of directing their attention to the truth, he projected a translation of the New Testament, and having obtained the assistance of John Fryth, who had been educated at Cambridge, he completed this important work, which was published at Antwerp about three years after the first edition of Luther's German version, in 1523.

The effects produced by this translation of the scriptures into the English language may be estimated by the conduct of its adversaries, the popish clergy, whose authority was not then broken in this country. They alleged that it was not possible to translate the scriptures into English; they asserted that it was not lawful for the laity to possess them in their mother tongue; that it

would make them all heretics, and that rebellion against the civil government would be the consequence of every man's reading the word of God for himself. And so excessive was their hatred, that they committed Tyndal's books to the flames, and soon after procured the death of this great man. The malice and cruelty of these popish persecutors against the cause which Tyndal had so nobly and so well supported, were vain. They could not extinguish the light which he had kindled. Other competent men came forward, to put a finishing hand to Tyndal's undertaking. Tyndal had resolved on translating the whole Bible, and in the execution of his design had proceeded to the end of Nehemiah. Miles Coverdale and John Rogers had been coadjutors with him, and these two persons proceeded separately with the work till it was completed. Coverdale published an edition of the whole Bible, at Zurich, in 1535, which was the first printed Bible in the English language, and is known by the name of its editor. Rogers also completed the translation which Tyndal had begun, and an edition of 1500 copies was printed in 1537, at Hamburgh, by Grafton and Whitechurch. This was called Matthews's Bible; a feigned name being affixed to the title-page instead of Tyndal's, from the apprehension that, as he had been put to death as a heretic, his name might prejudice the public against the work. The subsequent English Bibles—the "Great Bible," in 1539—"Cranmer's Bible," in 1540—the "Geneva Bible," in 1557—the "Bishop's Bible," in 1568, and the present public version, first printed in 1611, were only so many several revisions of Tyndal's Bible. King James's translators were expressly ordered to follow the Bishop's Bible, which they were to alter as little as the original necessarily demanded; and they were to use the translations of Tyndal, Matthews, Coverdale, Whitechurch, and the Geneva, when they came closer to the original than the Bishop's Bible. To represent the present public version as an entirely new translation, is to state what is contrary to the historical fact. It is only a revised impression of a former version, and therefore, instead of supplying reasons against a new translation, or a new revision, it is actually a precedent in favour of the latter.

Between the years 1535, the date of the original publication of the English Bible, and 1611, the date of the last revision, an interval of seventy-four years elapsed, in the course of which the public version of the scriptures had been revised at least five times. Since 1611, when the present common version was first put into circulation, a period of no fewer than two hundred and five years has elapsed, during the whole of which, to the present moment, no revision of the English common Bible has been attempted.

To what cause is this to be attributed? Were our ancestors more solicitous to possess a correct translation of the divine word than their descendants? Or was the revision ordered by James I.

so accurately executed, as to attain at once the standard of perfection; and thus to supersede all farther attempts at amendment? The affirmative of the first question might justly cover us with shame; and to assign the perfection of the common version as a reason for not revising or translating the sacred scriptures *de novo*, would be absolute folly. Had the present version, at the time when it was first circulated, been an exact representation of the Hebrew and Greek originals, which it certainly was not, there would still be reasons for a revision of it, which no objections could invalidate. But, as in addition to circumstances on which those reasons are grounded, there are others which regard the fidelity of the version itself, we are furnished with unanswerable reasons for maintaining the necessity of a revision of the English Bible, which would seem to be a more satisfactory proceeding than an entirely new translation.

It is a well known and undeniable fact, that the learned men who made the revision in 1611, were not supplied with materials so ample and efficient for amending the translation as those which are now in our power. Learning has not been slumbering for the last two hundred years. Light sprung up during that long period, and it penetrated and has dissipated the darkness which obscured those of earlier times. Advances have been made in philology and criticism. The "publication of Polyglots, of the Samaritan Pentateuch, of ancient and modern versions, of lexicons, concordances, critical dissertations and sermons; books of eastern travels; disquisitions on the geography, customs, and natural history of the east; accurate tables of chronology, coins, weights, and measures," have contributed essentially toward the improvement and elucidation of the Bible. What powerful aid has been afforded for the better understanding of the Hebrew and Greek originals, by the labours of Walton, Castell, Mill, Wetstein, Griesbach, Michaelis, Bochart, Lightfoot, Grotius, Poole, and many other illustrious writers! It must be evident, therefore, to all intelligent and unprejudiced men, that the early part of the seventeenth century was in all respects less favourable than the present time, for the publication of a correct edition of the English Bible.

Strongly rooted prejudices exist, there is too much reason to fear, in the minds of many, against an amendment of the public version. The very circumstance of there having been no revision of the common translation for upwards of two centuries, has contributed in no inconsiderable degree to cherish and augment those prejudices. Had the public version been repeatedly and recently revised, had every new impression contained corrections and improvements of preceding impressions, and the alterations which the growing advantages of succeeding years might have required, been regularly made, the public attention would have been so repeatedly fixed upon the subject, that no alarm would have

been felt, nor any objection have arisen against the measure of revision. No evil consequences followed the repeated revisions of the English Bible in the sixteenth century. The amended version of 1611 produced no unpleasant effects; and there is not the smallest occasion to fear that, in a more enlightened age, a corrected publication of the scriptures would be attended with any other than beneficial results.

The ministers of the established church, it should seem, virtually pledge themselves to the revision of the common version, since the assent which is required from them to all and every thing contained in the Book of Common Prayer, binds them to an approval of a version of a part of the Bible, different from the common translation. They read in their churches passages as the word of God, which their hearers, on looking into their common Bibles, cannot find but in a sense very different from that which was read to them from the desk. The translation of the Psalms, as inserted in the Book of Common Prayer, varies essentially from the Bible translation. If the former gives the true meaning of the divine word, the latter cannot, in those several cases in which discrepancies exist. The approbation of the one version necessarily implies the condemnation of the other. No clergyman, surely, would inform an inquirer, that the Psalter is the word of God, but that the Psalms in the Bible translation are not the word of God; nor, *vice versa*, that the Bible translation of the Psalms is the true word of God, but that the Psalter is not. He must reply, that the differences between the two versions are occasioned by errors in the translation of one or both of them. This is the only proper answer which he could give, and it would surely be immediately remarked by the inquirer, and admitted by the other party, that the errors of translation ought to be corrected. If the Psalter be correct, let the Bible translation be made conformable with it; or if the former be erroneous, let it be amended by means of the latter. It is impossible for the same persons to maintain that the same passages in the original can convey two very different senses in a correct translation. As the assent of the clergy to the Book of Common Prayer includes the approval of the sense, as given in the Psalter version, they, to be consistent, must plead for a revision of the Bible; at least for the revision of a part of it: and, as no good reason can be assigned for reading the same passages of the Bible in a different sense in the service of any church, the following discrepancies supply an unanswerable argument for revising the public version.

*Common Version.*

Ps. vii. 11. "God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day."

xxii. 30. "A seed shall serve him."

*Prayer Book Version.*

— "God is a righteous judge, strong and patient, and God is provoked every day."

— "My seed shall serve him."

xxix. 1. "Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength."

xxx. "To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent."

xxxvii. 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

xl. 4. "And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth."

lxxi. 7. "I am as a wonder unto many."

lxxii. 6. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass."

cv. 28. "And they rebelled not against his word."

— "Bring unto the Lord, O ye mighty, bring young rams unto the Lord; ascribe unto the Lord worship and strength."

— "Therefore shall every good man sing of thy praise without ceasing."

— "Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right: for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

— "Good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on because of the word of truth."

— "I am become as it were a monster unto many."

— "He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool."

— "And they were not obedient unto his word."

Mr. Boothroyd's publication is divided into nine sections. In the first is given a short account of the ancient, and of the English versions of the holy scriptures. The second contains the opinions of some distinguished divines and critics on the authorized version, intended to show that it admits of improvement; those of Doddridge, Durell, bishow Lowth, Blaney, Symonds, and Blackwall, are inserted in this section: the opinions of archbishop Newcome, and the present bishop of Landaff (Dr. Marsh), occur in other parts of the work. The following sections comprise the reasons which the author assigns for his attempting a new translation.

The first reason assigned by the author, for the present attempt to improve the public version of the scriptures, is the imperfect and erroneous state of the Hebrew and Greek texts from which the common translation was made. Owing to this cause, the beauty and symmetry of the sacred writings are often injured; contradictions which no ingenuity has been able to reconcile, have been introduced; and omissions and interpolations are numerous in the common version. Each of these particulars is accompanied with appropriate examples.

"No approximation," Mr. Boothroyd remarks, "can be made towards a perfect version of the Hebrew Scriptures, unless the translator be allowed to supply the acknowledged deficiencies, and correct the manifest errors of the original texts, by the aid of manuscripts, the ancient versions, and the rules of sound and temperate criticism. With what success this method has been adopted by Dr. Lowth in his improved version of Isaiah, by Dr. Blaney in his version of Jeremiah, and by Archbishop Newcome in his version of the minor prophets, the learned are generally agreed; and the same judicious method pursued in reference to the whole scriptures, cannot fail to be attended with a similar result."

Conjectural emendation is one of the means of removing the errors of the original text, which the author proposes to employ: a desperate remedy, and one which, we trust, will be used with extreme caution in the proposed translation. It is, we allow, highly probable, that neither existing manuscripts, nor versions, have preserved in their primitive state the whole of the readings of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament; and that manuscripts which have perished with the wrecks of time, might contain original lections: conjecture, therefore, may possibly supply what is wanting to correct the errors of a passage. Its use, however, has in the present age been by far too common. It affords the opportunity of displaying ingenuity, which many authors have been extremely ready to seize; adopting, on almost every occasion of embarrassment, the suggestions of their own fancy, as the means of clearing difficulties which better learning or more patient examination may assist to remove. On this subject, we agree in opinion with bishop Marsh, that it is better to declare at once that the Hebrew text requires no emendation, than submit the Bible to the critical licentiousness of authors and editors, who correct without control. In numerous cases difficulties have been supposed to exist, scarcely for any other purpose than that of displaying critical dexterity. In profane authors this is comparatively of slight importance, and we may with little hazard applaud and adopt the conjectural emendations of Porson, in a tragedy of Euripides: but where all is sacred, as in the scriptures, we are unwilling to admit conjecture as our guide to its true readings; never receiving a letter or a word through this medium, till every other method of explanation has been tried; and even then we are reluctant to admit conjectural emendations, since it is at least doubtful, in our judgment, whether the obscurities of the Bible might not better be suffered to remain, than its sense be endangered by the presumptuous corrections of human fancy. Many writers and translators in modern times would have "conjectured less, had they known more." We cannot but hope that we shall find in Mr. Boothroyd a praise-worthy exception to a prevailing practice, and that conjecture will, in his hands, be invariably under the direction of the most severe critical judgment.

In the fourth section, Mr. Boothroyd assigns a second reason for attempting an improved version—the great and essential improvement in respect to propriety of language and grammatical accuracy. This is the longest section in the pamphlet, and it must be granted by all competent judges, that on this part of the subject there is very ample scope for enlargement. It cannot be pretended that our language has received no improvement for the last two hundred years, or that the meaning of words has remained unchanged. If therefore the common version had been ever so unexceptionable at the period when it was made, unless it be accommodated by the requisite alterations to the present improv-

ed state of the English language, it may fail in conveying the sense of the original to a reader of the present day. Many words which were generally understood in the age of James I. may have become obsolete, and others may have acquired a meaning different from that which they bore at that time. In both these cases the very same reasons which require and justify translation at all, demand revision and amendment. The book is, so far as obsolete words are retained, unintelligible to the common reader. "*Seek after leasing*"—the translation of חקשׁוּ כֹכ Ps. iv. 3. in the common version, is, we apprehend, as little understood by most readers as is the original Hebrew itself; and the same reason which requires an English word for כֹכ requires that *leasing* be exchanged for another term. A copious list of words, either wholly obsolete, or obsolete in the sense noticed, is supplied in this section: the bare inspection of it is sufficient to convince the reader that, in point of perspicuity, the English Bible is susceptible of essential improvement.

"The authorized version contains many obsolete, idiomatical, ambiguous, and harsh phrases. Judges ix, 53. 'And a certain woman cast a piece of a mill-stone upon Abimelech's head, and all to break his scull.' The *vau* should be rendered *which*: 'Which fractured or broke his scull.' *Go your way*, for go. 'Which would take account of his servants:' Matt. xviii, 23. If the following parable did not suggest the true sense of these words, we should suppose that they meant that the master took an account how many servants he had. 'And Herod with his men of war *set him at nought*.' Luke xxiii, 3. (11). This is both idiomatical and vulgar. It should be, 'treated him contemptuously.' 'And if this come to the governor's ears we will persuade him and secure you.' (Matt. xxviii, 14.) Here seem to be three particulars objectionable within a very narrow compass. The first member of this compounded sentence is both vulgarly expressed, and ill translated,—the second is ill translated,—and the third is ambiguous. Perhaps it would be better thus: 'And if this come to a hearing before the governor, we will appease him, and bear you harmless.'

"Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia.' It would be difficult to point out a more harsh and ambiguous sentence. Locke and Dr. Waterland (as quoted by Dr. Dodd from an interleaved Bible), propose to render it, 'We make known to you the godly charity given by the churches of Macedonia.' This is perspicuous, and the sense of the passage. For it is evident that the charitable collection was made *by* (and not *for*) the churches of Macedonia."

Of this last example Wakefield gives the following version: "We signify unto you the extraordinary generosity that hath been displayed by the churches of Macedonia." This translation of the words coincides with that which Mr. Boothroyd would adopt, who, it should seem, is too hasty in determining the meaning which he approves, to be "the sense of the passage." The original is, Γραρίζομεν δὲ ὑμῖν ἀδελφοὶ, τὴν χάριν τοῦ θεοῦ τὴν διδομένην ἐν ταῖς ἐκκλησίαις τῆς μακεδονίας, which we think, with Macknight and Doddridge, is to be understood rather in relation to the "gra-

cious disposition given to the churches in Macedonia," than to the contribution which they furnished for the relief of their fellow-christians in Judea. We should prefer Wakefield's rendering of the fifth example, to that which Mr. B. has copied from Dr. Symonds: "And if this affair be brought to a hearing before the governor, we will satisfy him, and keep you from trouble." Dr. Campbell's version would come under the author's censure: "And if this come to the procurator's ears, we will appease him, and indemnify you."

"The ancient use of *prepositions* and *adverbs* renders innumerable passages of the authorized version obscure, ambiguous, and in some instances totally alters the sense. It is well known that our old writers made use of prepositions in senses now obsolete; and it is not intended to reflect on our translators, when examples are produced of inaccuracies on this point. The obvious inference from such inaccuracies is, that if the use and signification of words be so much changed, the common version ought to be revised."

In the common version the preposition *of* is improperly used for *by*:—"a son *of* her"—for, "a son *by* her."—To denote the agent of the verb: as, "said *of* some;" "Lydia attended to the things spoken *of* Paul." We should imagine that in this example some person was speaking to Lydia concerning the apostle—not that she was listening to his discourses: "by some," "by Paul," are the proper expressions. *Of* occurs in numerous instances where modern use requires *from*: "heard *of* the Lord, *from* the Lord; "heard *of* me," "heard *from* me." It is used in many passages instead of *at*: as, "*of* (at) my hand shalt thou require him." Gen. xxxiii, 3. In other cases, *out of*, *over*, *to*, are more proper.

"Ambiguity is occasioned by placing adverbs in a wrong position. Luke xxiii, 32. is one of the most singular renderings in the whole scriptures: 'And there were *also* two *other* malefactors led with him to be put to death.' Every one just initiated in the principles of the English grammar, must perceive, that the two words *also* and *other*, as they stand in our present version, necessarily indicate that our blessed Lord was a malefactor, as well as the thieves who were crucified with him. But if we substitute *others* for *other*, and place *also* close to the verb, there will be no obscurity or ambiguity: 'And two *others*, who were malefactors, were also led with him to be put to death.' The Bishops' Bible is not liable to the least exception in this respect; for we find, 'And there were two others, who were evil-doers, led with him to be slain.'"

This grievous error has been corrected in several recent impressions of the common version. Two Oxford Bibles now before us, one of them printed in 1793, the other in 1813, read, "And there were also two other malefactors led with him to be put to death." In two Cambridge Testaments, printed in 1805, the passage is read differently; one of them, in octavo, presenting the false reading, and the other, in duodecimo, giving the correct



reading: "And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death." Other Cambridge copies exhibit this reading.

"The neuter pronoun *it* had originally no variation of case. The possessive *its*, which is of so much importance to accuracy and precision in our language, does not once occur in the whole of our common version. Instead of it, the possessive of the third person masculine or feminine was used, or the adverb *thereof*. This occasions frequently some degree of obscurity, as it is difficult to perceive whether *his* or *hers* refer to persons or to things. Lev. i, 6. 'And cut it into *his* pieces.' This occurs often, ver. 30. 'and *his* inwards, and *his* legs,' &c. ver. 15. 'And the priest shall bring it unto the altar and wring off *his* head,' &c. 'And the blood *thereof*,' &c. Ps. i, 3. 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth *his* fruit in *his* season; *his* leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'"

In the last example the concluding part of the verse appears, to the reader of the common version, to refer to the 'pious man, instead of being the completing of the beautiful simile by which his felicitous circumstances are illustrated.

"He shall be like a tree planted near streams of water,  
Which yields its fruit in due season,  
Whose foliage never fadeth,  
And it brings all its produce to maturity." *Street's Version.*

Numerous examples are given of the deformities of the common version occasioned by the improper use of the relative and distributive pronouns, and the moods and tenses of verbs. Fewer instances of false concord, Mr. Boothroyd remarks, occur in the version of the Old Testament, than in that of the New; and this he thinks is owing to the simple structure of the Hebrew language.

In addition to the instances which Mr. Boothroyd has supplied in this section, of the errors and blemishes of the public version, and of the emendations which he thinks worthy to be adopted, we might suggest the propriety of changing in many passages the position of the negative particle *not*, which would increase their perspicuity and force. Matt. ix, 13. "I am *not* come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "I am come to call, *not* the righteous, but sinners to repentance." 1 Thess. i, 5. "For our gospel came *not* unto you in word only, but in power." "For our gospel came unto you, *not* in word only, but in power." Heb. xii, 18. For ye are *not* come unto the mount that might be touched," &c." "For ye are come, not unto the mount," &c.

The supplementary italics in the common version, are frequently unnecessary, and sometimes convey an erroneous interpretation of the passages in which they occur. 2 Cor. iii, 1. "Do we begin again to commend ourselves? or need we, as some *others*, epistles of commendation to you, or *letters* of commendation from you? 2. Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: 3. *Forasmuch as ye are* manifestly

declared to be the epistle of Christ," &c. Here we have no fewer than six words, "*others*," "*letters*," "*forasmuch as ye are*," which are totally unnecessary. Let the verses be read without them, and every reader will perceive the improvement.—Words which are evidently implied in the original, ought not to be discriminated by a different character in the translation. In some copies of the English Bible this rule is observed in some passages, but violated in others, while the same passage in different editions exhibits a different usage in the employment of the supplementary italics. We give an example: "But in those *sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year*"—"But in those sacrifices *there is a remembrance*," &c. Heb. x, 3.

In the fifth section, the great improvement which the authorized version admits in "*accuracy of interpretation*," is assigned as a reason for the author's projected undertaking. This is the most important consideration; and if it can be proved that the common version does not, in innumerable instances, faithfully and clearly represent the sense of the original, it must be allowed that it ought to be revised and corrected. The public version, Mr. B. remarks, abounds with a literal rendering of Hebrew and Greek *idioms and phrases*, which either convey no definite sense to the English reader, or to which a wrong sense may be easily attributed. "*To lift up the hand*;" "*To lay the hand on*;" "*To lift up the head of a person*;" "*To give the neck of enemies*;" "*To harden the neck*;" "*To wax fat*;" "*Him that is shut up and left*;" "*To get a name*;" "*To make a name*;" &c. are adduced as examples, and explanations of them are furnished as specimens of the renderings in the proposed version.

The sixth section treats of *figurative terms*. With literal renderings of these the common version abounds. The fidelity and beauty of a translation essentially depend on the care of the translator in discriminating between such figurative terms of the original as may with propriety be retained in the version, and such as require to be literally rendered: the figurative use of words being very different in different languages. The remarks which Mr. B. has introduced into this section are creditable to his judgment and taste; and it is evidently his concern to be found treading in the steps of the most judicious critics. We extract the following remarks:

"The language of Psalm xxxvi, 9. conveys no distinct idea to my mind: 'In thy light we shall see light.' If understood without a figure, it is a mere truism. If understood metaphorically, do the terms in English express properly the metaphor, or convey the sense? I am satisfied no person of judgment or candour will maintain either position. If we understand by light, the word of God, we must desert the idiom in the latter clause; 'By thy *light* (or word) we shall be enlightened.' Or if we understand *light* to mean God's favour, and by *light* in the close, *joy, prosperity*; this is the version: 'Through thy light (or favour) we shall enjoy prosperity.' There is evidently a play on the word *light*, and the term is used in differ-

ent senses. I conceive the text will admit either rendering, and I hesitate which to prefer."

The translators of the common version having either not understood or not attended to the "peculiar manner" in which the *tenses* and *conjugations* of the Hebrew verbs are used, have rendered many passages in an ambiguous and obscure manner, which affords Mr. Boothroyd another reason for attempting improvements in the English Bible. How excellent soever the common version may be, it is unquestionable that it did not proceed from men eminently skilled in Hebrew. The influence of the Greek and Latin versions is to be traced throughout the whole of it. Nor can this appear at all surprising, if we reflect that king James's translators were only the revisers of a version which, in the first instance, had been made by Tyndal, who, it is highly probable, principally used the vulgate. Many improvements in the English Bible may doubtless be made by accomplished Hebrew scholars.

"In many instances the English preterite is used when the context and design of the author clearly prove that the present is the proper tense. Our translators in many places have so rendered, and with the strictest propriety. The learned reader need only compare the version of the first Psalm with the Hebrew for a proof of this. Misled by prior translators, they have in many places, improperly rendered it otherwise. Gen. iv, 14. 'Behold thou *hast driven* me out this day from the face of the earth,' &c. We have not many instances of so many inaccuracies contained in one single commentary. The words seem put together without any regard to sense or propriety. The verb should be in the *present tense*; 'Behold thou *drivest* me out this day,' &c. If driven *from the face of the earth*, in what other world was he to reside? The original properly signifies, *from the face of this ground*: i. e. the place where Cain had hitherto dwelt. 'And it *shall* (will) come to pass that every one that findeth me *shall* slay me.' Strange indeed! If *every one*, who might meet with him, was to slay him, how many lives had he, and how often might he be slain? In the next commentary our translators have properly rendered (כל) *who-soever*; and propriety demanded the same rendering here. 'And it will come to pass that *who-soever* findeth me will slay me.' The impropriety of *shall* in this last clause is obvious, as it implies that the person who found him, was under some kind of necessity to slay him. In short, the expression of his fear is converted into a prediction."

In the common version, 2 Kings v. 18. Elisha, a true prophet of Jehovah, is represented as conniving at the idolatry of the Syrian general Naaman. By translating the passage in the preterite, according to the original, this inconsistency is removed: "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my Lord went into the house of Rimmon to bow down himself (or worship) there, and leaned on my hand, I bowed down myself there; that I bowed down myself—the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." This text has lately been the subject of debate between the bishop of St. David's, and Mr. Bellamy, whose version of the pas-

sage is substantially the same as that which we have inserted, and which is transcribed by us from Whitby's Commentary, vol. i. p. 380. Ed. 1709, on Luke xii, 8.

A good version of the scriptures ought to convey as much as possible the spirit and manner of the original. In the common version these have been frequently sacrificed by the diversity of renderings which the translators have employed in translating the same Hebrew or Greek words and phrases—as *πρῶτον*, which they rendered by *law, statute, decree, ordinance*. Many passages of scripture, says Mr. B. would be placed in a striking light by uniformity of rendering. Isaiah xxxvii, 3, 4, should be thus rendered: "This day *is* a day of trouble and of *reproof*, and of blasphemy. It may be that the Lord thy God—will *reprove* the words," &c. "Rabshakeh has uttered words of *reproof* against Judah: it may be that God will reprove the words of the Assyrian." Rom. i. 19. "Because that which is known of God is *manifest* (*φανερὸν*) among them: for God hath *manifested* it (*ἐφανερώσθαι*, not *shewed* it) unto them." The manner and spirit of the originals cannot be exhibited in a version, unless the poetical parts of scripture be divided into lines corresponding with the metre. For the same reason, quotations from the Old Testament, and parallel passages, should be uniformly rendered. Matt. xxvi, 41, and Mark xiv, 38, exactly correspond in the original, but differ in our translation: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed *is* willing, but the flesh *is* weak." "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation: the spirit truly *is* ready, but the flesh *is* weak." Instances of this kind are very frequent. In Matt. xvi, 26, we have—"What is a man profited;" in Luke ix. 25, "What is a man advantaged;"—the words of the original being the same in both places. *ὁ ἀρχιεπίσκοπος*, John ii, 8, 9. is, in the former verse, "governor of the feast;" in the latter, "ruler of the feast." The common reader of the public version never can suppose that "Areopagus" and "Mars'-Hill," Acts xvii, 19, 22, are the same place. *Γαμος* is rendered in some places by wedding, and in others, by marriage, neither of which terms conveys the proper meaning of the word in almost every passage in which it occurs in the New Testament: *convivium nuptiale*, "*marriage feast*," is clearly the proper rendering.

The concluding section is on the regard due to the common version, in which Mr. Boothroyd records his approbation of the rules which archbishop Newcome has proposed, and his intention of governing himself by them. "The language, sense, and punctuation of our present version," he remarks, "should be retained, unless when a 'sufficient' reason can be assigned for departing from them." Uniformity in the orthography of proper names is included in the improvements which the author contemplates in his projected version. In the New Testament, king

James's translators have followed the Greek, and instead of Elijah, have written Elias; Eliseus for Elisha; Esaias for Isaiah; Charran for Haran; Osee for Hosea, &c.

"The public have a right to know what are the theological opinions of the author of this attempt. He feels no hesitation in avowing them.— Though he has learnt to call no man master, but freely to follow that sense of the sacred scriptures which he conceives the original most naturally suggests, yet he owns, that in his general views he most entirely agrees in the theological sentiments of that great and good man, Philip Doddridge.

"The corrected text for the Old Testament which the author intends to adopt, will be that stated in his edition of the Hebrew Scriptures: and for the New he will *generally* follow the most accurate edition of Griesbach."

These reflections, though but a small part of what might be written on the subject, are sufficient to prove the object for which they were written. That an improved version of the scriptures is desirable, and would be highly advantageous, is an opinion in which many illustrious scholars of the present and of past times have cordially united. Into whose hands shall such a work be committed? Into the hands, certainly, of any competent person who may be able and willing to prosecute it. Fidelity and ability are the only requisites. Mr. Boothroyd offers himself for this important enterprise; and as specimens of his qualifications, and of the manner in which he proposes to conduct the undertaking, he has accompanied the "Reflections" with a translation of nearly the first two chapters of the book of Genesis, and of part of the third chapter of the book of Job, with notes. From these specimens we give the following extracts:

13 "And the evening had been, and the morning had been, a third day; 14 And God said, Let there be luminaries in the expanse of the heavens\* *to give light upon the earth*, and to distinguish the day from the night;† and let them be for signs of stated times, and of weeks, and of years; and so it was. 16 For God made the two great luminaries, the greater luminary for the regulation of the day, and the less for the regulation of the night: he made also the stars. 17 And God set them in the expanse of the heavens to give light upon the earth, 18 And to regulate the night, and to distinguish the light from the darkness; and God saw that this also was good.

"14 I adopt the reading of the Samaritan, Sept. and 1 ms. on this comment, and omit the next, as I am satisfied that it has originated from the words omitted being afterwards inserted, and the beginning of this verse again repeated. That office which the light created on the first day had hitherto discharged, is henceforward to be discharged by the sun, moon, and stars. These are to be signs of *stated times*. So J. T. render למועדים, and so the word is most usually rendered. I render ימים, *weeks*, a sense

\* Sam. Sep. 1 ms.

† And let them be for luminaries in the expanse of the heavens, to give light upon the earth.

which it has chap. xxiv, 55: See note. On the first day God created light, אור; but on this he created luminaries, מְאֹרֹת; which implies a luminous body, a body to which light is attached, as Mercer has justly observed."

Job, chapter III.

1 After this, Job opened his mouth, and execrated his own BIRTH-DAY; 2 And Job spake, and said:

- 3 Perish the day on which I was born,  
the night it was said, Lo! a man-child!
- 4 Let that day become darkness;  
let God from above never regard it;  
let the streaming light never shine on it;
- 5 Let darkness and death-shade claim it;  
let a spreading cloud dwell upon it;  
let thunder-clouds make it frightful!
- 6 That night, let utter darkness seize it;  
let it not be joined with the days of the year;  
into the number of months let it not enter!
- 7 Lo! let that night be solitary;  
let no joyful sound ever come thereon.
- 8 Let those execrate it, who curse the day  
of such as are ready to rouse Leviathan.
- 9 Obscure be the stars of its twilight;  
let it expect light, and may there be none;  
let it never see the eye-lids of the morning;
- 10 Because it shut not the doors of the womb to me,  
nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

These are highly respectable specimens, which cannot fail of procuring for Mr. Boothroyd the good opinion of the public. Should the proposed version be executed throughout with equal care, its claims to general patronage will not be inconsiderable, as it will possess no common excellence. To the English reader it will exhibit the variations of the ancient versions, and will include every material correction and improvement of the public version which have been suggested by the most eminent Biblical critics, and which are required that the English Bible may correspond with the present advanced state of Biblical learning.

The undertaking on which Mr. Boothroyd has adventured, is one of high importance and of great labour, requiring not only the attainments of learning, but the higher endowments of a mind unprejudiced and impartial. Of Mr. Boothroyd's qualifications for the office in which he is engaged, we entertain a very favourable opinion. Of his acquaintance with Hebrew literature he has already furnished proof, in his edition of the Hebrew Bible. He is not deficient in critical acumen, and his judgment is generally exact. We are pleased with the modesty which invariably distinguishes him, and which forms a striking contrast with the offensive intrusions and dogmatic assertions of some other authors. His diligence and perseverance are unquestionable. We must, however, be permitted to caution him against haste in dis-

missing the sheets of his work from the press, and to submit them to a more rigorous examination than the prospectus has received. There are several errors in these pages; one of which, in the "specimen," we must not omit to notice. Gen. i, 18, "And to regulate the night," should be, "And to regulate the day and the night;" the three words,—*"the day and"*—are left out, either by accident or mistake, as they are indisputably a part of the text.

Some persons may probably be of opinion, that the work on which Mr. B. is employed, is much too arduous to be successfully accomplished by an individual. They will probably advert to the number of translators who were appointed by king James to revise the Bible, and ask whether one man be competent to execute a work which was assigned to fifty-four persons in a former reign. For our own part, we confess that we see nothing very weighty in this objection. We should, on several accounts, prefer a version of the scriptures by a single translator, principally for the sake of uniformity; and though the work is laborious, it is not impracticable.

The present<sup>e</sup> is not the only instance of the Bible's being translated by an individual. Luther translated the scriptures in circumstances far less propitious than Mr. B.'s. Michaelis, whose literary avocations were so numerous, and whose writings are so voluminous, found leisure to execute his German version of the Bible. Dr. A. Clarke has recorded (rather to our surprise, we own) that he translated the New Testament in *eleven* months, and the Old in little more than *fourteen* months, collating the original text with all the ancient, and with several of the modern versions. In foreign countries, individual missionaries have translated the Bible into languages with which they were not by any means so familiar as an English scholar must be with his native tongue, nor did they possess a thousandth part of the advantages which are at Mr. B.'s command. From the works of his predecessors he will derive essential and extensive aid. We wish him health and spirits to prosecute his undertaking to its close, and recommend it to the patronage of our readers and the public, whose early and effectual encouragement of the indefatigable and praise-worthy author will be as honourable to themselves as it may be grateful to him.

We submit to Mr. Boothroyd's consideration, whether it would not be a further improvement in the arrangement of the version, if the figures which mark the chapters and verses were removed from their present place in the text to the outer margin. This plan would answer every purpose of utility to which the present division of our Bibles is accommodated, and it would afford every facility for the more correct distribution of the paragraphs and other divisions of the respective books; after the manner adopted by Griesbach in his Greek Testament.

Mr. Boothroyd proposes to publish the work in parts, and to comprise it in two, or at most three volumes royal quarto, and to give at the close of it a General Introduction to the Holy Scriptures, containing the evidences of their authenticity and inspiration—the Geography and Natural History of both Testaments—the Opinions, Customs, and Rites of the Jews, and other Oriental Nations—the various Sects among the Jews—Tables of Weights, &c.—*Ecclectic Review*.

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### LETTER FROM CORTEZ TO THE KING OF SPAIN, ON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THE name of Fernando Cortez, the enterprising Spaniard, is familiar in story. "Envied," says the historian of America, "by his cotemporaries, and ill-requited by the court which he served, he has been admired and celebrated by succeeding ages. Which has formed the most just estimate of his character, an impartial consideration of his actions must determine." Among the manuscripts of the late Mr. Alsop, we found a translation of the letters of Cortez to his sovereign, in which the writer gives a very minute account of his proceedings. When they were first given to the world we cannot ascertain, having consulted a variety of bibliographical works, without finding even the title of the book. The notes in the MS. referred to by numerals, bear this title: "Notes to the Letters of Fernando Cortez on the conquest of Mexico, to the Emperor Charles V. published in 1770, by Don Francisco Antonio de Lorenzana—Archbishop of Burgos." Of their authenticity there can be no doubt, and they form a narrative which is not surpassed in interest by any of the Arabian Tales. Cortez, one of the greatest men of his age, at the head of five hundred disaffected adventurers,—burning his fleet and thus shutting himself in a fortified country,—marching at the head of his little band through territories more wide and populous than his native land, exhibits so much boldness in his designs, and such valour and wisdom in the execution of his enterprise, that we forget the wickedness of the scheme in our admiration of the man. Nor does Guitimozin suffer by a comparison with him. We behold the genius of the old world arrayed against the genius of the new, and their struggles produce an object for contemplation which is not often to be seen in the annals of the human race.

By a ship which left New Spain on the 16th of July, 1519, I wrote your majesty a particular account of what had happened from my arrival to that period; this letter I gave in charge to Alphonso Hernandez Puerto Carrero, and Francis de Montejo, procurators of the rich city of Vera Cruz\*, which I founded in the



name of your majesty. Since that time, being constantly occupied in conquering and in quieting countries, in want of ships, and apprehensive for the fate of my first despatches, I have not had it in my power to give your majesty an account of my proceedings, and of the numerous difficulties which, God knows, I have had to contend with. But your majesty may at length assume the title of emperor of these immense provinces† with as just a claim as that of emperor of Germany.

The various objects which are met with in these new kingdoms are too numerous to attempt to describe to your majesty, and neither my talents, nor the duties of my station will permit it. I shall nevertheless endeavour to give every information that is important to be made known at present, and request your majesty's pardon if I should unintentionally omit any material circumstances, and not be able to point out precisely the time and manner in which events have occurred, or should be incorrect as to the names of the cities,‡ villages, and countries that have submitted to your majesty, and acknowledged themselves your subjects, or vassals, as I have lost through an accident, which I shall hereafter give an account of, the several treaties which I had made with the inhabitants.

My former account contained the names of the cities and towns which had offered their services, or submitted to your majesty's arms. I also made mention of a great prince, called Montezuma, who, from such information as I could obtain, lived at about ninety or a hundred leagues distance from that part of the coast where I had landed. I also added that, with the assistance of God, and the terror of your majesty's name, I was determined to seek Montezuma wherever he might be, and would have him dead or alive, either as a prisoner or a subject.

With this intention, circumstances being favourable, on the 16th of August I set out for Zempoulla§ (which I have since named Seville) with fifty horse and three hundred of my bravest infantry. I left at Vera Cruz one hundred and fifty foot and two horsemen, with orders to erect a fort, which is now far advanced. As to the province of Zempoulla, which contains fifty cities or

\* The city thus denominated by Cortez is the same with that now called Old Vera Cruz, and is distant three leagues from the new.

† The kingdom of New Spain alone, from the isthmus of Panama on the south, to the extremity of the diocese of Durango on the north, is more than fifteen hundred leagues in length.

‡ Cortez was ignorant of the true names of many places from not knowing their correct pronunciation, and the mode of writing them in Spanish.

§ Zempoulla still retains the same name. It is four leagues from Vera Cruz, and from its ruins must have been a considerable city. This place must not be confounded with another of a similar name in the archbishoprick of Mexico, twelve leagues from that capital.

fortified towns, and can furnish about fifty thousand soldiers, I left it quite peaceable, consisting of subjects the more secure, loyal, and faithful, as they had been not long before subjected by force to the dominion of Montezuma, who oppressed them cruelly, and took their children from them, in order to sacrifice them to his idols.

When they were informed of the great power of your majesty, they made known to me their complaints against Montezuma, requested my friendship, offered to submit, and begged my protection. As I have treated them well and always favoured them, I doubt not but they will remain faithful, had they no other motive than gratitude for my having delivered them from the tyranny of Montezuma. In order, however, to secure their fidelity, I thought proper to select a number of persons of distinction from among them, together with some of inferior rank, and take them along with me, and they have proved of great service in my enterprize.

Among the Spaniards who accompanied me, I discovered some of them to be the friends or tools of Diego Velasquez,\* and that envious of my good fortune, they were desirous of quitting the country and exciting a revolt against me. Of these, Juan Escudero, Diego Cermeno, Piloto, and Gonzalez de Hongaria, together with Piloto and Alphonzo Penoto, have confessed that they had formed a plan to seize a brig in the harbour, kill the master, take on board a supply of provisions, and repair to the island of Fernandina,† and give information to Velasquez of the sailing of my ship for Europe, what it contained, and the course it had pursued, that he might adopt measures for taking it, as he has already several others, and would have done the last had it not gone through the Bahama passage. They also acknowledged that there were others who were disposed to give information to Velasquez.

On making this discovery I determined to punish the guilty, as justice, the situation of affairs, and the good of the service required, and to order all the shipping in the harbour to be stranded, on the pretext that they were no longer fit for sea.

By this expedient I effectually suppressed the whole plot, which, considering the smallness of our numbers and the intrigues of the friends of Velasquez, might have had an unfortunate issue for the glory of God and your majesty's interest. I thus deprived

\* The same who endeavoured to frustrate Cortez's expedition, and afterwards sought to render his character and views suspected by the court of Madrid, from the injurious accounts forwarded by him from Cuba, of which he was governor. He was a native of Cuella, and had been a servant to Don Bartholomew Colon. Having obtained possession of Cuba at the head of a band of adventurers, he was appointed to the government of that island.

† The island of Cuba was called Fernandina, from king Ferdinand, and that of St. Domingo, Isabella, from his queen.

those who were desirous of quitting me, of the means of carrying their plans into execution, and commenced my journey with the greater security, as before setting out, I had taken the precaution of requiring the inhabitants of the cities to deliver up their arms.

Eight or ten days after the ships were stranded, while on my way to Zempoulla, I received information from Vera Cruz, that there were four ships on the coast; that the commanding officer of the city having gone in a boat to speak with them, had learned that they were upon a voyage of discovery, and belonged to Francis de Garay, lieutenant of the king and governor of Jamaica, upon which he had acquainted them that I had taken possession of the country in your majesty's name, and had built Vera Cruz, whither they might safely come with their ships to refit them. They returned for answer that they had noticed the harbour in sailing past, and would pursue the measure he had recommended.

The ships did not, however, follow the boat, or enter the harbour as was expected, but continued lying off and on without the officer's being able to discover their intentions. On receiving this information I went immediately to Vera Cruz, where I learned that the ships were lying three leagues below, with their sails all set, and that none of the crews had been on shore.

Taking with me some soldiers, I then proceeded along the coast to obtain intelligence, and at about a league from the ships I met with three men who had come from them. One who called himself the clerk, said that he was ordered in presence of the others, whom he had brought as witnesses, to require me to fix the boundaries between my discoveries and those of the commander of the ships, whose intention it was to establish colonies, and to make his principal settlement on the coast, at a place five leagues below Nautical, a city twelve leagues from that now known by the name of Almeria.

I replied to the messengers that their commander might come with his ships into the harbour of Vera Cruz, where I would confer with him; that every assistance in my power should be given to the ships and the crews, and that as they were on the same service with myself, it would give me pleasure in being able to serve them. As the messengers declared that neither the commander nor any of the crews would be persuaded to come on shore where I was, I determined to secure them, as I was apprehensive that they intended some injury against the country, from their being so fearful of meeting me. I then concealed myself near the shore, opposite to the ships, until noon the next day, in the hope of taking and sending to Europe the commander or the pilot, who might come on shore, to learn what had become of their messengers, or at least the route which they had taken.

At mid-day, no person appearing, I ordered the three messengers to be stripped, and three of my men to dress themselves in their clothes, and to make signals and hail the ships.

As soon as the signals were perceived, ten or twelve men armed with cross-bows and muskets leaped into a boat and rowed on shore. Four of them quitted the boat and were taken by my soldiers, who were posted behind some hedges that were near.

A captain of one of the ships, who was among those that were taken, attempted to shoot the commandant of Vera Cruz, and would have killed him, if through the favour of God, his musket had not flashed. The remainder regained their ships as soon as possible, which had set sail without waiting for them, so apprehensive were they that I should gain some information of their views or destination. Those whom I took informed me that they had gone on shore at the mouth of the river Panuco, thirty leagues below Almeria; that they had been well received by the natives, who had promised to supply them with provisions. They had also found gold, though in small quantities; but had not ventured to land until they were fully satisfied as to the disposition of the inhabitants, whom they had seen from their ships. That the houses in that district were low, and built entirely of straw, except a few small boards wrought by hand.

I afterwards received a confirmation of the truth of this report from Montezuma and some interpreters belonging to the country who were in his suite, and at the same time sent the interpreters and an Indian of the district, with several messengers from Montezuma, to the lord of the shores of the Panuco, to persuade him to acknowledge himself your majesty's vassal. An ambassador of distinction returned with my envoys, who, in the name of his chief, presented me with garments, precious stones, and feathers, assuring me at the same time that he and his people were ready to become my friends and your majesty's subjects. I presented the ambassador in return with some articles of Spanish manufacture, with which the cacique was highly delighted.

I remained for three days in the province of Zempoulla, where I was well received and lodged by the inhabitants. On the fourth day I entered that of Sienchimalen, where I met with a city strongly situated on a very steep height. It is accessible only on one side, and the approach to it would be very difficult if the inhabitants should dispute the passage. In the plain are many villages, containing from two to five hundred peasants, who are employed in agriculture, and can on occasion, form an army of five or six thousand men. I was well received by them, and they gave me every assistance in their power to enable me to prosecute my journey.

These people informed me that they knew that I was going to visit Montezuma, who was their lord and my friend, as he had sent to them to let them know that it was his pleasure that I should

be at all times well received. To these civilities I returned for answer, that I was going, by your majesty's order, to visit Montezuma.

At the extremity of this province I crossed a mountain, which I named the Mountain of God, it being the first of our passing. It was loftier, steeper, and more difficult to pass than any of our mountains in Spain. On the other side we came successively to some cultivated grounds, a town, and the fortress of Yshuacan, all belonging to Montezuma, in perfect safety, and without meeting the least opposition from the inhabitants. We were here, by the orders of Montezuma, as well received as at Tienchimalin, and on our part we treated the inhabitants kindly.

For the next three days I crossed a desert region, wholly uninhabited in consequence of its sterility, want of water, and extreme coldness. God only knows what we endured from hunger and thirst; we were likewise surprised by a violent tempest, and I feared lest many of my people would perish with the cold, as several Indians did who huddled together without order. After three days of suffering we came to a second mountain, not so steep as the first; on the top was a little tower, in the form of a chapel, which contained idols\* of various forms. This tower was surrounded by more than a thousand wagon loads of wood, cut and piled in order, on which account we gave to this mountain the name of the Mountain of Wood. On descending it we traversed a valley, situated between two very steep cliffs, thickly settled with very poor inhabitants. We proceeded for two hours through this settlement, without being able to obtain any information, when we at length came to a more level country, where, as it seemed, the lord of the valley resided. I saw there several large houses built of hewn stone,† which were new, handsome, and commodiously disposed.

This valley and settlement is called Caltanni. I was well received and lodged there. When I had made known to the cacique the object of my journey, I inquired if he was an ally or a subject of Montezuma. Surprised at my question, he replied, with great simplicity, "Who is he that is not a subject of Montezuma?" He believed him to be the master of the world, and I doubt much if he was undeceived by my telling him of the great

\* The archbishop of Toledo attempts to prove from the Mexican calendar, that their idols were so numerous, that each month and day had its peculiar divinity. Might not the Mexicans with propriety have asked the Spaniards if they themselves were less idolatrous?

† Bernal Diaz in his account of the expedition of Cordova, in which he embarked, says that the town of Potonchan in the province of Yucatan contained several buildings of lime and stone and that at Punta de Cotorhe, near where they landed "were three buildings of lime and stone, wherein were idols of clay with diabolical countenances, and in strange unnatural postures."—*Keating's B. Diaz*, p. 4 and 6.

power and extensive dominion of your majesty, that greater monarchs than Montezuma thought it an honour and a pleasure to be esteemed your subjects, and that he and all his people would be compelled to acknowledge you as their lord.

I then required his submission, and threatened him with punishment in case of refusal, demanding of him gold as a proof of his obedience. He replied that he had gold,\* but that he would deliver it only to the order of Montezuma, on receiving which not only his gold, but his person and all his possessions were at my disposal. In order not to excite discontent and obstruct the execution of my design, I dissembled my displeasure, and left him, assuring him that before long Montezuma would send him an order to deliver to me all the gold that he possessed.

While here I was visited by two caciques belonging to the district, who offered me some golden necklaces and seven or eight slaves. I remained in this place four or five days, when I left the caciques much pleased with my conduct, and proceeded to the residence of one of them, who lived in the upper part of the valley. His territory is called Yxtamaxtil Can, and occupies an extent of about three or four leagues, on the shore of a river, along which the buildings are continued without interruption. The house of the cacique is situated on a high hill, having a good fort surrounded with walls, and having a covered way. The number of inhabitants on the hill are estimated at from five to six thousand; they have good houses, and live better than those in the valley. This cacique is also a subject of Montezuma. I was well treated during the three days which I remained here in order to recover from our fatigues, and to wait the return of four Zempoullan Indians whom I had sent from Caltanni to a large province called Tascalteca, which I was told was not far off.

My messengers had assured me that the people of that province were very numerous and powerful, and with their allies were constantly at war with Montezuma, whose territories surrounded them on all sides. They likewise added that it would be of importance to me to form a connexion with them, as they would prove of essential service should Montezuma be disposed to act treacherously towards me. I remained here eight days, waiting the return of my messengers, when becoming impatient of longer

\* The Indians collected among the sands of the rivers, or from the surface of the earth, the gold which they paid to their kings in small measures under the title of impost.

Clavigero says that the measure employed by the Mexicans for the gold dust which they paid in tribute to their monarchs, were goose quills, the barrels of which were filled with that substance: and the merchant who dealt in gold had the metal in grains as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned, and the gold was valued at so many mantles or xipequils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills."—*B. Diaz*, 144

delay, I interrogated the principal Zempoullans whom I had with me, and on their assuring me of the friendship of the Tascaltecan, I resolved to depart. As I quitted the valley I met with a walled enclosure, built of stones without mortar,\* from nine to ten feet high, and twenty in thickness, on the top of which was a parapet for the combatants of a foot and a half thick. This wall crossed the valley from one side to the other; it had but one outlet of ten paces in breadth, in which place it was more than twice as thick as the rest, and built in the form of a ravelin.

On inquiring the intention of this building from the inhabitants, I was told that it was to defend themselves from their neighbours, the people of Tascalteca, who were enemies to Montezuma, and perpetually at war with him. They urged me strongly, since I was going to visit their master, not to trust myself upon the territories of his enemies, as I should be in danger of receiving insults and injuries from them, and that they might proceed to the greatest extremities, offering to conduct me themselves through the dominions of Montezuma, where I might be sure of being well received. The Zempouallans, however, in whom I placed greater confidence, dissuaded me from following their advice; they observed that these subjects of Montezuma made such representations to me in order to prevent my forming a treaty with the Tascaltecan, that the former were designing and treacherous people, whose intention was to lead me among rocks and precipices, from which it would be impossible to extricate myself.

As I proceeded on my journey I kept about half a league in advance of my troops with six horsemen, in order to have time to concert measures should I discover aught of importance, without much thought of any danger to myself.

After a march of four hours we ascended a hill, from whence the two horsemen who were forward saw several Indians with war plumes on their heads, armed with swords and bucklers, who fled immediately on perceiving them. I came up in sufficient time to order them to call to the Indians and make signs to them to come to us and fear nothing. I then went towards a place where there were about fifteen of them, but on seeing me approach they drew together, grasped their swords, and called to their fellow soldiers who were in the valley. They fought very courageously with us, and had already killed two of our horses and wounded three and two horsemen, when an army of four or five thousand came up to their assistance.

By this time eight of my horsemen had joined me, and we continued skirmishing until the arrival of my main body, to whom

\* Bernal Diaz says that it was built of stone and lime, and some cement of so strong a nature, that nothing but tools of iron could have any effect on it.

I had sent orders to hasten their march. In our skirmishes we killed fifty or sixty of them, without receiving any injury, although they fought with great spirit and courage, but as we were on horseback, we of course had the advantage in the attack, and could retreat without danger. As soon as they perceived the approach of my main body, they withdrew, and left us the field of battle.

They had scarcely gone when two of my Zempoullan envoys came up, with several deputies from the province, who called themselves caciques. I was assured that these caciques had no share in what had happened, but that it was entirely owing to the inhabitants of some of the villages, who had acted without their knowledge. They said that they were sorry for their conduct, and would pay me for the horses which had been killed, and that they wished to become my friends and to treat me with hospitality. I thanked them, and passed the following night by the side of a rivulet, a league from the field of battle, as it was late and my men were fatigued. Notwithstanding all their protestations I kept constantly on the watch, in the midst of my guards and centinels, both on foot and on horseback, until day-break, when I resumed my march, having made the best disposition in my power of my scouts, advanced guard, and main body.

We had scarcely set out when we were met by the other two Zempoullan messengers, who were weeping, and informed me that they had been bound with an intention of being put to death, but had the good fortune to effect their escape in the night. I had hardly time to congratulate them on their safety, when I perceived a multitude of Indians well armed advancing, who after uttering a loud cry, immediately commenced the battle with a shower of arrows.

I ordered my interpreters to remonstrate with them, but the more efforts I made to persuade them to peace, the more determined they appeared to be to injure us. I then changed my mode of proceeding, and we began to defend ourselves. We fought the whole day until sunset, attacked on all sides by a hundred thousand men, and with only six cannons, five or six musquets, forty archers, and the thirteen horsemen who remained, we made great destruction among the enemy, without suffering any injury ourselves, except from fatigue and hunger. A proof that the God of armies fought for us, for without divine aid it was impossible that we should have escaped unhurt from the hands of such a numerous host, no less skilful than courageous.

The next night I took post in a small tower containing some idols, and the following morning at day-break, leaving my artillery under a guard of two hundred men, and taking with me the cavalry, one hundred infantry, and seven hundred Indians, I marched against the enemy before they had time to collect, burned five or six of their villages, made prisoners of four hundred men and women, and returned to my camp without loss, though constantly



fighting on the retreat. Early the next morning an assault was made upon my camp by the enemy, who amounted to upward of one hundred and forty-nine thousand men; they attacked us with such courage that some of them penetrated into the camp, and fought the Spaniards hand to hand. We defended ourselves with bravery, and God assisting us, in four hours we were intrenched and secured from danger in case of a new attack.

Before day the next morning I quitted my intrenchments unperceived by the enemy, with the horse, a hundred foot, and the Indians, and burned ten towns, one of which consisted of more than three thousand houses. Here I experienced an obstinate resistance, but as we fought for our religion, for your majesty's service, and under the banners of the cross and the holy virgin,\* God granted us a signal victory. We killed great numbers of them without losing any of our own men, but in the afternoon, finding that the Indians were collecting their forces, I ordered a retreat, and we returned to our camp without loss.

The next day several caciques sent deputations to me, with professions of repentance, and offers of submission, accompanied with presents of provisions and some feathers, which are highly prized by these people. I remonstrated with them on the baseness of their conduct, but told them that I would notwithstanding forgive them and become their friend, if they were sincerely disposed to adopt a different one. The next day more than fifty, who appeared to be persons of distinction, came to my camp on pretence of bringing provisions, but in reality for the purpose of examining attentively its various parts and entrances. On receiving information from the Zempoullans that these men were spies, I had one of them seized, unknown to the others, and taking him in private with my interpreters, threatened him with the severest punishment unless he confessed the truth. He acknowledged that Sintegal† the chief general of their country, was with his army

\* One of these standards, on which the Virgin was represented, is still preserved in the secretary's office; the other exhibiting the cross, is in the church of St. Francis, at Mexico.

† This is the same officer who by Bernal Diaz is called Xicotinga the younger. He (Cortez) then inquired relative to the power of Xicotinga and the nature of his command. They informed him that the army now assembled consisted of the quotas brought by five chiefs, each of which was ten thousand men. These chiefs were Xicotinga the elder, father of the general, Maxicatzin, Chihimecatecle, Tepanaceca cacique of Topeyanco, and a cacique named Guexbein. Thus fifty thousand warriors were now ranged under the banner of Xicotinga, which was a white bird with the wings spread, resembling an ostrich. Each division of the troops had also its own marks of distinction. This we found to be the case, and that each cacique bore them in the manner of our nobility in Castile; although when we were first informed of it by our prisoners we disbelieved it.—*B. Diaz*, p. 97.

A chief or general commanded the troops of the Tlascalans. The soldiers had in their quivers two arrows, on which were engraved the

concealed behind some hills in front of my camp; that it was his intention to attack me the following night, since the day was found to be unfavourable for that purpose, it being of the greatest importance that his men should be freed from the fear of the horses and the fire arms. He likewise added that Sintegal had sent them to examine the construction of our camp, and to discover some means of surprising us, and burning our straw barracks.

I had then another seized and interrogated, in a similar manner, who confirmed the account given by the first. After which five or six others were examined, whose answers were the same. I next ordered the hands of these fifty spies to be cut off, and sent them back to their general with this message: "That either by night or day he or any of his men might see who we were." I then strengthened my camp with some additional fortifications, and having stationed my sentries at their posts, remained on the watch till sunset. In the dusk of the evening the enemy came down along the vallies, expecting by that means to approach near us without being perceived, in order by surrounding us, to be the better enabled to execute their design. Well informed of their movements, I thought it imprudent to await and permit them to approach, as under cover of the night they might succeed in burning our camp. With this view I advanced to meet them with all my horse, in hopes to disperse, or at least prevent them from reaching the camp. I fell upon those who were nearest; as soon as they saw the horse they fled as fast and as silently as possible, secreting themselves behind some fields of grain, with which almost the whole country was covered, abandoning the provisions which they had brought with them, in the full expectation of taking us. The enemy having withdrawn I permitted my troops to rest for several days, during which I contented myself with merely driving off, with my detached parties, those Indians who came to harass us by skirmishing, or to intimidate us with their cries.

Having recovered a little from our fatigues, I left my camp by night, after the first round, with a hundred foot, all the horse, and my Indian allies. I had hardly proceeded a league, when five of the horses fell, nor could we by any means compel them to go on. I then ordered them to be taken back as soon as possible, and continued my route, although all my men urged me to return, considering the accident as a sinister omen. I attacked several towns, in which we killed great numbers of Indians,

names of their two ancient heroes; this was in order to perpetuate the names of those who had procured their liberty. When they were in presence of the enemy, they discharged one of these arrows, and it was a point of honour to recover it, even at the risk of their lives. Their obligation to regain this arrow was a spur to their valour, and an incentive to fall upon the enemy with intrepidity, of which they gave a striking proof at the siege of Mexico.—*Cortés Americanas, di Conti Carli.*

but were prevented from setting fire to the buildings, lest it should discover us to the people in the vicinity, and at length about day-break came to a city consisting of more than twenty thousand houses. Being taken by surprise, the men ran out into the streets unarmed and naked, as well as the women and children. As I saw they could make no resistance, I began to ravage the place, when the chief men came to me, besought my pardon, and begged me not to injure them, requesting to be received as your majesty's subjects, and my friends, promising in future to be wholly obedient to my orders. They then accompanied me to a fountain, and supplied me with provisions in abundance. I consented to make peace with them and returned to my camp, where I found my men in great apprehension for my safety; in consequence of the five horses having returned; but when they learned the victory which God had been pleased to grant us, and the submission of a part of the province, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

I acknowledge to your majesty that our fears were great on finding ourselves in the midst of an unknown country, surrounded by innumerable enemies, and without hope of assistance. Several times have I overheard parties of my soldiers compare me to *Peter the Collier*, who knew well enough where he was, but could not find the way to get out. Others considered me as a fool or a madman, whose schemes ought not to be encouraged, but that on the contrary it was absolutely necessary to quit me if I would not consent to accompany them and return by the shortest road. They even went so far as several times to press me to return, and I had great difficulty in persuading them to remain, by representing to them that their services and their lives were due to your majesty; that the present object was to acquire for their sovereign the most important country in the world; that no Spaniard had ever yet incurred the disgrace of deserting his standard in so cowardly a manner; that farther, as good Christians it was their duty to fight the enemies of our holy faith, and by that means to merit a splendid recompense in the other world; and in this a degree of glory never before attained by any of the human race. I observed that God had manifestly fought for us, and that to him nothing was impossible, which was apparent in our victories, in which so many of our enemies had been destroyed, without the loss of a single man on our part. I promised them your majesty's favour if they continued faithful, and threatened them with the whole weight of your displeasure, in case of their disobedience and defection. By such remonstrances, and the allowance of a small advance of pay, I at length succeeded in restoring their courage and confidence, and have now brought them to do all that I could wish.

At ten the next morning Sintegal, the captain general, accompanied by fifty of the nobles, came to request me, in behalf of Magicatzin, governor-general of the republic, to receive them

as subjects of your majesty, and to grant them my friendship and forgiveness, for having attacked us, through ignorance of who we were. They observed that never having had a master, but living from time immemorial in a state of independence, free from the domination of Montezuma and his ancestors, who had subdued the whole world besides, and preferring to a state of vassalage the privations of the most necessary articles, such as salt and cotton, which were not produced in their country, they had thought it their duty to defend their liberty by all possible means; but since they perceived that neither their numbers, stratagems, nor exertions could avail, they esteemed submission, preferable to death, and the destruction of their families and habitations.

I replied, that they had themselves been the cause of their own misfortunes; that I had come among them as a friend on the recommendation of the Zampoullans, and had sent them deputies to inform them of my intentions, and the pleasure it would give me to cultivate their friendship; that they had in the first place attacked me unexpectedly, whilst I was on my way in perfect security; that they had afterwards endeavoured to deceive me by pretended repentance and false protestations; whilst at the same time they were making preparations to attack me anew when I expected it the least. In short, I reproached them with all the plots and treacheries which they had endeavoured to execute. I however accepted their submission, and the offer which they made me of their persons and property, since which they have not deceived me in a single instance, and I trust that hereafter they will prove good and faithful subjects.

I remained six or seven days in my camp without quitting it, as I thought it not prudent to confide in people who had so frequently deceived me. They, however, requested me so earnestly to visit Tascalteca, where their caciques lived, that at length I yielded and proceeded to that capital which was about six leagues from my camp. I was surprised at its size and magnificence. It is longer and stronger than Grenada,\* contains as many and as handsome buildings, and is much more populous than that city at the time of its conquest. It is also much better supplied with corn, poultry, game, fresh-water fish, pulse, and other excellent vegetables. There are in the market each day thirty thousand persons, including buyers and sellers, without reckoning the merchants and petty dealers dispersed over the city. In this market may be bought every necessary of life, clothes, shoes, feathers of all kinds, ornaments of gold and silver, as well wrought as in any part of the world; various kinds of earthenware of a superior

\* "Grenada contained sixty thousand houses; when it was conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, on the 6th of January, 1491. Allowing five persons to a house, Grenada must have contained three hundred thousand souls.—*Lettre Americane*.

quality to that of Spain, wood, coal, herbs and medicinal plants. Here are houses for baths, and places for washing and shearing goats; in short this city exhibits great regularity, and has a good police; the inhabitants are peculiarly neat and far superior to the most industrious of the Africans. The territory of this republic is about eighty leagues in circumference; it abounds with fine valleys, in a high state of cultivation, for no part of the ground is permitted to lie untilld. In its constitution it resembles those of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, as there is no chief invested with the supreme authority. Most of the caciques reside in the city; the labouring peasants are their vassals, they are nevertheless allowed to possess land in greater or less quantities. In time of war they all assemble, and the captain general arranges his plan for the campaign. Their government is conducted on the principles of justice, and they punish those who are convicted of crimes; for on a complaint which I made to Magiscatzin, the governor, of an Indian having stolen some gold from a Spaniard, a search was immediately instituted, and the thief, together with the article stolen, taken and brought to me, that I might determine his punishment. I thanked them for their vigilance, but told them that I did not wish to execute justice upon their subjects in their own country, but preferred that the offender should be punished by their own laws. They were pleased with this mark of respect, and ordered the criminal to be conducted into the great market by the public crier, who there proclaimed his crime. After having done this he ascended a sort of stage, leaving the criminal at the foot, from whence he again recapitulated his offence, when the spectators immediately dispatched him with clubs.

From the most accurate information, this province contains about five hundred thousand inhabitants who are perfectly submissive to your majesty's rule, as well as those of another small province adjoining it, called Guajozingo, which in its constitution resembles that of Tascalteca.

Whilst I was yet at war with the Indians of Tascalteca, six caciques of high consideration, vassals of Montezuma, with a suite of two hundred persons at least, came in his name to acknowledge themselves your majesty's subjects and to claim my friendship. They desired me to fix the tribute I wished them to pay, in gold, silver, precious stones, slaves, and pieces of cotton, assuring me that I might dispose as I pleased of all that they possessed, provided that I would not enter their territories, which were barren, and where, they were sorry to inform me, I should run great hazards and experience every kind of distress. These ambassadors were with me almost the whole of the time during the war with the Tascaltecan, and saw what the Spaniards were capable of performing; they were also present when I granted peace to the people of that province, and witnessed the offers of the principal caciques. I perceived that they were not pleased with our reconciliation, and employed every method to embroil us, and in-

spire me with distrust. They told me that those caciques were rogues and traitors, who only sought to appease me in order to betray me with less danger. On the other side the Tascaltecan cautioned me to be on my guard against these subjects of Montezuma, who had subjugated the country entirely by the means of craft and treachery. This discord and mutual enmity appeared favourable to my plan of subduing them both, and I accepted as a favourable omen, that passage of scripture which says, "A kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to ruin." I dissembled with both, thanked them for their advice, and always manifested the utmost confidence in each, whenever they spoke to me.

After having been twenty-one days at Tascalteca, the ambassadors of Montezuma urged me to go to Cholula, which was six leagues distant, to learn the determination of their monarch, from some new envoys, and to be in a more convenient situation to negotiate with him. I promised to go with them, and had even appointed the day, when the caciques of Tascalteca hearing of my intention, came to me, and with much solicitude conjured me not to go, for that a plot was formed to destroy me and my companions. They said that Montezuma had collected fifty thousand soldiers at Cholula, who had shut up the former road and opened a new one, which they had filled with holes, cultrops, and pointed stakes, in order to destroy or lame the horses. That they had also barricaded many of the streets, and had collected great quantities of stones on the tops of the houses, in order to throw them upon us when we had entered the city. To confirm these assertions they observed that the caciques of that city, though at so small a distance, had never been to see me, whilst I had received visits from those of Guacincango which was much farther, and advised me to send for them, assuring me that they would refuse to come. I sincerely thanked them, and desired them to procure me messengers to send to these caciques, to come to Tascalteca. They did as I desired them, and I despatched the messengers to Cholula, with an invitation to the caciques to visit me; acquainting them with my reasons for coming among them, and your majesty's intentions. My envoys returned with two or three of the inhabitants, who informed me that their caciques were sick, and had sent them to know what I wanted. The Tascaltecan told me that this was a contemptuous answer, that these deputies were of the lowest order of the people, and that I ought by no means to set out until the caciques themselves should come to request me. In consequence of this information, I told the messengers that it was not to such men as them that I should communicate your majesty's orders; that their caciques themselves would be too highly honoured in being made acquainted with them, and that if in three days, they did not appear to receive them, and submit themselves, I would come and attack them as rebels, and treat

them with the greatest rigour, whereas I would treat them with kindness if they fulfilled their duty.

The next day almost all the caciques came, and said that their reason for not visiting me sooner was, that I was among their enemies, in whose territory they did not consider themselves secure. That they had no doubt of their enemies having endeavoured by false insinuations to prejudice me against them, but that when I came to their city, I should be convinced of their fidelity and of the falsehood of such suggestions; that they submitted themselves to your majesty, and from that time should consider themselves as your subjects; that they would always continue so to be, and in every thing conform themselves to the orders which you should be pleased to signify to them.

I resolved to go to Cholula with these caciques in order to be in a more favourable situation for pursuing my designs upon Montezuma, and lest a refusal should discover any timidity.

The Tascaltecan were very sorry to see me adopt this resolution. They repeatedly assured me that their enemies were deceiving me, and that as they had submitted to your majesty it was their duty to aid me, and share in my dangers. I desired them not to go with me as it would not be necessary: but my remonstrances were to no purpose, for more than a hundred thousand effective men accompanied me within two leagues of the city, where with much difficulty, by entreaties and commands, I at length prevailed on them to return; except five or six thousand who continued with me. I halted at this distance, and passed the night by the side of a rivulet, in order to dismiss the greater part of this multitude, who I was fearful would commit some disorders, as well as to avoid entering the city by night. The next day the inhabitants came to meet me, with trumpets and timbrels, and the priests of the several temples, clothed in their dresses of ceremony and singing. In this manner they conducted us to very good quarters, where we were well accommodated, and supplied with provisions, though in a very moderate quantity. On the way I noticed some of the indications of treachery, which the Tascaltecan had mentioned. I perceived that the great road was shut up, that another was opened, which were full of holes, that many of the streets were barricadoed, and that there were scites of stones, on the roofs of the houses, which determined me to keep strictly on my guard.

At Cholula I found messengers from Montezuma, who had come to gain information of my intentions from those who had been with me, and communicate it to their master. As soon as they had performed their commission, they returned, taking with them the most distinguished persons of the first embassy.

For the three days succeeding my arrival, I could not but notice the little regard and attention that was paid me. I perceived that the respect of the citizens diminished daily, and that the caciques and chief men came to visit me but seldom. This

conduct began to excite my suspicions strongly, when an Indian of the country informed one of my interpreters, that the people of Cholula had sent their wives, children, and valuable effects, out of the city, and intended, in concert with the soldiers of Montezuma, to attack us, and not suffer one of us to escape; but that if he would go with him he would save his life, and place him in security. The interpreter disclosed the plot to D'Aguilar, who immediately made it known to me. On receiving this information I had one of the inhabitants privately seized and examined. He confirmed the account of the interpreter, and I determined to anticipate them by striking the first blow. With this view I sent for the principal caciques to come to me, pretending that I had a communication to make to them. I immediately had them shut up and closely guarded in a hall, and bidding those soldiers who were near me be on the alert, I ordered them to attack all the Indians who should be found in or near my quarters. I then mounted my horse, summoned my men to arms, and in less than two hours wholly defeated the plans of our enemies, after killing more than three thousand of them. They had already occupied all the streets, and the troops were at the posts assigned them, but I had not much difficulty in defeating them, as they were taken by surprise, and I had used the precaution of securing their chiefs. I set fire to the towers and other strongs places, in which they had shut themselves. My quarters, which were very strong, I secured by a strong detachment, and employed but five hours in driving from street to street, and finally dispersing our numerous enemies, assisted only by four hundred Zempoullans and five thousand Tascaltecan.

On returning to my lodgings, I interrogated my prisoners, and asked them the reason of such treacherous conduct, they replied that it was wholly owing to the Mexicans, who had collected an army of fifty thousand men, at a league and a half from Cholula, and by menaces obliged them to join in the execution of their plot. They acknowledged that they had been misled, but promised that if I would release one or two of their caciques, they would go and recal the inhabitants, and bring back their families and effects, begging me to forgive them and grant them my friendship, promising in future to be loyal and faithful. After I had represented to them the baseness of their conduct, I ordered them all to be released, and the next day the city was re peopled, and as tranquil as if nothing had happened. In the course of fifteen or twenty days, the markets and shops were as much frequented as usual, during which time I succeeded in reconciling the people of Tascalteca with those of Cholula. They had formerly been friends and allies, but Montezuma by negotiations and presents had found the means of disuniting them.



The city of Cholula\* consists of more than twenty thousand houses. It is situated in a plain, well watered, highly cultivated, and abounding with corn and excellent pasturage, as is the case with all the lands in this part of the country. From time immemorial the government of this state, like that of Tascalteca, has been independent. Its population is so numerous, that notwithstanding the most careful cultivation of the land, and its fertility, great numbers of the inhabitants suffer for want of bread, and beggars are numerous in every quarter. In general, they are better clothed than the Tascaltecs. Persons of distinction wear over their other garments cloaks, in fabric and trimming like the African mantles, but of a different shape. Since my contest with them I have had reason to be pleased with their submission to the orders which I have given them in your majesty's name, among the number of whose most faithful subjects, I believe they may hereafter be ranked.

I spoke to the ambassadors of Montezuma, concerning the conspiracy at Cholula, and told them that I was not ignorant of their monarch's having had a share in it; that it was extremely unworthy of so great a prince to offer me friendship by his ambassadors, while at the same time he was plotting to destroy me by means of others, in order to excuse himself in case of failure, that since he had not observed his engagements with me, but had treated me with duplicity, I should hereafter change my conduct; that instead of going to visit him as a friend, and living in peace and harmony with him, as I had intended, I was now resolved to make a most bloody war upon him, and to lay waste and destroy whatever I could; that I was, however, sorry in being compelled to adopt such a course of proceeding, as I could have wished to have had him for a friend, and to have advised with him on all my undertakings.

The ambassadors most solemnly averred that they were wholly ignorant of what had taken place, and did not believe that their master had the least concern therein. They begged me before I declared war against him, to inform myself fully of the truth, and permit one of them to go and acquaint him, and return immediately. As the place of Montezuma's residence was but twenty leagues from Cholula, I complied with their request, and allowed one of them to depart. At the end of six days he came

\* "The city of Cholula much resembled Valladolid, being in a fertile plain, very thickly inhabited; it is surrounded by fields of maize, pepper, and maguey. They had an excellent manufacture of earthenware, of three colours, red, black and white, painted in different patterns, with which Mexico and all the neighbouring countries were supplied, as Castile is by those of Talavera and Placencia. The city had at that time above a hundred lofty white towers, which were the temples of their idols, one of which was held in peculiar veneration. The principal temple was higher than that of Mexico, and each of these buildings was placed in a spacious court.—*B. Diaz*, p. 124.

back accompanied by the nobleman who had been with the first embassy, and had returned.

I received by them from Montezuma, a present of ten golden plates, five hundred pieces of cloth, many fowls, and a great quantity of a certain liquor, which they make use of, called *Panicañ*, made of maize, sugar and water.

The ambassadors assured me from their sovereign, that he had no share in the projected revolt of the Cholulans; that it was true the soldiers who garrisoned that city belonged to him, but that they were there, not in consequence of his orders, but a particular stipulation subsisting between them and the people of Cholula, which obliged them to assist each other, and that in future his conduct should prove to me the sincerity of his professions. That he requested me, however, not to enter his territories, as the land was unproductive, and I should be in want of necessaries; but that on making my wishes known to him, he would with pleasure, immediately, send me whatever I desired. I answered the ambassadors that I could not comply with their master's request of not entering his dominions, as my duty obliged me to render to your majesty, an accurate account of their sovereign and his possessions. That I believed what he affirmed was true, but that he must permit me to satisfy myself of it in person, and that I begged he would not attempt to obstruct my intention, as I should in that case be compelled to resort to measures injurious to him, which would ever be with me a subject of regret.

When Montezuma found that I was determined to visit him, he sent a great number of persons to accompany me, at the same time declaring that nothing could give him greater pleasure. I had hardly entered his territories, when his people urged me to take a road, where they might with ease have destroyed me, judging from the account I have since received of it, and the information of some Spaniards whom I sent that way. On this road there were so many openings, defiles, bridges, and difficult passes, as to have enabled them to execute their designs with perfect security; but as God has ever, in a particular manner, from your earliest years, watched over whatever concerns a sovereign, in whose service the army and its commander were employed, he in his infinite goodness, discovered to us another passage, bad enough in truth, but much less dangerous than that which they wished us to pursue.

Eight leagues from Cholula are two chains of very lofty mountains, the more remarkable from their tops being covered with snow in the month of August; one of them both by day and night, frequently emits volumes of fire, the smoke of which is forced up perpendicularly, with such violence, that the wind, though very strong in this elevated region, produces no change in its direction. In order to be able to give a more particular account to your majesty of whatever is remarkable in this country, I selected ten of my companions for discoveries of this nature,

and directed them to attempt by all means to gain the summit of this mountain, in order to discover from whence the smoke proceeded; but they found it impossible to reach the top from the extreme cold, the great quantity of snow, and the clouds of ashes which perpetually envelope it. They proceeded however, as far as possible, and whilst at the extreme point of their ascent, the smoke issued with so much noise and impetuosity, that it seemed as if the mountain was falling to pieces under them. On their return they brought with them some snow and ice, substances very unusual in a country, situated in the twentieth degree of latitude, where the heat is very powerful.

While my people were occupied in this research, they discovered a road, and on inquiring of their guides whether it led, they informed them that it was the most direct road to Chulua, and that the other by which the Mexicans wished to conduct us was extremely bad.

On receiving this information the Spaniards followed the road to the height of land, which it crossed, and discovered from the loftiest point of this height the plain of Chulua, the great city of Temixtitlan, and the lakes of that province, of which I shall hereafter give an account to your majesty.

The detachment returned much pleased with having made this discovery. God only knows what joy I felt on this information; I told the ambassadors of Montezuma, who had been sent to accompany me, that I was resolved to take this road, which was nearer than the one they had recommended. They acknowledged that the road I had discovered was shorter and of less difficult travel than the other, but that their objections to taking it were that they should be obliged to pass through the territory of their enemies, the Indians of Guascingo, and that we should not be able among them, as in the dominions of Montezuma, to procure such necessaries as we wanted, but that since I was desirous of pursuing it, they would take measures for supplying us with provisions.

I was fearful lest these ambassadors were preparing a snare for us, but as I had mentioned the road which I intended to take, I thought it not prudent to turn back, or change our course, as nothing was more to be apprehended than that a suspicion of our courage should be entertained.

I accordingly left Cholula, and the same day proceeded four leagues to some hamlets in the province of Guascingo, where I was well received by the inhabitants, and presented with slaves, pieces of cloth, and gold, all in small quantities, but as much as their means would allow, for, as they belong to the Tascaltecan confederacy, and are confined to their own country by Montezuma, they are compelled to depend on their internal resources, which are very trifling.

*(To be continued.)*

## RURAL ECONOMY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

“Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field.”

*Isaiah xxix, 17.*

*Western Plaster.*—The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Peter Lorillard, dated “New York, 25th March 1817.” Before we present it to the reader, we shall just remark that we have seen another letter from a gentleman in South Carolina, who put a ton of plaster from Manlius (N. Y.) on a piece of ground, near the seaboard, where Nova Scotia plaster had produced no effect. The result in this instance far exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

MR. LORILLARD says, about six years ago, I bought a plaster of a black cast, similar to our western plaster, and had it put on an exhausted piece of land near salt water, which had been sown with red clover. I found the clover had grown so rank that it all lodged. The experiment was only tried on one-half of the field, and several years after French and Nova Scotia plaster of different colours were tried on the remainder of the field, which had not the same effect; this plaster, when ground, had the smell of lime. Last summer I tried several experiments to ascertain whether some substitute might not be found for manure, near salt water; the result of the experiments was as follows: in the first place, I prepared a mixture of ground charcoal, plaster, and slaked lime, which answered every purpose. I next ascertained that lime would answer very well in the fall, and plaster in the spring. I also ascertained that plaster and horn shavings, which the plaster dissolved in about fifteen minutes, answered very well for cabbage, and esturcheons, but not for grass, wheat, corn, or potatoes. It appears that the mixture of plaster and lime has the following effect: part of the sulphuric acid in the plaster, is separated from it, and joins with the slaked lime, and discharges the carbonic acid which it has imbibed; a portion also of the sulphuric acid decomposes a portion of the carbon in the charcoal, and thus becomes a manure. It cannot be possible that the muriatic acid is contained in the salt vapour. I have ascertained by experiment, that plaster is very well adapted to lands at a distance from salt water, but will

not answer on lands near salt water. I have also ascertained, that lands both adjoining and at a distance from salt water, contain muriatic acid. There are some farms at Horseneck, adjoining the salt water, on which plaister answers very well. The true cause why plaister is not suited to land near the salt water, yet remains concealed. Professor DAVIE mentions a farm in England to which plaister was very well adapted, but which would not be benefited by sulphurate of lime. I have found soils in this country, which would do either with or without plaister; the sulphurate of lime being contained in each.

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*Cauliflowers.*—Instead of cutting off the whole head of a cauliflower, leave a part, of the size of a goose-berry, and all the leaves: second, and even third, heads will be formed, and thus they may be eaten for two or three months; when, at present, by cutting the head completely off, the bed of the cauliflowers are gone in two or three weeks. They should be planted in good moist ground and treated in the same manner as celery.

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*Strawberries.*—Laying straw under strawberry plants, keeps the roots moist and the berries clean; and they grow larger with less watering.

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*Liquors.*—To give malt spirit the flavour of good brandy: into two quarts of malt spirit, put three ounces and a half of powdered charcoal, and four ounces of rice; shake it every day for fifteen days, then filter it through paper.

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*Cows.*—Lord Romney has shown that parsnips caused cows to produce abundance of milk, and they eat them as free as they do oil cake.—Land 71. an acre, in Guernsey, is sown with parsnips to feed cattle, and the milk is like cream.

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*Potatoes.*—Potatoes may be produced a month earlier by putting them in a warm place early in the spring, allowing the shoots to grow an inch or two, and then planting them, leaving the shoot nearly above the surface.

*Lupenella*.—The following account of this valuable grass, is contained in a late letter from the secretary of the treasury of the United States, to the acting governor of Georgia.

I have lately received from our consul at Leghorn in Italy, a parcel of the *Lupenella* seed, which is represented as the finest grass cultivated in that country, for the quantity and richness of the hay; the preference felt for it by all animals, and its fertilizing effects upon the land in which it is cultivated. In Italy it is sown in March and October—it is cut with a sickle to avoid shaking off the blooms, bound up in bundles of 7lbs, and fed to working beasts without grain, as it is sufficiently nutritive of itself.

*Three years cultivation of this grass, enriches the poorest land so much, that two successive and abundant crops of grain are produced without manure.*—This is the account which I have received of it from Mr. Appleton, the consul. As it succeeds in Italy, there is every reason to believe that it will succeed in Georgia. The quantity I have sent you, will enable you to furnish several of your acquaintances with enough to put them in stock of it, and thereby multiply the chances of success. It is sown I presume broad cast, but drills will be more productive for seed. I am convinced that when sown for hay it ought to be sown thick, as a certain means of keeping the crab grass under. When it is mowed, it may run some risk of assault from this formidable adversary, but that danger I am persuaded will be diminished by the thickness of the *Lupenella*.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—TO MYRA.

UNSEEN by every human eye,  
 In the recesses of my breast  
 I listened to the syren Hope,  
 And dreamt my lot past mortals blest—

Not thine the fault that this vain heart,  
 To love thy hallowed self should dare;—  
 For love will dare presume to hope,  
 Where coward Reason would despair—

No niggard share of joys was mine,  
In journeying through this vale of tears—  
Yet, cherish'd memory holds not one,  
Dear as when Hope o'ertowered my fears—

Yes, Myra, yes, the happiest hours,  
'I've known on earth, I owe to thee—  
You taught me Virtue to adore,  
You taught me what I ought to be.

And now, when every chance is flown,  
When garner'd hopes I must resign—  
I think with pleasure on thee still,  
'Twas Virtue's wish, to wish thee mine.

Three anxious years I fondly strove,  
Thy heart's sweet confidence to gain—  
And though no wandering thought I knew,  
My recompense was cold disdain.

Then, Fare-thee-well, unfeeling maid!  
And every earthly bliss be thine—  
Thy worth, Oh! may thy partner know,  
His love—can never equal mine.

May calm Content thy dwelling make,  
Serenely sweet, her blest abode—  
May Temper, Manners, Feeling, Sense,  
Conspire to cheer life's chequer'd road.

And if revolving years should bring,  
One sorrow to that bosom dear—  
If ingrate Love that heart should wring,  
To which I gave Affection's tear,

Oh! grant me Heaven, this fervent prayer,  
That in the grave I then may lie—  
My tortured Reason could not bear,  
Those tears I had not power to dry.

X. Y. Z.

## SONG.

A new pantomime was lately produced at Covent Garden, founded on the name at least of "*Whittington and his cat*." The *child's* story has been strictly adhered to, till the transformation of *Whittington* into *Harlequin*, after which there is the usual train of pursuits, tricks, and escapes, which we expect in this species of drollery. The contriver has made good use of the fashionable taste of a jaunt to Paris, and this affords admirable scope for several humorous exhibitions at Dover, Calais, the gate of St. Denis, the Pont Neuf, and the Boulevard. The following is a neat epigrammatic song, which, we think, may be traced to one of the writers of *Horace in London*.

Now's the time to change our clime,  
 Commerce shuts his day-book,  
 Trade forgets his book of debts,  
 Pleasure opes his play-book.  
 Age throws off his winter cough,  
 Gout forgets his flannel;  
 Small and great at Dover wait,  
 To cross the British channel.  
 London now is out of town,  
 Who in England tarries?  
 Who can bear to linger there,  
 When all the world's in Paris?

Jockies, Jews, and parlez-vous,  
 Courtezans and Quakers,  
 Players, Peers, and Auctioneers,  
 Parsons, Undertakers,  
 Modish airs from Wapping stairs,  
 Wit from Norton Falgate,  
 Bagatelle from Clerkenwell,  
 And elegance from Aldgate.  
 London now, &c.

City dames the rage inflames,  
 (They know how to time it)  
 Mrs. Sims is full of whims,  
 And hates our foggy climate.



Mrs. Grill is very ill,  
 Nothing can improve her,  
 Unless she sees, the Thuilleries,  
 And waddles through the Louvre.  
 London now, &c.

La! who is that, with monstrous hat,  
 Her parasol who handles?  
 'Tis Mrs. Flame, the Borough dame,  
 Who deals in tallow candles.  
 Nay, Goody, pray don't turn away,  
 These Mounseers do not trust 'em,  
 Whene'er we meet in Tooley-street,  
 I promise you *my* custom.  
 London now, &c.

Prudence chides, Folly guides,  
 We know which to mind most;  
 And fairly bid, as BONEY did,  
 The devil take the hindmost!  
 Thus we dance, through giddy France,  
 And when we find the fun done,  
 The piper pay, and march away  
 With empty purse to London.  
 London now, &c.

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EPIGRAM.

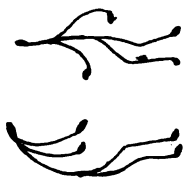
TOM meets his friend, and strait complains  
 In very sad and doleful strains:

“ Ah, Jack, what must I do?  
 My sweetheart's wed! the seamstress fair;  
 Eternal grief must be my share!  
 You smile—but it's too true!

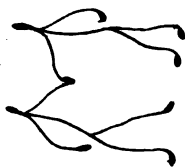
“ But nothing mads me worse than t' see  
 Who the man is she's chang'd for me;  
 A Barber on my soul!”

“ You fool,” says Jack, “ What makes you mourn?  
 Pray, whither should the Needle turn  
 If not unto the Pole?”

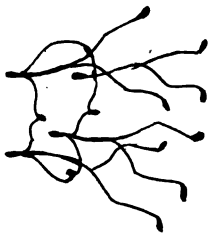




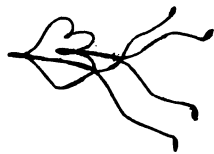
Working to dance



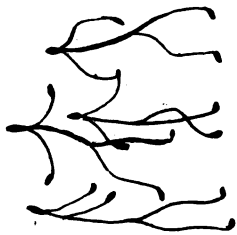
Leading out



Hands four round



Down the middle



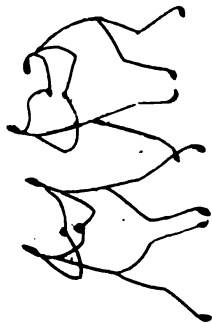
Right and left



Sitting



Cross hands



Dogsaddle



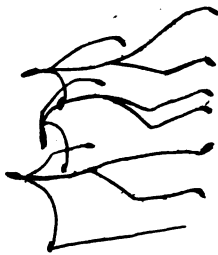
Scampipe



Sett. a. 10.10



Fainting



Taking home myal

## DOTTATOR ET LINEATOR LOQUITUR.

(Explanation of the Plate.)

WHAT signifies the sculptor's fame,  
 Or glory of a painter's name!  
 All that an *Angelo* can give  
 Towards making the dull marble live,  
 Is, after many a year, at length  
 To clothe it with Herculean strength,  
 And show each muscle to the eye  
 In all its ponderous symmetry.  
 I scorn the art that merely traces,  
 By worn out rules, old-fashioned graces;  
 Or deals alone in tints to charm,  
 Though they were Titian's, rich and warm;  
 I know that I can do much more  
 Than artist ever did before;  
 With but a DOT and eke a LINE,  
 In every shape and act I'll shine.  
 I want no muscles,—no, not I,  
 To give my figures energy;  
 I want no colours to express  
 A female face; I want no dress  
 To fall before or gird around.  
 — Their naked dames, let fools adore 'em,  
 And hang their curtains up before 'em:  
 My forms their every part reveal,  
 For they have nothing to conceal,  
 They show their all to every eye,  
 Nor wake the blush of modesty.  
 — How gaily in the dance they meet.  
 Without the plague of hands or feet;  
 Without a finger, at their ease,  
 Give and return the tender squeeze:  
 You'll see them breathe without a lung,  
 And say soft things without a tongue:  
 Nay, feel the power of Cupid's dart,  
 Without that silly thing, a Heart.

## POETRY.

As lordly topers they can shine,  
 Without a paunch to hold their wine;  
 Without a Skin, or Flesh, or Bone,  
 They do all that by man is done.

*He's mad, the well bred artist cries,  
 These are impossibilities!*

— Mad as he is with all your pride,  
 Just turn your haughty eyes aside,  
 Unfold the page, and there you'll view  
 That all which I have told is true.

— Then masters of all ages, yield,  
 And leave me master of the field:  
 Lick clean at once, your gaudy palettes,  
 And cease to drive your clattering mallets:  
 Go, hide your heads, while thus I shine  
 PROFESSOR of the DOT and LINE!

*Ackerman Rep.*

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 LOVE.

Love's wings were never made to soar,  
 Among the busy haunts of care;  
 Where Discord dwells he shuns the door,  
 For Love can find no music there.

Where Pleasure reigns, he passes by,  
 Or hovers fearful o'er the train,  
 For if his bow be moisten'd there,  
 'Twill ne'er be strung aright again.

The rural cot, the shady grove,  
 The mossy bank, and silent glen,  
 Are still the soft retreats of Love,  
 From malice far, and far from men.

The little urchin there can see,  
 His victims loitering as they go,  
 Can mark in some the signs of glee,  
 In others mark the signs of wo.

To these he cries, "Your moments short,  
 How wisely ye devote to joy,  
 With sacred sweets ye idly-sport,  
 How soon those plunder'd sweets will cloy."

To those "I find my arrows here,  
 Have pierc'd the mark with surer aim;  
 The wound is deep that draws a tear,  
 Weep on, weep on, it feeds the flame."

How true the maxims time will prove,  
 When transient passion is decay'd;  
 But oh! the tears of constant love  
 Will ever be with bliss repaid.

ORLANDO.

—  
 TO MARY.

LET not the yawning grave receive  
 The victim of Affection's pow'r,  
 Without one pitying word's reprieve,  
 To sooth his last, his dying hour.

The puny love that seeks return,  
 Is selfish when compared with mine:  
 I only ask that on my urn  
 My name may be inscribed with thine.

Canst thou so small a boon deny,  
 The slave of unrequitted love?  
 Couldst thou, unmoved, behold me die,  
 Nor let me thy forgiveness prove?

Oh! no—thy soul of every grace,  
 Of every Virtue is the seat;  
 And Nature when she stamp'd thy face,  
 Proclaimed thee Pity's soft retreat.

Speak then the heav'nly word, "Forgive,"  
 And life, unmurmuring, I resign;

Best pleased 'twere so—for whilst I live,  
 I should but hourly more be thine.  
*June 1st, 1817.*

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GIBBON AND VOLTAIRE.

In the last Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, lord Byron introduces the residence of Gibbon and Voltaire, and draws the characters of these celebrated men, with a skilful pencil.

LAUSANNE! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes,  
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;  
 Mortals who sought and found by dangerous roads,  
 A path to perpetuity of fame:  
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim,  
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
 Thoughts which could call down thunder, and the flame  
 Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
 On man and man's research could deign no more than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,  
 A wit as various—gay, grave, sage or wild—  
 Historian, bard, philosopher combin'd;  
 He multiplied himself among mankind,  
 The Proteus of their talents: but his own  
 Breath'd most in ridicule,—which, as the wind  
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
 Which strung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear;  
 And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO E——A.

On the attainment of her eighteenth year.

THY youthful charms, evince in early hour,  
 The budding beauties of a future flow'r;  
 When time shall thrice thy present years have told,  
 And summer friends, pronounce *thee* growing old;  
 Then, though the roses of thy cheeks be flown,  
 And all the graces of thy youth be gone,  
 Thou still shalt please; thy pure and gentle heart  
 Shall glow alone, when lesser charms depart;  
 As when the *sun*, his drooping splendour laves,  
 At time of eve, beneath the western waves,  
 And though his glory sinks conceal'd from view,  
 His mid-day beams absorb'd, in twilight dew,  
 Yet still the welkin, streak'd with gold remains,  
 And every cloud his brilliant tinge retains;  
 So, thy Affection shall, in life's last stage,  
 Charm, when thy *sun* of beauty sets in age.

ADOLPHUS.

## SERENADE.

Suggested by the music of Cherubini's trio "Non mi negate, no."

Steal from the window, dear,  
 Beneath the dark trees plummy,  
 And crossing once by the moon-light clear,  
 Look down the garden to me.

Far strikes thy shape away,  
 And shows thee a refin'd one;  
 Thy step is like the air we play,  
 Thou lovely, frank, and kind one.

L. HUNT.

## THE SIMILE OF A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

Literally translated from Homer.

As when around the moon the stars appear  
 Loveliest in heaven, and all is hush'd and clear,



When mountain-tops, and uplands, bask in light,  
 And woods, and all th' etherial depth of night  
 Seems open'd back to heav'n, and sight is had  
 Of all the stars, and shepherd's hearts are glad;  
 So many, 'twixt the ships and river, shone  
 The Trojan fires in front of Ilion.

L. HUNT.

## STANZAS.

From the Persian of HAIRUTI.\*

Yes, I'm a lover, and my state  
 Is thus forlorn and desolate,  
 This is the mark of my sad fate,  
 The only boast I bring:

That I have griev'd for years on years,  
 With pallid cheeks and rosy tears,  
 Until this grief at length appears  
 My autumn and my spring.

When banish'd from my charmer's sight,  
 My sighing heart knows no delight;  
 This through the darkness of my night,  
 Is all the torch I have.

When she whose form the rose outvies,  
 With dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes,  
 Sees love-lorn Hairuti she cries,  
 "This is my humble slave."

L.

## TO BINO.

Although you've drain'd oceans on truth you ne'er fell,  
 For instead of a cask, it lies deep in a well.

QUEVEDO.

\* This name signifies "mad with love."—Ed. P. F.

## TOM PAINE.

The following lines were repeated by Burns at one of those convivial meetings, where the unfortunate poet forgot

“The troubles of life in the regions of wit.”

The request being entirely unexpected, the verses are to be considered as an extemporaneous effusion.

WHEN Paine arrived at inmost hell,  
 Apolyon shook him by the hand,—  
 And said, “my Thommy art thou well?”  
 At which he made a frightful stand.

He put him in a furnace red,  
 And on him barr’d the door,  
 L——d, how the devils shook their head,  
 To hear my Thommy roar!

## TOWN AND COUNTRY—BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

IN London I never knew what to be at,  
 Enraptur’d with this, and transported with that;  
 I’m wild with the sweets of variety’s plan,  
 And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord bless us, sets all matters right,  
 So calm and composing from morning till night;  
 Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen  
 But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In London how easy we visit and meet,  
 Gay pleasure’s the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat:  
 Our mornings, a round of good-humour’d delight,  
 And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.

In the country how pleasant our visits to make,  
 Through ten miles of mud for formality’s sake,  
 With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,  
 And no thought in our heads but a ditch or a bog.

In London, if folks ill together be put,  
 A bore may be roasted, a quiz may be cut.—  
 In the country, your friends would feel angry and sore,  
 Call an old maid a quiz, or a parson a bore.

In the country, you're nail'd like a pale in your park,  
To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark;  
Or if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

I've heard how that love in a cottage is sweet,  
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet;  
I know nothing of that, for alas! I'm a swain  
Who require (and I own it) more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,  
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please;  
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,  
And for groves—Oh! a fine grove of chimnies for me.

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,  
All stupidly yawning at sixpenny whist,  
And though win or lose, its as true as its strange,  
You've nothing to pay—the good folks have no change.

But for singing and piping, your time to engage,  
You've cock and hen bulfinches coop'd in a cage,  
And what music in nature can make you so feel  
As a pig in a gate stuck, or knife-grinder's wheel?

I grant if in fishing, you take much delight,  
In a punt you may shiver from morning to night,  
And though blest with the patience that Job had of old,  
The devil a thing will you *catch* but a *cold*.

Yet its charming to hear, just from boarding-school come  
A hoyden tune up an old family strum,  
She'll play 'God save the King,' with an excellent tone  
With the sweet variation of "Old Bob and Joan."

But what though your appetite's in a weak state,  
A pound at a time they will put on your plate,  
Its true, as to *health* you've no cause to complain,  
For they'll drink it, God bless 'em, again and again.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,  
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;  
If I must have a villa, in London to dwell,  
Oh! give me the sweet city shade of Pall-Mall.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The *Journal des Savans*, which first appeared in 1665, and was continued without interruption to 1792, when it was stopped, has recently been revived under the patronage of the king, who has committed the direction of it to the chancellor and several learned members of the institute. We have been politely favoured with a few of the first numbers, from which we shall occasionally translate an article. The following new works are announced.

*History of Legislation*, by count Pastorel, peer of France, member of the institute. Paris, 4 vols. 8vo.

A new edition of *La Harpe's Lycæum*. 3 vols. 8vo.

Complete works of *Masillon*. 2 vols. 8vo.

*Minor Poetry*, or a *Didactic Essay* (in verse) on the kinds of verse not mentioned by Boileau in his Art of Poetry; by M. P. I. B. Chaussard.

A new edition of Brumoy's *Greek Theatre*.

A new translation of *Pausanias*, by M. Clavier.

*Memoirs of Dangeau*, published by M. de Genlis; who has added a notice of Dangeau, a discourse on the manner of writing memoirs, notes, &c. 4 vols. 8vo.

*A Summary of Military Events, or an Historical Essay on the Campaigns from 1799 to 1814*; by M. le comte Mathieu Dumas, 4 vols. 8vo.

*The Monuments of France, chronologically arranged*, by M. Alex. de la Borde.

*The Jews in the 19th century; or, considerations on their condition, civil and political, in Europe, followed by biographical notices of those Jews who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and the arts, in ancient and modern times*; by M. Bail.

*A Letter to M\*\*\*\*\* Counsellor of state to S. M. the king of Saxony, on a work entitled, "The Jews in the 19th Century."*

*The Reply and Commentary of M. Bail on the Observations of M. de Cologne, on a work entitled "The Jew," &c. ut supra.*

*A Classical Treatise on Literature*; by C. L. Grandperret, professor of rhetoric. 2 vols. 12mo.

*An Historical View of the State and Progress of Literature since 1789*, by Marie-Joseph Chenier. 1 vol. 8vo.

*Zion, or the Wonders of the Holy Mount*, a poem in three parts; by I. I. Boucharlat.

*The Bickbiter*, a comedy in three acts, in verse, by Et. Gosse, represented at the French theatre, &c. pp. 92.

GERMANY.—The German literati seem to be chiefly employed on the classics. Among other works, we find the following: *Platons Leben*, &c. Essay on the Life and Writings of Plato, intended as an introduction to the Platonic Philosophy; by F. Ask, Leipsic, 1816.

*Conjectaneorum in Aristophanem*, lib. ii. by C. Reisig.

*Tacitus*, &c. The works of Tacitus translated into German, by C. de Strombeck.

*Collectanea literaria, sive conjecturae in Atticum, Diomedem, Lucilium, Leydum, Nonnium, Ovidium, Plautum, &c. quibus accedit disputatio de lingua graecae pronuntiatione;* by C. J. Reuss.

*Mithridates, &c.* Mithridates, or the General Knowledge of Languages, with the Lord's Prayer in five hundred dialects; by J. C. Adelung, with Supplements by J. S. Vater. 3 vols. Berlin, 1816.

*Vermischte nachrichten, &c.* Miscellaneous observations, historical and literary, published by J. G. Mensel. These observations are extracted from the papers of the late M. Bretschneider, and comprise a number of anecdotes of the empress Maria Theresa, the emperors Joseph II, and Leopold II, the minister Kaunitz, d' Alembert, &c.

*Commentatio de extrema Odysseae parte* (Homero abjudicanda); auctore Fr. Aug. C. Spohn. 1816. 8vo. pp. 283. Mr. Spohn contends that the twenty-fourth book of the Odyssey, and the seventy-four last verses of the twenty-third, were not written by Homer, but were composed in an age subsequent to that of the great poet. This opinion was maintained by some of the ancient grammarians, and there are some MSS. of the Odyssey which conclude with v. 296, lib. 23. (ψ)

Ἀπείσοι λίπτεο παλαῖον θιερὸν ἱερρό.

*Begebenheiten, &c.* The adventures of captain Golownin, a prisoner in Japan, in 1811, 1812, 1813, translated from the Russian, by C. J. Schulz.

ITALY.—*Le Bellezze di Milano, &c.* Pictorial Beauties of Milan and the environs.

*Saggia di Storia Veneta, &c.* Abridgment of the History of Venice; by Ant. Buttura.

*Iscrizioni Cinesi, &c.* Chinese Inscriptions of Canton.

*Elementi di Elettrometria, &c.* Elements of Animal Electricity; by M. Amoretti.

*Sull' Angina, &c.* Memoirs on the Croup and on sudden death; by M. Giov. Zecchinelli.

*La Pratica del distillatore, &c.* The Art of Distilling, by Landriani.

*Memoria Sulla Schivitu, &c.* On the Slavery of the Negroes; by M. Zambelli.

*Malta antica, &c.* History of Malta, its antiquities, monuments, &c. by the prelate commander Onorato Bress. Rome, 1816.

*Porphyrius ad Marcellam; graece: invenit et interpretatus est Aug. Maius. Accedit ejusdem Porphyrii poeticum fragmentum Mediolani, typis regis, 1816.*

*Philonis Judæi de virtute ejusque partibus liber; graece: invenit et interpretatus est Aug. Maius. Præponitur dissertatio, cum descriptione librorum adhuc incognitorum Philonis. Accedunt partes nonnullæ Chronici inediti Eusebii Pamphili, &c. Mediolani, typis regis, 1816.*

GREAT BRITAIN.—Mr. Nichols has published two volumes of Illustrations of Literary History, consisting of authentic Memoirs, and original letters of eminent persons, and intended as a sequel to his Literary Anecdotes.

An easy practical introduction to English Composition, and to the tasteful reading of Poetry, will soon issue from the press, under the title of *Æsop modernised and moralised*.

Sir William Gell has nearly ready for publication, the *Itinerary of the Morea*, in a small octavo volume, with a map.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has a volume of new Poems in the press.

The author of *Letters from Paris* in 1802-3 is printing, in an octavo volume, *Two Tours to France, Belgium, and Spa*; one in the summer of 1771, the other in 1816.

The *Miscellaneous Works of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn*, are printing in five octavo volumes.

T. Forster, jun. Esq. will soon publish, *Catullus*, with English notes, in a duodecimo volume.

J. J. Park, Esq. is preparing a *Treatise on the Law of Dower*.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, will soon publish a work on *Female Scripture Biography*; with an essay, showing what christianity has done for women: also a second edition, with considerable alterations, of his *Life of Melancthon*.

Mr. Gifford's new edition of *Juvenal* will form two octavo volumes, and is expected to appear early in March.

In a short time will be published, *Placide*, a translation of *Madame Genlis'* interesting work, *les Pattuecas*, by Mr. Jameison.

Mr. Charles Mills has in the press, an *History of Mohammedanism*; or, a *View of the Religious, Political, and Literary Annals of the Disciples of the Arabian Prophet*. No work of the kind has hitherto appeared.

Sir James Mackintosh's *History of Great Britain*, from the epoch of the English to that of the French revolution, is, we are assured, in considerable progress, and will not exceed four volumes in quarto. We are glad to observe that he acknowledges the receipt of many valuable documents; and we hope every aid will be afforded to enable him to render his work perfect in point of materials.

*Travels from Vienna through Lower Hungary*, by Richard Bright, M. D. are printing in one volume quarto, with engravings.

An *Historical Account of the Discoveries and Travels in Africa*, by the late John Leyden, M. D. enlarged and continued, together with a view of the present state of that Continent, are announced by Hugh Murray, Esq.

Mr. Walter Scott, whose literary productions in verse fill eleven large volumes, (over and above his ill-omened *Waterloo*), and whose original or annotated prose works exceeds fifty volumes, has announced a new *History of Scotland*, from the earliest records to the year 1745, in three volumes octavo.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing by subscription, in two volumes octavo, *Familiar Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, dedicated to the gentlemen who have been his pupils, by John Prior Estlin, LL.D. comprising—*Moral Philosophy; Personal Morality; Social Morality; the British Constitution; Divine Morality; Public Worship; Religious Establishments*.

Mrs. Anne Plumptre is engaged in writing an account of her Residence in Ireland in 1814 and 15: it will consist of a quarto volume, embellished with a portrait of the authoress, from a picture by Northcote, and with several engravings of remarkable scenery in Ireland, from original drawings.

A Series of Letters is preparing for publication, written by Philip Dormer, earl of Chesterfield, to Mr. Arthur Stanhope, relative to the education of Philip, the late earl.

The System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late Dr. John Robison, LL.D. with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the Physical Sciences, by David Brewster, LL.D. F. R. S. E. will soon appear, in four volumes octavo, with numerous plates.

A volume is preparing by a Mr. Churchill, of Corrections, Additions, and Continuations to Dr. Rees' great Cyclopædia. This may be attempted without impeaching the fidelity, skill, or care of the learned editor; because time itself will render such corrections needful; and perhaps no man is so well qualified as himself to correct his own vast work in a supplementary volume, if his health fortunately permitted.

There are at Petersburg fourteen printing houses, of which three belong to the Senate, the Synod, and the War-office. The others belong to the academies, or to individuals; one prints in the Tartar language; another prints music. There are thirteen foreign booksellers; and about thirty Russians. There are also reading rooms.

*Denmark.*—The valuable parchment MSS. which once formed part of the library of Baron Lehn—namely Sallust, Livy, and Cicero's Orations—have been described by Professor Birger Thorlacius, in his tract entitled *Tres Codices pergameni auctorum Latinorum, ex Bibliotheca Kaas Lehniana in Lallandia*. According to this author, the Sallust contains Cataline's conspiracy, and the Jugurthan war; and the copy dates about the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. It is in fine preservation, and is comprised in sixty-one quarto leaves. The second MS., is in one hundred and seventy-two leaves, small quarto, contains the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* of the date of the thirteenth century, and is of French penmanship.—The *Rhetorica* forms the text, and is accompanied by a vocabulary of rhetorical synonyms. The third is a finely executed MS. copy of Valerius Maximus, and appears to have been written in Germany, in the fourteenth century.

A clergyman of Iceland, named Johnson, has recently translated the *Paradise Lost*, of Milton, into Icelandic verse.

UNITED STATES.—Vol. 6 of Hall's *LAW JOURNAL* has just been published. Price 5 dollars.

H. Hall has published an account of the Mineral Waters of Ballston and Saratoga, with engravings, by Dr. Meade. Price 2 dollars.

Vol. xxxii. part 2, of the American edition of Rees' Cyclopædia has appeared.

A Novel, by a young lady of Virginia, is advertised in New-york, to be printed by subscription.

Judge Cooper proposes to resume the publication of his *EMPORIUM*, a valuable repository of useful information, which deserves public patronage in no ordinary degree. Subscriptions will be received at The Port Folio office.

Francis Nichols has in the press, a second edition of *Tytler's History*, with notes.

The *Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*, after quietly meeting, at leisure hours, for many years, have commenced the publication of a Journal, which, without any ostentation or parade, promises to add no inconsiderable augmentation to that branch of knowledge, in which it is to be classed. The first number contains a description of six new species of the genus *Firola*, observed by MM. Le Sueur and Peron in the Mediterranean sea. By C. A. Le Sueur.—An account of a North American quadruped, supposed to belong to the genus *Ovis*, by George Ord.—A description of seven species of American fresh-water and land shells, not noticed in the systems, by Thomas Say.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

*Internal Navigation.*—The president and managers of the Schuylkill Navigation Company have laid before the public a powerful appeal, on the subject of the interests which have been committed to their charge. The name of *Cadwallader Evans*, the president of the company, is a sufficient pledge for the accuracy of the statements which are thus submitted, and we shall adopt them implicitly. We take the earliest opportunity to extend a knowledge of this new source of wealth, as widely as our means admit; because, with one of the ablest writers of the present day, we rank it among our first duties to give publicity to every scheme of practical utility that affects the interests of any considerable class of the community,—however insignificant it may appear in the eyes of mere literati or politicians. We are convinced that the project to which the public attention is now invited, will contribute far more to the comforts and convenience, not only of the city, but of the commonwealth, than all the banks within its territory. Banks are very profitable places for bank-directors, and the presidency offers a snug retreat for unsuccessful merchants: but these institutions are built upon no stable basis;—they derive their support from a class of men, who shudder at every breeze, and see a shipwreck in every storm;—the facilities that they afford, are temptations to the unwary and the desperate; they tend to the deterioration of moral principle, and are therefore pernicious among a well-ordered people. By promoting such companies we promote the wealth of the men who establish and regulate them: by contributing to canals and the navigation of our rivers, we augment the strength and riches of the commonwealth; and in the end, we shall draw a better interest from our investments than ever entered into the dreams of a bank-director, except when he dreams for himself. Our accommodations will depend upon our own industry, and not upon the ca-



price or worse motives of others, and we shall subserve the best feelings of patriotism, in bequeathing a rich legacy to those who shall succeed us.

With these observations we shall proceed to develop, as briefly as possible, from this address, the advantages which are held out by the scheme now before us.

The address states that this city and its environs contain more than sixteen thousand dwelling-houses, and not less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the most populous city in the United States, and is so favourably situated for supplying a great interior, and especially the western country, and from the ability of its merchants to give extensive credits, that it must still increase. Although New York, by its easy access to the ocean at all seasons, and the extensive interior country that depends on it, seems destined to become the largest commercial city on our Atlantic coasts, yet Philadelphia possesses some eminent advantages, in its distance from the alarms of war; in the fertile country that immediately surrounds it; in the vast meadows for the sustenance of horses and cattle, which border the shore of its tide-waters; in the fine clay for making bricks, which abounds in the very ground-plot of the city, and on its borders; in the abundance of building-stone very near it; in the quarries of the finest marble,\* and the best lime-stone, which are inexhaustible within ten or fifteen miles of it; in the quantity of boards, scantling, and other lumber, that every year is brought to it; in the quantity of excellent slate for roofing houses, stores, and other buildings: in short, in the plentiful supply of every material for building, and every article necessary for the comfortable support of human life. Wood, for fuel, in dwelling-houses and in manufactories, however, seems to be growing gradually dearer, and in time the supply must become inadequate to the demand. Hence a substitute, in part at least, for the probable deficiency of this article, seems imperiously to be demanded, and happily this substitute is provided, and within the reach of our reasonable exertions, on the head-waters of the Schuylkill, where coal exists in the utmost abundance, and of the finest quality.

This city, liberties, and neighbourhood, including the demands of brewers, brick-kilns, and other manufactories within their limits, there can be little doubt, have consumed annually, for several years past, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand cords of fire-wood, which has cost about one million and a quarter of dollars per annum. If half of this heavy expenditure, or one-fourth of it, could be annually saved to the

\* Specimens of the Pennsylvania marble may be seen in this city, at the shop of *Thomas Traquair*, in Tenth-street, near Arch. Large quantities of it are exported to England.

citizens, it would be a great thing; the saving would amount to as much, or more than all the public taxes they now pay. But how is this to be realized? We answer, by subscribing liberally to the improvement of the navigation of the Schuylkill. By this means the navigation may be speedily accomplished, and the immense beds of coal, with which the county of Schuylkill abounds, will be seen in a very few years floating to this city. Ten bushels of it give as much heat, and are equal in the consumption, to one cord of oak wood. If the proposed navigation was completed, this coal may be afforded to be sold in this city at the rate of thirty cents per bushel, weighing above eighty pounds, which will be equivalent to reducing the price of oak-wood to three dollars per cord. All the country too near the Schuylkill, which is bare of timber, and all the towns on that river, and on all the tide-waters of the Delaware, will reap the benefit of this reduction in the price of fuel. This coal has little bitumen; it gives no disagreeable smell; it produces no more dust than a wood-fire, to soil furniture, it yields no perceivable smoke: of course houses, where it is used, cannot take fire from foul chimneys. All this is verified in the borough of Reading, where it is now commonly used in families, to such an extent that it has reduced the price of fire-wood at least two dollars per cord. Its fitness for manufactories has been demonstrated, in many places where it is now in use. It has also been found fit for burning bricks and lime, and is now used by several of the malsters and brewers in this city.

The transportation of wheat, flour, flaxseed, iron, marble, plaister of Paris, and a multitude of other articles of produce and manufactures, up and down the river, will no doubt be greatly increased, especially when this navigation is connected with the river Susquehanna, by canals or turnpike-roads, where they approach the nearest together. This will probably introduce into the Schuylkill a large proportion of the produce of all the upper country on the wide-spreading branches of that river, comprehending a territory more extensive than either of the states of New Jersey, Vermont, or Maryland.

The stockholders who have subscribed, or may subscribe to this improvement, will also have the strongest reason to expect good dividends on their stock, from the tolls arising from the immense quantities of produce that will pass and repass on this river: without mentioning any thing else, the single article of coal will pay so much toll as to afford good dividends. Suppose, as above stated, the city and neighbourhood of Philadelphia now use at least one hundred and sixty thousand cords of wood annually, and that the place of only one half of this quantity should be supplied by coal; and suppose ten bushels of this coal equal to one cord of oak wood, then to supply this deficiency of wood would require eight hundred thousand bushels of coal annually; and allowing twenty-seven

bushels of it to weigh a ton, as it does nearly, and as, by the act of incorporation, the company are allowed to charge tolls, not exceeding twelve and a half cents per ton at each lock below, and eight cents per ton above Reading, this would amount to about twelve cents per bushel on the whole route, if there should be twenty-eight locks above, and eight or ten below that borough. This alone would yield a dividend of six per cent per annum upon the sum expended, even supposing it should require six hundred thousand dollars to complete the whole navigation; and they cannot fail to rise as high as the act of incorporation allows them, which is fifteen per cent per annum.

*Origin of the North American Indians.*—M. Julius Von Klaproth has made a curious discovery respecting the American Indians. He has found a long chain of nations and idioms extending from the canal of Queen Charlotte along the north-west coast of America, to Southern Canada, the United States, Louisiana, Florida, the Great and Little Antilles, the Caribbee Islands, and Guiana, as far as the river of Amazons, where the languages and idioms are all obviously derived from an original language, which has a great deal of affinity with that of the Samojedes and Kamptchadales. The people all along this vast track, both in their figure and mode of life, have a striking similarity to the free nations in Northern Asia. Mr. Klaproth gives a list of Caribbee words which occur in the languages of the Mandshons, the Samojedes, the Korjacks, the Youkaguirs, the Toungouses, the Kamtchadales, the Tchoutchis, &c.

In digging a mound at Chillicothe, Ohio, a short time ago, the remains of a man were found. Over the place where his breast was supposed to have been, was a cross and string of beads. The cross was completely converted into verdigris. The trees which grew on this mound were of the same growth as the surrounding woods.

*Steam Engines.*—In a letter to Dr. Ingenhauz, dated from Philadelphia, October 24, 1788, we find the following sentence:—"We have no philosophical news here at present, except that a boat moved by a steam engine, rows itself against the tide in our river, and it is apprehended the construction may be so simplified and improved as to become generally useful."

*Arithmetic.*—Mr. Von Syngle, of Ghent, having employed ten years of intense study in order to simplify arithmetical calculations, has succeeded in decomposing, producing, and reducing, in one minute, by means of twelve figures, operations which required many hours and whole columns of figures and fractions. His method is applicable to money of all kinds.

It is a trait highly honourable to the Swedish character, that charity boxes, frequently placed in the most exposed situation on the road side, are as safe from being feloniously opened, as if under the strongest guards. Nor, indeed, is any other unguarded property, public or private, liable to depredation from the hand of the harmless rustic.

A Paris paper says, "The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God, and the love of Money."

*Ministerial Answer to Bonaparte's Physician.*

You say, that where he is you greatly fear  
Napoleon will not live another year;

In sooth, good Doctor, you are wondrous clever  
D'ye think we sent him there to last for ever?

*Anecdote.*—Dean Swift happening to be in company with a petulant and conceited young man, who prided himself in saying pert things, and had often felt the retort courteous; at length got up, and with affectation, said, "Well you must know, Mr. Dean, that I *set up for a wit*." "Do you then," replied the other, "take my advice and *sit you down again*."

*Mammoth Girl.*—A Catskill paper mentions that Lydia Monroe, who is now living in the town of Windham, Green county, weighs two hundred and thirty-two pounds. She is very healthy and active, and possessed of uncommon strength for a female.

On the 25th of April last, the chief judge of the Supreme court of the state of Ohio was fined one dollar and fifty cents, for not attending a militia-muster, as a private soldier, in strict conformity to the laws of the state of Ohio.

*Slave Trade.*—We perceive in the papers, with great regret, an account of the progress in this abominable traffic at the island of Madagascar, by French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, and American vessels. They elude the English cruisers by using fast-sailing schooners; one of which, a vessel of only forty tons, called the Franklin, was intended to carry slaves across the Atlantic.

Birmingham, in England, is supposed to have 19,000 houses and 110,000 inhabitants. There are also 1500 houses uninhabited. The outcast poor were 20,000, besides hundreds in poor houses.

A Danish paper says the king of Hayti was formerly the slave of a widow at St. Thomas's, to whom, for her kind treatment of him, he is very grateful. He has invited her to Hayti.

The Intelligencer mentions, as being in or near Washington, a lad of eighteen, who is six feet seven inches in height!

A political work, from the pen of judge Chipman, of Vermont, entitled "The Federal Compact," &c. is in the press.

Benjamin West, Esq. president of the Royal Academy in England, has been elected a member of the Academy of Painting, in Rome.

Mr. Samuel Clegg, engineer to the Gas Light Company, in London, has made two most brilliant improvements in gas lights. They consist of a flat circular retort, divided into compartments, and a gas-governor, so called. The latter is intended to alleviate the unequal pressure of the gasometer, a desideratum that has so long been ardently wished for. By his improved retorts, sixty-two and a half per cent is saved in fuel; where it took eight hours to disengage a given quantity of gas in the old cylindrical retorts, the process is now finished in two hours; and by his improvement, from one chaldron he obtains 18,000 cubic feet, where, in the old way, he could obtain no more than 10,000.

A company is forming in Philadelphia, to be called—"The Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Transporting Company"—the object of which is to facilitate the trading intercourse between these cities, and the country between them, by reducing the expenses of the transportation of goods to the western country. It is proposed to change horses and drivers once in ten miles, and to travel day and night, at least at the rate of two miles an hour, in all weather. In this way the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh can be performed in thirteen or fourteen days. The expense of freight

five cents per pound from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and two cents back. By this arrangement even tobacco and hemp from Kentucky, and cotton from Tennessee, may be transported to Philadelphia as cheaply as to New Orleans, including the risks of water-carriage down the Mississippi.

The people of Savannah, taking into consideration the evils arising from the rice-lands contiguous to it, have determined in favour of giving to the proprietors of those lands at the rate of forty cents per acre (in all seventy thousand dollars) as an inducement to abandon the wet cultivation of rice, and adopt the dry mode. This change, by draining the marshy lands, will add much to the health of the city.

*Statistics of Italy.*—The following table exhibits the present division of Italy, according to the last treaties of Vienna and Paris, and the maps published in May, last year, at Rome, by that celebrated German geographer, William Mayer:

	<i>Square Miles.*</i>	<i>Inhabitants.</i>
Kingdom of Lombardy, Venetian, - - -	13,880	4,065,000
Duchy of Lucca, - - - - -	7,394	131,000
Do. of Massa, - - - - -	56	40,000
Do. of Modena, - - - - -	1,457	375,000
Do. of Parma, - - - - -	1,626	383,000
State of the Church, - - - - -	11,355	2,425,000
Republic of St. Marino, - - - - -	17	7,000
Sardinian Possessions (Etat Sarde) - - -	22,471	3,814,000
Kingdom of Naples and Sicily (les Deux Siciles),	31,731	6,766,000
Grand Duchy of Tuscany, - - - - -	6,019	1,264,000
Island of Corsica, - - - - -	2,723	290,000
Islands of Malta, Grozo, and Canino, - - -	143	150,000
	<hr/> 93,872	<hr/> 19,690,000
	<i>(Memorial, No. 259.)</i>	

La Lande, in 1807, estimated the population of Italy at 18,000,000; Pinkerton reduces it to 13,000,000; Guthrie thinks it exceeds 20,000,000.

Two of many of our states will be found nearly equal in territorial extent to the whole of Italy—New-York and Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina, &c.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

*Steam Boilers.*—The common safety-valve applied to the boilers of engines, consisting of a plug pressed down by a lever, though useful, is not infallible, and is always secure or dangerous at the will of the attendant, who, by overloading it, renders it the strongest, instead of the weakest part of the boiler. I have long used high-pressure boilers, to which, when proved up to a certain point, I attached an inverted syphon of proper dimensions, containing such a column of quicksilver as is required to confine the steam within certain limits, but which suffers it to blow off when it attains such power as might endanger the boiler. I am aware that high-pressure engines are perilous—condensing engines are so sometimes—the mercurial valve ensures the safety of both. It should be put out of the attendant's reach.

A British reviewer, in reviewing Sketches of the life of lord Barrington, relates, in substance, the following circumstance relating to the separation of this country from the British empire—a circumstance which, we believe, has been but recently divulged.

\* The ratio of the Italian mile to the American is 37 to 100.

At the time when the British government determined on coercing the American colonies, lord Barrington was one of the ministry. His lordship was decidedly in favour of coercion, but insisted that it should be altogether by the operations of the navy. In that sentiment he stood alone; all the other members of the administration being obstinately bent on sending over armies, and marching them through the country.

Had the council of that sagacious statesman prevailed, the issue of the contest might have been very different from what it was. It is more than doubtful whether America could have long maintained her independence, or been long united, under a distressing disheartening species of warfare, in which she would have been capable of retaliating scarcely any of the blows she received. The probability is, that the people, having nothing to animate, but every thing to discourage them, would, in two or three years, have been wearied out—the states set at variance with each other, and the whole country subjugated.

*Modern Martyr.*—On the 12th of May, a youth, eighteen years of age, of the Greek nation, died an heroic death at Constantinople. This youth, who lived at Curutshesene, on the channel of Constantinople, had, at an unfortunate moment, gone over to the Mahometan religion, but soon repented of the step, and returned into the pale of the old Greek church. He was summoned before the grand vizier, who upbraided him with religious perjury. On his replying that he was born a Christian, and resolved so to die, he was conducted to the istambol effendi (judge of Constantinople), to be again instructed by him in the Mahometan religion; but he declined being instructed, and even went so far as to advise the judge himself to turn Christian. He was upon this beheaded on the 12th of May.

*Advertisements from the Hamburg Correspondenten.*

We dutifully make known, to our relations and friends that our marriage union was honourably solemnized yesterday.

F. VON DORING, of Badow.

F. VON DORING—late VON DORING.

*Kiel, October 11th, 1816.*

We would acquaint our distant friends, by this notice, that we were married on the 30th of October, and we would in this manner remind them of us, and solicit their good wishes on the occasion.

H. C. HANDER.

CAROLINE HANDER, late CAROLINE PROSCH.

We hereby humbly acquaint our relations and friends, that our marriage was solemnized on the 3d instant.

*Hamburgh, Nov. 6th, 1816.*

ANTHONY CHRISTIAN FREDERICK ORTH.

MARGARETTA ORTH, late widow of F. W. SACHSE, formerly SCHLICHTING.

At the same time I would humbly give notice to my honoured friends and acquaintance, that the wine-selling business of the late F. W. Sachse will be henceforth carried on by me, on my own account, at No. 35 Horse-market, and I shall endeavour to recommend myself by my diligence and the excellence of my merchandise.

ANTHONY CHRISTIAN FREDERICK ORTH.

After a long and severe illness, our good father, George Philip Seippel, gently expired on the evening of the 29th of October, aged nearly seventy years. Whilst we make public this sad stroke of death, and our need of condolence, we would at the same time give notice that the wine-selling

business of the deceased will be carried on under the present firm, without intermission.

*Hamburg, 1816.*

GEORGE PHILIP SEIPPEL, } Sons.  
JOHN PHILIP SEIPPEL, }  
T. E. SEIPPEL, late KRUCKERBERG, } Daughters  
D. M. SEIPPEL, late HOLM, } in law.

With the deepest affliction of heart, I announce to the public the death of my dearest wife, Antoinette Margareta, formerly Alberti. She expired, without a groan, at three o'clock, on the morning of the third instant, after a lingering illness. Whoever knew the deceased will justify the profound grief with which myself and my children follow her to the grave.

*Luneburg, Oct. 26th, 1816.*

FREDERICK HENRY NOLTE,

For himself, and in the name of his children.

My dear husband, colonel Ulric Augustus Von Randorff, royal Danish Chamberlain, was suddenly taken from me by death, on the evening of the 27th instant. This intelligence is dedicated to the relations and friends of the deceased, by the afflicted widow.

IDA SOPHIA VON RANDORFF, late I. S. LEPSTEN.

*Kiel, Oct. 29th, 1816.*

#### BIRTH AND DEATH NOTICE.

The birth of a healthy boy, on the night of the 12th instant, was dearly purchased by the death of my beloved wife, Anna Joanna Agatha, formerly Richards, which followed in a few hours. She died at the age of twenty-five years, and left behind her in me, who had only the happiness of living with her in the happiest of marriages, one year, a most inconsolable and eternally afflicted widower.

CHARLES WESSELHOFFT,

Royal vice-consul of Great Britain.

*Patent Rifle.*—There has been deposited in this office an "improved patent rifle, made by John A. Hall, of Portland, district of Maine." It is intended for the inspection of gentlemen, who are conversant in the use of fire-arms. It is a curious invention: its great peculiarity being, that it loads near the *butt end*, instead of at the muzzle. Near the lock there is a spring, which being touched and pressed down, causes the receiver to fly out of a hinge. You introduce the cartridge, containing the powder and ball, press the receiver, which shuts with a catch, and the rifle is loaded. There is of course no ramming down the ball, &c. with a ramrod, the only use of which is occasionally to swab out or wash the rifle.

Some of the advantages of this improvement, as stated in an accompanying pamphlet, are that the patent rifles may be loaded and fired with good aim, more than twice as quick as muskets can be fired with cartridges. They may be fired as often as any gun can bear firing, without soon becoming too hot to be held. In addition to this, they may be loaded with great ease, in almost every situation, either in lying down, sitting on the ground, or on horseback, walking, and even running. "They require, too, less swabbing; and it never interferes with the charge. They cannot be so much overcharged by accident as other guns, and therefore are not so apt to burst, &c. In short, they are very durable, and combine every advantage peculiar to muskets, except of throwing shot, and that pertains to common rifles, with many other important advantages, possessed by neither of those species of fire-arms, but peculiar to this alone."

The writer of the pamphlet observes—"As the forte of American militia consists in their superior skill, in their direction and management of fire-arms—as from their local knowledge, and from their habits, they will always exceed as a light troop—and as the most important advantages may be derived from their ability, under proper arrangements, of quickly assembling, and moving with rapidity to any required point, these guns are most excellently adapted for them."

Mr. Andre, an Italian artist, who was sent some time ago to Italy, to have the caps of the columns executed, which are to stand in the representative chamber, has arrived in this city, and brings with him the capitals he was sent to procure. The marble is that of Carara, which is esteemed the most beautiful in Italy, and which the ancients denominated *marmor lunense*. It is susceptible of an exquisite polish, and is distinguished by its brilliant whiteness. These capitals are intended for columns of the Corinthian proportions, which are to be made of a species of marble found at a small distance from Washington. This stone is extremely variegated, and would be beautiful, if the colours were more brilliant, and less difficult in receiving a polish.

We would suggest to the architect the propriety of analysing the stone before he proceeds farther, and of submitting it to the test of acids, as we have every reason to believe it is what the Italians call *briccia*, and, if so, will, in a few years, crumble to atoms. If it be good marble, it will be a most important and valuable discovery, as, we learn, the mass extends to a considerable depth, and covers a surface of seven miles, which will render it sufficiently abundant to supply a great portion of the southern division of the United States.—*Wash. City Gaz.*

*Talents of Machiavel.*—No writer, certainly, either in ancient or modern times, has ever united, in a more remarkable degree, a greater variety of the most dissimilar, and seemingly, the most discordant gifts and attainments;—a profound acquaintance with all those arts of dissimulation and intrigue, which, in the petty cabinets of Italy, were then universally confounded with political wisdom;—an imagination familiarized to the cool contemplation of whatever is perfidious or atrocious in the history of conspirators and of tyrants;—combined with a graphical skill in holding up to laughter the comparatively harmless follies of ordinary life. His dramatic humour has been often compared to that of Moliere; but it resembles it rather in comic force than in benevolent gaiety, or in chastened morality. Such as it is, however, it forms an extraordinary contrast to that strength of intellectual character, which, in one page, reminds us of the deep sense of Tacitus, and in the next, of the dark and infernal policy of Cæsar Borgia. To all this must be superadded a purity of taste, which has enabled him, as an historian, to rival the severe simplicity of the Grecian masters, and a sagacity in combining historical facts, which was afterwards to afford lights to the school of Montesquieu.

Eminent, however, as the talents of Machiavel unquestionably were, he cannot be numbered among the benefactors of mankind. In none of his writings does he exhibit any marks of that lively sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, or of that warm zeal for the interests of truth and justice, without the guidance of which the highest mental endowments, when applied to moral or to political researches, are in perpetual danger of mistaking their way.—*Stewart's Introduction to the Encyclopædia.*

*Swedish Horses.*—I was surprised to find, in the royal stables in Sweden, that there was no straw or other bedding for the horses. The animals



stand or lie on perforated boards. This is an universal practice. It has been approved by the veterinary colleges of both Stockholm and Copenhagen, and adopted by the royal and other great families, on account of its salutary effect on the foot of the horse. In countries where the horses stand in a hot bed, produced by their own litter, their feet become tender and subject to divers disorders; but you seldom see a lame or foundered horse in Sweden or Denmark. If this should prove a good substitute for straw, it might bring about a reduction in the price of hay.—*Acerbi's Travels through Sweden, &c.*

*Gray Eagle.*—The large gray eagle shot on the morning of the 7th January, 1817, near Philadelphia, was taken alive, and upon examination, it appeared his wounds were very slight, and that he previously had, by some means, lost one foot, the stump of which had perfectly healed over. This rare bird, called by the Latins "*rex avium est aquila*," or the king of birds, has made its appearance, for the first time, in the township of Moorland, and county of Montgomery, fifteen miles from the city of Philadelphia: the old inhabitants of this vicinity have no recollection of a similar fact. The wings of this uncommon bird being extended, in presence of several spectators, measured seven feet one inch and a half between the two extremities, and its weight was eight pounds and four ounces. Its colour is a beautiful mixture of white and black, or dark brown; but no one yet is able to make any discovery as to its age.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, Dr. Hosack, chairman of the committee on Botany and Vegetable Physiology, presented an interesting view of the subjects referred to them. The *Hortus Siccus*, says the report, consists of several thousand plants in a very good state of preservation, and well calculated to illustrate both the *generic* and *specific* characters of the plants which it contains. Some of these too, they perceive, have been preserved and designated by the hands of the illustrious Swede himself, being duplicates taken from the original collection now in the possession of Sir James Edward Smith, by whom they were presented to the chairman of this committee. Others again, were collected and preserved by the late celebrated Professor Vahl, of Copenhagen, and are named by the hand of that 'Prince of Botanists.' Some of his original letters accompany the plants, which he from time to time transmitted. Since his death, his successor Professor Hornemann, and Mr. Hoffman Bang, of that city, have kindly continued their correspondence and contributions of dried plants. Another valuable part of this Herbarium, more especially consisting of the *gramineous* and *herbaceous* plants growing in the neighbourhood of London, has been communicated by the late Mr. William Curtis, the author of the *Flora Londinensis*. Mr. James Dickson, the celebrated British Cryptogamist, has also enriched this collection by a most valuable assemblage of the *Musci*, and some of the other *orders* of the *Cryptogamous class*. The collection of the plants of Scotland, made by the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New-York, Doctor Samuel Bard, when a student at the University of Edinburgh, and for which he received the hono-

rary medal conferred by Professor Hope, constitutes a part of the cabinet. Many of the plants of New-York and the neighbouring states, preserved and arranged by Cadwallader Colden, formerly lieutenant-governor, have also been recently added by his grandson, Cadwallader D. Colden, Esq. Much also has been done in collecting the vegetable products of this island, more particularly those plants which grow in the vicinity of this city. The names of Doctor Mitchell, Frederick Pursh, the author of the *North American Flora*, Michaux, the historian of the "American woods," Casper Wistar Eddy, M. D. John Le Conte, Esq. Dr. Rafineau, Alire Delile, the learned editor of the *Flora of Egypt*, and who, while finishing his course of education at the Medical School of this city, industriously collected the native plants of our island, frequently appear as the contributors to this collection.

The Committee also take this occasion to observe, that since the purchase made of the Elgin Botanic Garden has become extensively known, many persons distinguished for their knowledge and love of botanical science, have directed their attention to the state of New-York, as taking a decided and pre-eminent station in the cultivation of this department of Natural History; looking too, to the climate and the advantages of local situation as peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of this branch of knowledge, they have most liberally sent us large collections of seeds, particularly of such plants as they conceived would be most useful, either as articles employed in the healing art, which enter into the diet of mankind, are cultivated as food for cattle, or are made use of in agriculture, or in the various arts and manufactures which contribute to the comfort of man.

The committee acknowledge, with great pleasure, the reception of a large collection of seeds from Monsieur Thouin, the Professor of Agriculture and Botany at the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, and another from Mr. Jefferson, as lately received by him from his European correspondents.

The committee conclude by quoting the language of a late British writer,—“No region of the earth seems more appropriate to the improvement of botany, by the collecting and cultivating of plants, than that where the Elgin Botanic Garden is seated. Nearly midway between the northern and southern extremities of the vast American continent, and not more than forty degrees to the north of the equator, it commands resources of incalculable extent; and the European botanist will look to it for additions to his catalogue of the highest interest.

“The indigenous botany of America possesses most important qualities, and to that we trust the cultivators of this science will particularly turn their attention. It can hardly be considered as an act of the imagination, (so far does what has already been discovered countenance the most sanguine expectations,) to conjecture, that in the unexplored wilderness of mountain, forest, and marsh, which composes so much of the western world, lie hidden plants of extraordinary forms and potent qualities.”

*New-York Historical Society.*—The mineralogical Committee of this Society, have prepared an apartment for the purpose of receiving and displaying a collection of the minerals and fossils of the United States. The progress of the science of mineralogy in the United States has been very satisfactory to its friends in this country, and the labours of American mineralogists have met with great applause in Europe. Several new species, and many varieties of minerals have been discovered here, and the increasing attention to this science promises many interesting and valuable discoveries. But in a country so vast and so recently settled as the United States, we can hardly expect to find many who have visited, for mineralogical objects, any very large portion of its

territory. The researches of most of them have been limited to their own state or the district in which they live. A great number of valuable specimens remain in the hands of persons, who, either ignorant of their value, preserve them for temporary gratification, or, who having no object in making a collection, would be very happy to place them where they would become useful. To collect these scattered materials of our natural history, to display the riches of the mineral kingdom of each of our states; to inform the scientific traveller and citizen; to encourage the growing taste of this science in our country; to communicate discoveries and invite researches; are objects so useful, so important, that it would be impossible to doubt of the public favour being shown to this undertaking.

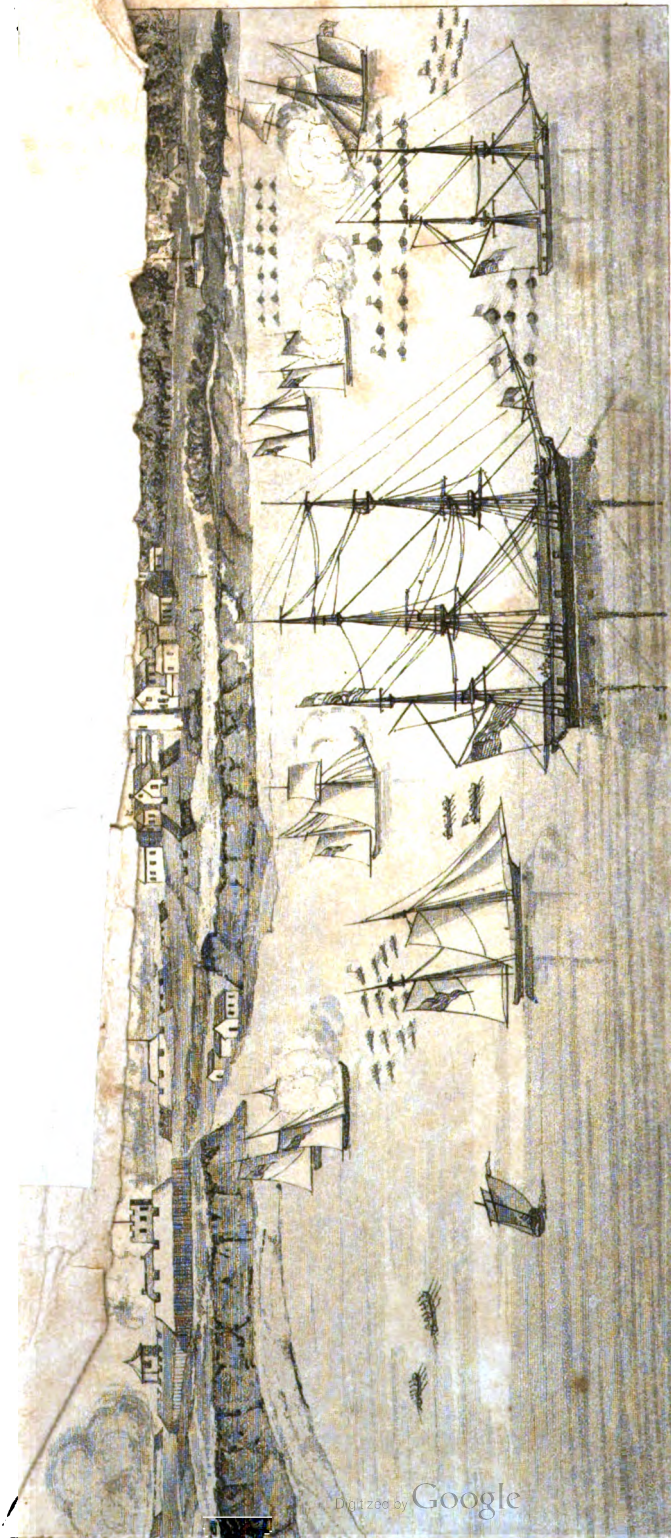
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### THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE are glad to find that our chief magistrate has been treated with the respect that belongs to his exalted station, in the tour which he is now making through the United States.\* The mayor of Baltimore saluted him, it is true, in rather vulgar English; and in this city, the corporation did not wait upon him, from a persuasion, it is said, that the visit was unnecessary—*non hoc ista sibi spectacula poscit*. This may be true; but he is the president of the United States, and is the representative of the country. We have heard some oily auguries respecting his future political career; but on this subject we have had many soft promises from his predecessors. Hope has been deferred until the heart is sick. We, however, have not lost all confidence. May he brighten our brows with cheerfulness, and lift up the dejected countenances of his countrymen. May he sustain the weight and dignity of his station, by a persevering rectitude of principle, unmoved by fear, and unshaken by flattery; and may the conclusion of his public labours be such, that we shall remember him only as he was at the period when he was exposed to the severest criterion! *Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant*.

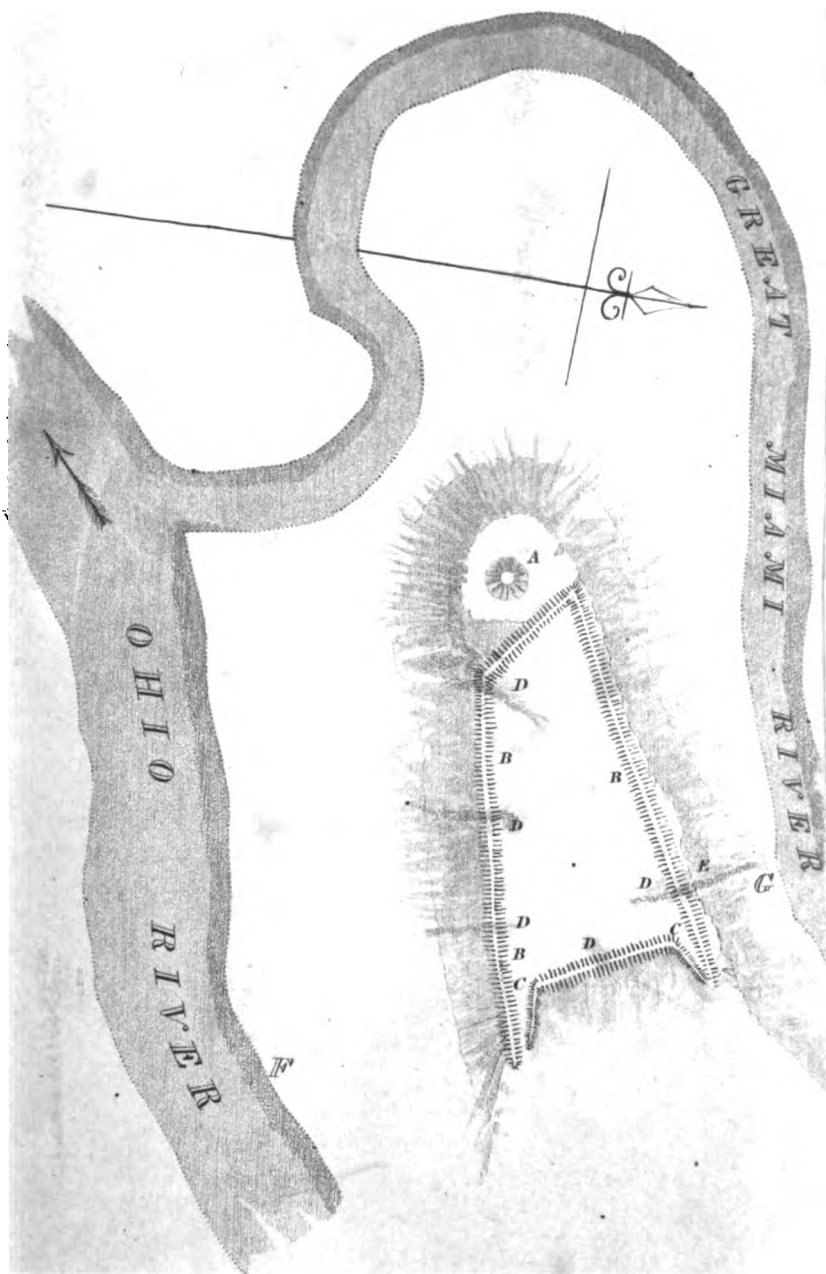
\* The story about the motto on his coach must be one of those bugbears, called *federal falsehoods*, which formerly excited so much terror among the sovereign people. *Principia non homines* is arrant nonsense; and if the royal vehicle really bear such an inscription, it must be ascribed to some *capriccio* on the part of the artist. It has no more resemblance to what it is intended to be, than one of the TALKS of the tawny chiefs, which are preserved among our national archives.





3 2 1 4 5 8 7 6

**CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.**



*Scale of the Fortification . 200. paces to an in.*



# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

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Embellished with a View of an Ancient Fortification in Ohio.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Letter from Cortez* occupies a considerable space in our pages; we hope it will be interesting to most of our readers. While Dr. Robertson was engaged in the collection of materials for his valuable history, this document was sought in vain in the public and private libraries of Europe.

Our correspondent at *Bedford Springs* who describes, in glowing language, the delights of a summer excursion, and advises his fellow citizens to join the "festive train" at that place, is hereby informed, that we are authorised, from the best authority, to state, that there is "not a single soul in the city." Every one concurs in averring most emphatically that every body has left Philadelphia, and that "it is the dullest place imaginable."

In reply to a friend in Virginia, we can only state, that it is impossible for us to regulate the charges which are made in the post office establishment. The act of congress is explicit that sixteen pages, octavo, shall be considered as one sheet, and those who charge eight pages as a sheet, are guilty of an offence, of which it is the duty of the proper officer to take notice. If subscribers will submit to the extortion of paying double postage, we have no objection. Not long since, a few sheets, of a book, then in press at New York, were transmitted by mail, to the editor. The postage far exceeded what was afterwards charged on the whole volume, although it contained *thrice* the number of those sheets, for which he had been so unjustly taxed. It was generally admitted in the days of Euclid, that the whole was equal to all its parts; but in modern times it seems to have been reserved for the servants of "the most enlightened nation on the earth," to detect a fallacy in this proposition. But the new philosophy, like *Mat Prior's Alma*.

Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost,  
While every where she rules the roast.

The "*Lines on Wit*," afford ample proof that the author might not have written worse, if he had known something on the subject which he pretends to discuss. Wit, according to an accomplished writer in a witty age, is very far from being shown

—when two like words make up one voice,  
(Jests for Dutchmen and English boys,)
   
In which who finds out wit, the same may see,
   
In an'grams and acrostic poetry:
   
Much less can that have any place,
   
At which a virgin bides her face;
   
Such dross the fire must purge away: 'tis just
   
*The author blush there, WHERE THE READER MUST.*

We are still "damm'd and block'd up" by "effusions," from unfledged urchins, who suppose that poetry consists in a few lines with similar terminations---who despise the advice of Swift, to

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline;—

and who are altogether unmindful that

Your poem finish'd, next your care  
Is needful to transcribe it fair.

These persons seem to forget that their vanity and the ridiculous fondness of their family, is to be gratified at the expense of the editor, who feels how much censure he must incur from the publication of such namby pamby verses as are strung together, and transmitted, by "the advice of a few fondly partial persons, who, *perhaps*, may overrate the author's talents."

# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1817.

NO. III.

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## ANTIQUITIES OF OHIO.

(Accompanied by an Engraving.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

*Lexington, Kentucky, —, 1817.*

DEAR SIR—As some pages of your interesting miscellany have already been devoted to the aboriginal remains of our country, I am induced to send you the annexed draught of an ancient work, in Hamilton county, Ohio. It is situated immediately at the confluence of the Ohio and Great Miami rivers, on the estate of general Harrison; and in the opinion of the proprietor (who is certainly well qualified to judge), and indeed of all who have examined it, is one of the few works evidently intended for military defence, among the many others more probably consecrated to religious or social purposes, which are dispersed over all the western section of the union. As a more full description of this work may not be uninteresting, I take the liberty of extracting part of a letter, written by general Harrison to a gentleman in Cincinnati, who had requested some information on the subject.

“It is situated,” says the general, “on the high ridge which borders the Ohio, and precisely at the point where it is terminat-

ed by the coming in of the Miami. The hill is perhaps two hundred feet above the level of the adjacent bottom, and the sides are so steep that there are few places where it can be ascended on horseback. The work contains by estimation fifteen acres, and occupies the whole width of the ridge; the wall, both on the Ohio and Miami sides, being as near as possible to the brink of the hill; from this circumstance, and from the ridge growing constantly narrower as you approach the Miami, the eastern wall or curtain is twice the length of that which forms the western defence of the fort, and the distance from the latter to the very point of the hill opposite to the junction of the rivers, an hundred and fifty feet. Immediately upon the point is a tumulus, of about half the elevation of that in Cincinnati.\* The two long walls immediately upon the brink are no where so high as those of the ends, their situation subjecting the earth of which they are made to be washed down the precipice. Indeed it is probable they never were so high, as, from the same cause, the approach to them was rendered very difficult. In one instance only, where it crosses a considerable ravine, the side-wall on the Ohio mounts to the present height of the end-walls. Of the latter, that on the west is the highest, being at present perhaps fifteen feet—a precaution, dictated, no doubt, by the ground over which it passes being more level than at any other place. The ridge is here, however, too narrow, and the hill on each side too steep, to make it the point at which an assault could be made, with the greatest prospect of success. It is moreover covered by an out-work; for such I deem the mound or tumulus abovementioned. The weakest point of the position is to be found on the eastern side, where the ridge, spreading out to a considerable extent, would allow a large army to approach and form near the work. It is here, therefore, that the ingenuity of the persons who constructed it has been most successfully exerted. There is at this place a considerable and irregular sink in the hill, which might afford cover to an offending enemy; but the line has been so run as to command every part of it. It appears also that the engineer was not unac-

\* The mound in Cincinnati is perhaps twenty feet high. S.

quainted with the great efficacy of flank defences. He has therefore secured this curtain, by a projection from each angle, which answer the purpose of our bastions. These bastions are formed by two parallel lines, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, and at the distance of ten or twelve feet apart. Had these lines been drawn at different angles with the main work, they would have answered, without any additional labour, for the defence of the side-curtains also, as the modern bastions do: as it is, they defend the eastern face only; for in each of the lines which compose them, the one is drawn at right angles (or nearly so) with the eastern wall—the other a prolongation of the side-wall. The foundation of the whole wall is of stone, without any appearance of cement, and not laid horizontally, but vertically, wedged in with each other as closely as possible. Upon this foundation the eastern parapet is raised.”

In the sketch A represents the mound or tumulus—B B B the line of the wall—C C the bastions—D D D D places in which the wall has been broken by ravines making down the hill—at E there is a spring of running water. The drawing is made from actual admeasurement; but the line of the rivers is laid down merely to show their general situation, with regard to the work. Their relative proportion may be better understood by supposing the area of the fortification to contain fifteen acres, and that embraced between the rivers, in a line from F, about as many hundred.

I am, sir, &c.

C. W. SHORT.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

### ON THE CHARACTER OF RACINE.

*(Continued from page 105.)*

THE Cid was the first epoch in the glory of the French theatre, and it was a brilliant one. Andromache formed the second, and it was not less striking: it created a sort of revolution. We perceived the existence of beauties entirely new. Those of the Cid were borrowed, in a great measure, from the Spanish: Ra-

cine, in the *Andromache*, owed nothing to any but himself. The piece from Euripides has nothing in common with his own but the title: the subject is entirely different, and it was not in this place that Racine's obligations to the Greeks commenced. To some verses in the third book of the *Æneid* he was indebted for the idea of his *Andromache*. They comprise a part of the subject:—the love of Pyrrhus for *Andromache*, and the murder of this prince, who was killed at the altar by the hand of *Orestes*. There is this difference, that in Virgil, Pyrrhus abandons *Andromache*, in order to espouse *Hermione*, of whom *Orestes* is enamoured. This is all that fable has furnished to the poet; and if we except subjects absolutely of invention, there are few instances where the author has done more of himself.

Whatever might have been the success of *Andromache*, Corneille and Racine had not yet so far enlightened the nation as to produce a proper estimation of the wonders of this tragedy. Racine was then too far before his own age and his judges. It requires more than one generation before knowledge, extending itself by degrees, shall shed a bright lustre upon the strokes of genius. Creation is prompt, but judgment moves with a slow pace. Instructed by the experience and reflection of a century, it is much easier for us to pronounce on the merits of Racine, when he had produced only his *Andromache*. What clearness and distinctness in the progress of an intrigue, apparently complex! What art in interlacing and carrying on simultaneously the two principal branches of action, in such a manner that they appear to be but one! Every thing is made to hinge upon a single event: the marriage of *Andromache* and *Pyrrhus*, and the events which produce the love of *Orestes* for *Hermione*, are always dependent upon that of *Pyrrhus* for *Andromache*. This art in overcoming difficulty supposes a complete science of intrigue, which it is necessary to develop.

There are three love affairs in the piece:—the love of *Pyrrhus* for *Andromache*, of *Hermione* for *Pyrrhus*, and that of *Orestes* for *Hermione*. It is necessary that all three should be tragical—that they should possess a different character, and each contribute to tie up and unloosen the principal knot of the subject—the marriage of *Pyrrhus* with *Andromache*—on which de-

pende the life of the son of Hector. All this the poet accomplishes. The attachment in each case is tragical; that is, it produces important catastrophes and great crimes. If Pyrrhus cannot obtain the hand of Andromache, he will deliver her son to the Greeks, who demand him. They have seized their victim, and he cannot refuse to his allies the blood of their common enemy; at least he dare not tell them, his mother has become my wife, and her son is mine. Here are adequate motives, well conceived and worthy of tragedy. Although the sacrifice of an infant may appear to be cruelty to us, yet the known manners of those times, the maxims of policy, and the rights of victory, sufficiently authorized it. Every thing has a motive, and all is probable; and lest the love of Pyrrhus should not assure us of the fate of Astyanax, the poet has preserved in his character the haughtiness and impetuosity which belong to the son of Achilles, and this violent passion which will become cruel, if it is not satisfied. This is announced in the first scene.

Chaque jour on lui voit tout tenter,  
 Pour fléchir sa captive, ou pour l'épouvanter.  
 De son fils qu'il lui cache il menace la tête,  
 Et fait couler des pleurs qu'aussitôt il arrête.  
 Hermione elle-même a vu plus de cent fois  
 Cet amant irrité revenir sous ses loix,  
 Et de ses vœux troublés lui rapportant l'hommage,  
 Soupirer à ses pieds moins d'amour que de rage.  
 Ainsi n'attendez pas que je puisse aujourd'hui  
 Vous répondre d'un cœur si peu maître de lui.  
 Il peut, Seigneur, il peut, dans ce désordre extrême,  
 Epouser ce qu'il hait, et perdre ce qu'il aime.

And those men whom passion will not allow to remain masters of themselves, are precisely the description which is wanted in tragedy. We know not what will happen, but we may expect every thing: we hope and we fear, and this is all that we expect from the stage. The language of Pyrrhus confirms what Pylades has just said. He flatters himself with the hope of touching the heart of his mistress: he promises every thing—he values nothing.

Madame, dites-moi seulement que j'espere,  
 Je vous rends votre fils, et je lui sers de pere.  
 Je l'instruirai moi-même à venger les Troyens;  
 J'irai punir les Grecs de vos maux et des miens  
 Animé d'un regard, je puis tout entreprendre.  
 Votre Ilion encore peut sortir de sa cendre;  
 Je puis, en moins de tems que les Grecs ne l'ont pris,  
 Dans ses murs relevés couronner votre fils.

Why is it that these promises, so singular in the mouth of the son of Achilles, far from wounding our ears, appear to be very natural? It is not only because they belong to the character already announced, to the wildness of youth and the enthusiasm of passion, but even because there is nothing in them inconsistent with the heroism of a warrior. It is not a cold compliment of gallantry, like that which Alexander paid to queen Cleopatra, when he said that for her sake he had come to conquer India. This we perceive at once is false, and that without any fault of the queen, Alexander might entertain the hope of conquering the whole world. But when a young leader who has overturned Troy, makes it at the same time his pleasure and his glory to rebuild it for the son of his mistress, the son of Hector, this idea flatters his love and his pride; we see that he promises what he can do, and passion in him speaks the language of truth.

Is the same Pyrrhus, a moment afterwards, offended at the refusal of Andromache? He is no longer the same man who asked only the sad permission to hope. He knows nothing but extremes:

Eh bien! Madame, eh bien! il faut vous obéir,  
 Il faut vous oublier, ou plutôt vous haïr.  
 Oui, mes vœux ont trop loin poussé leur violence,  
 Pour ne plus s'arrêter que dans l'indifférence  
 Songez-y bien. Il faut désormais que mon cœur,  
 S'il n'aime avec transport, haïsse avec fureur.  
 Je n'épargnerai rien dans ma juste colere;  
 Le fils me répondra des mepris de la mere.  
 La Grèce le demande; et je ne prétends pas  
 Mettre toujours ma gloire à sauver des ingrats.

These are the natural alternations and contrasts of passion. Happily love-affairs are not often affected by matters of such importance: but the foundation is the same; the difference is relative. Those women who have met with men really in love, know that it requires but a word to make them pass from the transports of love to those of rage. This vivacity of imagination, which is necessary in depicting the human passions, reminds me of an anecdote of Voltaire. He was teaching an actress, and endeavouring to infuse more fire into her manner—Sir, said the actress, if I perform thus, they will think the devil is in me.—Ah! mademoiselle, replied the poet, that is precisely what I want. To perform a tragedy well, it is necessary that you should seem to have the devil in you.

If the love of Pyrrhus be tragical, is that of Orestes less so? Orestes fulfils perfectly the idea which we collect from all the mythological traditions. He appears to have been followed by an invincible fatality: to foresee the crimes of which he is to be guilty, and which are in a manner attached to his name. His passion is dark and mournful; it is tinged with that melancholy which approaches despair. He sees, he imagines nothing but what is gloomy. He says to Pylades, at the moment when Hermione believes herself certain of espousing Pyrrhus:

S'il faut ne te rien déguiser,  
 Mon innocence enfin commence à me peser.  
 Je ne sais, de tout tems quelle injuste puissance  
 Laisse le crime en paix, et poursuit l'innocence.  
 De quelque part sur moi que je tourne les yeux,  
 Je ne vois que malheurs qui condamnent les dieux.  
 Meritons leur courroux, justifions leur haine,  
 Et que le fruit du crime en précède la peine.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Quand nos etats vengés jouiront se nos soins,  
 L'ingrate de mes pleurs jouira-t-elle moins?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Tout lui rirait, Pylade; et moi pour mon partage,  
 Je n'emporterais donc qu'une inutile rage?



J'irais loin d'elle encor, tâcher de l'oublier?  
 Non, non, à mes tourmens je neux l'associer.  
 C'est trop gémir tout seul; je suis las qu'on nec plaigne,  
 Je prétends qu' à mon tour l'inhumaine nec craigne,  
 Et que les yeux cruels, à pleurer condamnés,  
 Me rendent tous les noms que je leur ai donnés.

In fact we pity Orestes more than we condemn him, and the friendship which unites him with Pylades, gives a sort of interest to his character, and carries us still further in lessening his crime. We think vaguely, that a man who has one friend remaining, may have been guilty, though not absolutely wicked. We are struck when, in the midst of all his sinister projects, he resolved to bear away Hermione; the only soft sentiment which remains, is in favour of Pylades:

Mais toi, par quelle erreur veux-tu toujours sur toi  
 Detourner un courroux qui ne cherche que moi?  
 Assez et trop long-tems mon amitié t' accable:  
 Evite un malheureux, abandonne un coupable.  
 Cher Pylade, crois-moi, ta pitié te séduit.  
 Laisse-moi des périls dont j' attends tout le fruit;  
 Porte aux Grecs cet enfait que Pyrrhus m'abandonne.  
 Va-t-en.

And what is the answer of Pylades? It is not one of those sententious phrases such as we see so often in Corneille. He does not say a real friend should sacrifice every thing to his duty;—or, I know how a true friend would act in such a case: friendship fears no danger, &c. He shows all this in a single word:

Allons, seigneur, enlevons Hermione.

One word like this is better than a whole treatise on friendship; in the same manner as the recommendations to virtue, which occur in our good tragedies, surpass what is said by the moralists. One of the great advantages of the drama consists in the superiority of action to discourse.

How affecting is the reply of Orestes!

J'abuse, cher ami, de ton trop d'amitié.  
 Mais pardonne à des maux dont toi seul as pitié.

**Excuse un malheureux qui perd tout ce qu'il aime,  
Que tout le monde hait, et qui se hait lui-même.**

How different the distress! yet all are interesting, all appeal to the heart, all are tragical.

But Hermione surpasses every thing. This is one of the most astonishing creations of Racine's pen: it is the triumph of a new and sublime art. No one will deny that it belongs entirely to his genius. Where is the model of Hermione? where, before the time of Racine, do we behold such profound developments of the recesses of the human heart: such a flow and reflux so incessant and active of all the passions which can agitate a noble and wounded mind; such prompt and conflicting emotions, crossing each other like lightning; such rapid transitions from the imprecations of hatred to all the tenderness of love, from the effusions of joy to the transports of fury, from indifference and affected disdain to a despair which vents itself in lamentations, reproaches, and menaces; such rage, at one time blind and concentrated, and secretly meditating all the horrors of vengeance, and then furious, declaring the most terrible threats? When Pyrrhus, driven to despair by the disdain of Andromache, is about to espouse Hermione, in what manner does she address her confidante!

**Pyrrhus revient à nous! Eh bien! chere Cléone,  
Conçois-tu les transports de l'heureuse Hermione?  
Sais-tu quel est Pyrrhus? t'es-tu fait raconter  
Le nombre des exploits!—mais qui peut les compter?  
Intrépide, et partout suivi de la victoire,  
Charmant, fidele enfin, rien ne manque à sa gloire.**

Pyrrhus returns to Andromache: she is silent, and only waits for Orestes, to demand from him the head of a perjured lover. On his arrival he commences with a profusion of protestations. She interrupts him:

**Vengez-moi: je crois tout.**

Orestes resolves, though with pain, to serve her, and we see what a struggle it costs him to become an assassin, even when a rival is the object. Notwithstanding his promises, she does not believe herself secure of him.

Pyrrhus n'est pas coupable à ses yeux comme aux miens  
 Et je tiendrais mes coups bien plus sûrs que les siens.  
 Quel plaisir de venger moi-même mon injure,  
 De retirer mon bras teint du sang du parjure,  
 Et pour rendre sa peine et mes plaisirs plus grands,  
 De cacher ma rivale à ses regards mourans!  
 Ah! si du moins Oreste en punissant son crime,  
 Lui laissait le regret du mouvir ma victime!  
 Vas le trouver: dis-lui qu'il apprenne à l'ingrat  
 Qu'on l'immole à ma haine et non pas à l'état.  
 Chere Cléone, cours, ma vengeance est perdue,  
 S'il ignore en mouvant que c'est moi que le tue.

She perceives Pyrrhus. Her first emotion is that of hope; her first cry is an order to him to run after Orestes, and prevent him from doing any thing until she sees him. Pyrrhus acknowledges all his wrongs, and avows his determination to espouse Andromache. Hermione at first dissembles her resentment. She thinks that it would be degrading to appear too sensible of his conduct, and we behold the last struggle of pride against love. She even affects to lessen the hero whom she had just before exalted to the skies. His exploits are nothing but cruelties: she reproaches him with the death of the aged Priam. Pyrrhus answers her like a man quite indifferent. He applauds her tranquillity, and believes himself not so culpable as he feared. He flatters himself that their marriage would have been no more than an arrangement dictated by policy. But Hermione will not let him off so easily: irritated love can no longer contain itself, and when Pyrrhus says,

Rien ne vous engageait à m'aimer en effect;

she bursts forth in the following terms:

Je ne t'ai point aimé, cruel! qu'ai-je donc fait?  
 J'ai dédaigné pour toi les vœux de tous nos princes,  
 Je t'ai cherché moi-même au fond de tes provinces.  
 J'y suis encor, malgré tes infidélités,  
 Et malgré tous nos Grecs honteux de mes bontés.

Je leur ai commandé de cacher mon injure;  
 J'attendais en secret le retour d'un parjure.  
 J'ai cru que tôt au tard, à ton devoir rendu,  
 Tu me rapporterais un cœur qui m'était dû.  
 Je t'aimais inconstant, qu' aurais-je fait fidelle?  
 Et même, en ce moment, où ta bouche cruelle  
 Vient si tranquillement m'annoncer le trépas,  
 Ingrat, je doute encor si je ne t'aime pas.

Reproaches soon produce tenderness and intreaty: this is the  
 course of nature. And how is this change of tone marked?

Mais, seigneur, s'il faut, si le ciel en colere,  
 Réserve à d'autres yeux la gloire de vous plaire,  
 Achevez notre hymen, j'y consens, mais du moins,  
 Ne forcez pas mes yeux d'en être les temoins.  
 Pour la dernière fois je vous parle peut-être;  
 Différer-le d'un jour, demain vous serez maître.

There are, in this request, many sentiments, of which an agitated mind does not take notice, and which wholly occupy it without its being conscious of it. She is softened, and does not wish that Pyrrhus, by espousing Andromache, should expose himself to the rage of the Greeks. She asks but one day: this at least defers the greatest of misfortunes, and the delay may perhaps prevent it: hope never abandons love. But Pyrrhus appears insensible to her prayer. She asks but one day, and is refused: nothing then remains for her but despair.

Vous ne répondez point?—Perfide, je le roi,  
 Tu comptes les momens que tu perds avec moi.  
 Ton cœur, impatient de revoir ta Troyenne;  
 Ne souffre qu' à regret qu'une autre t'entretienne.  
 Tu lui parles du cœur, tu la cherches des yeux—  
 Je ne te retiens plus, sauve-toi de ces lieux,  
 Va lui jurer le foi que tu m'avais jurée:  
 Va profaner des dieux la majesté sacrée.  
 Ces dieux, ces justes dieux n'auront pas oublié  
 Que les mêmes sermens avec moi t'ont lié.

Porte aux pieds des autels ce cœur qui m'abandonne,  
Va cours; mais crains encor d'y trouver Hermione.

Love and rage united have never been represented more justly and horribly. It would be endless to enter into the detail of all that is expressed in this morsel. The analysis of five or six of Racine's characters of this description, would form a complete history of love. No man ever understood or painted it, in a better manner. What life there is in this verse!

Tu comptes les momens que tu perds avec moi.

How just is the observation! Nothing escapes the piercing eye of a woman who loves, even in the very tempest of passion. She cannot conceal from herself, that reproaches, since they have become unavailing, render her troublesome; and that he who is the object of them involuntarily compares these irksome moments, with those which might be passed so much more pleasantly in the society of another. And the expression *ta Troyenne!* what haughty contempt is conveyed by it! These are but shades, if you please; but it is the combination of circumstances, even light in themselves, which forms the illusion of the whole: nothing is little in depicting the passions. The expression *tu lui parles du cœur*, is both happy and new. We are unwilling to quit the scene: we pause, and among so many beauties, we seek in vain for a single superfluous word.

(*To be continued.*)

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LETTER FROM CORTEZ TO THE KING OF SPAIN, ON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(*Continued, from p. 146.*)

The next day we pursued the road over the heights before mentioned, and on our descent discovered the province of Choleo belonging to Montezuma. At the distance of not less than two leagues before arriving at any settlement, we found a very handsome building newly erected, and sufficiently large to lodge all my attendants, notwithstanding I had with me more than four thousand Indians. We here found provisions in abundance, a very good fire, and great quantities of wood, a very necessary

precaution, in consequence of the cold caused by the proximity of the mountains.

In this lodging I received several ambassadors from Montezuma, one of whom, I was informed, was his brother. They made me presents to the amount of about three thousand golden crowns, and requested me to return and not persist in entering a country covered with water, where there was no travelling but in canoes or over very difficult roads, and where provisions were extremely scarce. They again urged me to let them know what were my wishes, assuring me that their master Montezuma would satisfy them, and at the same time engage to pay me annually a stipulated sum, which should be sent to me at whatever place I should appoint.

I treated these ambassadors with much attention, and presented them with such productions of Spain as they esteemed the most, particularly the one whom I supposed to be Montezuma's brother; at the same time I desired them to inform their sovereign, that I would willingly, to gratify him, consent to return, if it depended on me, but that I had come thither by the express orders of your majesty, who had required of me a particular description of that monarch, and the beautiful city in which he resided. That I begged him to receive my visit kindly, assuring him that I would not offer him the least injury, but would return as soon as I had seen him, unless he should be desirous of keeping me with him, and that we could much better concert such measures between ourselves as would promote your majesty's interest than could possibly be done through the medium of others, whatever credit they might be entitled to.

The ambassadors returned with this reply. Soon after, on examining carefully the environs of our quarters, I thought I perceived that preparations had been made for attacking us in the night. Of course I kept on my guard in such a manner as to induce our enemies to relinquish their plan, as my scouts discovered that they had privately withdrawn some troops which they had collected in the adjoining wood.

The next morning I departed for Amaqueruca at two leagues distance from where I passed the night. Here we were well accommodated in houses belonging to the caciques. Many of the principal inhabitants came to visit me, and told me that Montezuma had ordered them to attend me and furnish me with whatever I wanted. The chief cacique of the province presented me with forty slaves and a thousand crowns, and for the two days that I remained at Amaqueruca we were abundantly supplied with every necessary. On the third day I quitted that place in company with the envoys of Montezuma, and at night took our lodgings in a small enclosure, partly built on the edge of a large march, and partly on a piece of ground adjoining a range of very steep and rocky mountains, where we were very well ac-

commodated. The Mexicans were desirous of engaging us in a situation so disadvantageous; but they wished to do it with security, and to surprise us in our sleep. This was, however, no easy matter, as we kept constantly on our guard, and thwarted all their attempts by the celerity of our measures. The number of our centinels were doubled, and we killed more than twenty of their spies, in canoes, or on the top of the mountain whither they kept constantly coming, to discover a favourable opportunity to attack us, but when they found that it was impossible to surprise us, they changed their plan of conduct, and resolved to treat us well.

On the next morning as I was preparing to depart, ten or twelve of the principal caciques, as I have since found them to be, came to see me. Among them was one,\* not exceeding twenty-five years of age, whom the others treated with such respect, that whenever he left his litter, they walked before him, in order to remove the stones and clear the road. When I arrived at my quarters, these ambassadors informed me that they had been sent by Montezuma to accompany me, and that he begged me to excuse him for not coming in person to receive me, as he was indisposed; but that he was not far off, and as I was resolved to come and visit him, we should soon meet, when he would be glad to learn what he could do for your majesty's service. If I would, however, hearken to his advice, I should relinquish my design of advancing farther in a country, where I should experience many toils and privations, and where, to his sorrow, he should be unable to supply me with all that I might want.

The ambassadors adhered with such obstinacy to this point, that they omitted nothing to induce me to return, except actually threatening to oppose my passage if I advanced. I did every thing in my power to satisfy and quiet them, as to the object of my journey, and dismissed them, after having made them presents, and immediately followed after.

At the distance of two musket shot from the road, I passed a small city, built upon piles, apparently well fortified, and inaccessible on all sides, and capable of containing about two thousand inhabitants.

A league farther we came to a causeway, a pike's length in breadth, and two-thirds of a league in extent. This conducted us to a small city, but the most beautiful that I had yet seen. The

\* This was Cacamatzin, lord of Tezcuvo, the nephew of Montezuma. Bernal Diaz thus describes his meeting with Cortez: "Cacamatzin followed, (the four Mexican courtiers who had announced his approach) in the greatest pomp, carried in a magnificent litter, adorned with green plumes, and enriched with jewels, set in the branched pillars of solid gold. He was borne by eight lords, who assisted him out of the litter, and swept the way by which he was to pass." B. Diaz, p. 130. He is called in the Mexican tradition Quitzalcoult.

houses, as well as the towers, were handsomely built; and the piles, on which they were placed, arranged in admirable order. The inhabitants amounted to about two thousand; they received us very kindly, furnished us with provisions in abundance, and solicited us to pass the night there. But I was persuaded by the envoys of Montezuma to go on three leagues farther, to Iztapalapa, which belonged to a brother of Montezuma.

We left this city by a causeway similar to the first, of about a league in extent. Before we entered Iztapalapa, one of the caciques of that city, and another of Calnaalcán, came to meet me; and on my arrival I met several others, who presented me with some slaves, pieces of cloth, and three thousand crowns in gold.

Iztapalapa\* contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is situated partly on the land, and partly on the water. I saw there several new houses belonging to the governor, which were not quite completed, and were as strong, and nearly as well built, as to their architecture and ornaments, as the best houses in Spain. We found here delightful gardens,† filled with odorife-

\* Iztapalapa. Bernal Diaz, in his naïve manner, thus describes that city: "When we beheld the number of populous towns on the water, and firm ground, and that broad causeway (the causeway of Iztapalapa) running straight and level to the city (Mexico) we could compare it to nothing but the enchanted scenes we had read of in *Amadis de Gaul*, from the great towers and temples, and other edifices of stone and lime, which seemed to rise out of the water. To many of us it appeared doubtful whether we were asleep or awake; nor is the manner in which I express myself to be wondered at; for it must be considered, that never yet did man see, hear, or dream of any thing equal to the spectacle which appeared to our eyes on this day.

"When we approached Iztapalapa, we were received by several great lords of that country, relations of Montezuma, who conducted us to our lodgings there, in palaces magnificently built of stone, the timber of which was cedar, with spacious courts, and apartments furnished with canopies of the finest cotton."

† "After having contemplated these noble edifices, we walked through the gardens, which were admirable to behold, from the variety of beautiful and aromatic plants, and the numerous alleys filled with fruit trees, roses, and various flowers. Here was also a lake of the clearest water, which communicated with the grand lake of Mexico, by a channel cut for the purpose, and capable of admitting the largest canoes. The whole was ornamented with works of art, painted, and admirably plastered and whitened, and it was rendered more delightful by numbers of beautiful birds. When I beheld the scenes that were around me, I thought within myself, that this was the garden of the world." B. Diaz, p. 130-131.

"The Mexican Indians have preserved the same taste for flowers which Cortez found in his time. A nosegay was the most valuable treat which could be made to the ambassadors who visited the court of Montezuma. This monarch, and his predecessors, had collected a great number of rare plants in the gardens of Iztapalapa. The famous *hand-tree*, the *cheirostemors*, described by M. Cervantes, of which, for a long time, only a single individual was known, of very high antiquity, appears to indicate that the



rous flowers, containing reservoirs of water, terraces, porticos, and shady walks. These reservoirs are full of fish, and covered with wild ducks, teal, and all kinds of aquatic birds.

I left this city the next day, and after a journey of half a league, came to a causeway, extending for two leagues into a lake, in the midst of which stands Temixtitlan. This causeway is two lances length in breadth, and will admit eight horses abreast. It is extremely well built, and bordered by three cities. The first, called Mesicalsingo, contains about a thousand inhabitants; the second is named Huchilohuchico; and the third, Nyciaca, which has upwards of six thousand. The towers, temples, oratories, and houses of the principal inhabitants, are of very solid architecture. This city car-

kings of Tourca cultivated also trees strangers to that part of Mexico." Humboldt's *New Spain*, vol. 2, p. 130.

The translator of the above work, in a note to page 49, vol. 1, says, that the collection of rare plants in the garden of Iztapalapa, was made by king Cuitlahuatzen, the brother and successor of Montezuma, who died of the small pox, after the expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico, and was succeeded by Quauhtemotzin.

"The taste for flowers undoubtedly indicates a relish for the beautiful; and we are astonished at finding it in a nation in which a sanguinary worship, and the frequency of sacrifices, appeared to have extinguished whatever related to the sensibility of the soul, and kindness of affection. In the great market-place of Mexico, the native sells no peaches, nor anunas, nor roots, nor *pulque* (the fermented juice of the agave), without having his shop ornamented with flowers, which are every day renewed. The Indian merchant appears seated in an intrenchment of verdure. A hedge, of three and a quarter feet in height, formed of fresh herbs, particularly of graminæ, with delicate leaves, surrounds, like a semicircular wall, the fruits offered to public sale. The bottom, of a smooth green, is divided by garlands of flowers, which run parallel to one another. Small nosegays, placed symmetrically between the festoons, give this enclosure the appearance of a carpet strewn with flowers. The European, who delights in studying the customs of the lower people, cannot help being struck with the care and elegance the natives display, in distributing the fruits which they sell, in small cages of very light wood. The sapotilles, the mammea, pears, and raisins, occupy the bottom, while the top is ornamented with odoriferous flowers. This art of entwining fruits and flowers had its origin, perhaps, in that happy period when, long before the introduction of inhuman rites, the first inhabitants of Anahuac, like the Peruvians, offered up to the great spirit, Teotl, the first fruits of their harvest." Humboldt, vol. 1, p. 130-131.

"The first botanical garden in Europe (says count Corli) was that of Padua, established by a decree of the Venetian republic, on the 30th of June, 1545. Diaz, Herrera, and Jolis, relate, that the emperor of Mexico, and the great lords, had gardens, in which they cultivated medicinal herbs for public use, and that they were very vain of that prodigious quantity of plants, which they had divided into classes, and into beds, with great intelligence. These gardens were much antecedent to those of Europe, which were destined to the same purposes; they were perhaps the model of them." *Lettere Americane*.

ries on a great trade in loaf salt, which is obtained by boiling the water of the lake.

At half a league's distance from Temixtitlan, we came to a double wall, like a bulwark, furnished with an indented parapet, forming two enclosures to the city, and on the other side joining a causeway extending to the main land. This wall has but two gates, which open on the two causeways already mentioned.

More than a thousand persons of distinction, belonging to the city, dressed perfectly alike, came as far as this enclosure to meet me. As they approached to speak to me, they saluted me according to the custom of Mexico, by putting the hand to the ground and kissing it. I waited more than an hour to give time to each one to go through with this ceremony.

At the entrance of the city, between the causeway and the gate, is a wooden bridge, ten feet wide, for the purpose of allowing the water a free circulation. This bridge is constructed of beams and joists, and can be drawn up at pleasure. In the interior of the city are a great number of the same kind, to facilitate the communication. When I had passed the bridge,\* Montezuma, attended by two hundred of his nobles, barefooted, and dressed in superb uniforms, came to receive me. This suite, which was arranged in two files, walked as close as possible to the houses, through a very strait street, three quarters of a league in length, handsomely intersected, and adorned with temples and large and beautiful houses. Montezuma himself, accompanied by his brother, and the nobleman he had sent to meet me, walked in the middle of the street. They were all dressed in the same manner, but Montezuma alone had sandals on, and was supported under his arms by the others. When I saw him approach, I alighted from my horse, and stepped forward to embrace him; but the two nobles who were with him stopped me, and prevented me from touching him. They, and

\* Diaz thus describes the approach of Montezuma on this occasion: "When we arrived at a place where a small causeway turns off, which goes to the city of Cuyoacan, we were met by a great number of the lords of the court; in their rich dresses, sent to bid us welcome. After some time, the nephew of Montezuma, and other noblemen, went back to meet their monarch, who approached, carried in a most magnificent litter, which was supported by his principal nobility. When we came near certain towers, which are almost close to the city, Montezuma quitted his litter, and was borne in the arms of the princes of Jezcuco, Iztapalapa, Jacuba, and Cuyoacan, under a canopy of the richest materials, ornamented with green feathers, gold and precious stones, that hung in the manner of fringe; he was most richly dressed and adorned, and wore buskins of pure gold, ornamented with jewels. The princes, who supported him, were dressed in rich habits, different from those in which they came to meet us, and others who preceded the monarch, spread mantles on the ground, lest his feet should touch it. All who attended him, except the four princes, kept their eyes fixed upon the earth, not daring to look him in the face." B. Diaz, p. 133.

Montezuma, then performed the ceremony of kissing their hands after having touched the ground. This ceremony being finished, Montezuma ordered his brother to accompany me, and support me under the arm. After he had accosted me, Montezuma walked slowly before me, with his attendant, and all the other nobles came forward regularly, in their turn, to speak to me, and then returned to their places.

When I addressed Montezuma, I took a collar of pearl from my neck, which I put upon his. Some time after, one of his servants brought me a piece of cloth which contained two necklaces made of snail shells, of a colour held in the highest estimation by these people. To each necklace was suspended eight golden trinkets, about six inches in length of very fine workmanship. Montezuma came himself, and put them around my neck; after which he continued his march, in the order I have described, till we came to a very large and beautiful house, made ready for our reception. He then took me by the hand, and leading me into a large hall, facing the court by which we had entered, seated me on a very rich carpet, which he had ordered for his own use, and, desiring me to wait his return, went out.

I had hardly disposed of my men when Montezuma returned, bringing with him, a great number of gold and silver ornaments, five or six thousand pieces of cotton richly wrought in a variety of figures, and plumes; after ordering these presents to be given to me, he seated himself on a carpet, by the side of mine, and addressed me in the following terms.

We have long known from the records left us by our ancestors, that we are not originally of this country. Our ancestors were strangers, who came hither from a great distance under the conduct of a certain king, who, after having subjugated this country, returned to his own. After a long absence, this monarch came back to Mexico, and found that his subjects had become very numerous. He wanted to persuade them to return with him, but they would not consent, and still less receive him as their master. He then departed alone, assuring them that at some future period one of his descendants would come and subdue this country. Considering the eastern\* quarter from whence you say you

\* The Tusculans had also, according to B. Diaz a tradition or prediction, that they would be subdued by men from the east. "They said that their ancestors had told them, that in former times the country was inhabited by men and women of great stature and wicked manners, whom their ancestors had at length extirpated, and in order that we might judge of the bulk of these people, they brought us a bone which had belonged to one of them, so large, that when it was placed upright it was as high as a middling sized man; it was the bone between the knee and the hip. The chiefs also told us how their idols had predicted, that men should come from distant parts where the sun rises to subjugate the country, and that they believed us to be those of whom their gods had spoken."

came, and from what you have told us of the king who sent you here, we are strongly induced to believe that he is our natural king, more especially as you say it is a long time since he has heard any mention made of us. As we are convinced that you do not deceive us, you may be assured that we will acknowledge you for our master, and will obey you as the representative of that great monarch whom you have told us of. You may therefore command absolutely throughout my dominions, and whatever I have is at your disposal. Seeing then that you are in your own country, and among your subjects, amuse and repose yourselves after the fatigues you have undergone in your journey and the battles you have fought, for I am well acquainted with all the inconveniences and difficulties you have had to surmount. Neither am I ignorant how much the people of Zempoalla and of Tascalteca have prejudiced you against me; but trust only to what you see yourself, and particularly be cautious how you believe those people, who are my natural enemies, or rebellious subjects. I also know that they have told you that the walls of my palace are of gold, that my carpets and every thing which I use are so likewise. As to the houses, you have seen that they are built of stone, lime and sand. Then drawing aside his garments and showing me his body, he added—you perceive too, that like yourself I am formed of flesh and bone, and as well as the rest of mankind am mortal and palpable. It is true that I have some articles of gold left me by my ancestors; but whatever I have shall be yours whenever you desire it. I shall now return to the house where I reside; but be under no uneasiness, for you will receive here all that will be wanted for yourself and your attendants; for you are with your friends, and in your own country.

I replied to these civilities of Montezuma, in the best manner I was able, making such further remarks as appeared to me best suited to existing circumstances, and concluded with telling him that he might expect every favour from your majesty.

Immediately after Montezuma left me, a great quantity of bread, fowls, fruit and eatables of various kinds were sent us, together with all the furniture necessary for our house. I was thus supplied for six days, and received the visits of the principal caciques.

I have already, in commencing this letter, had the honour of informing your majesty, that I left behind me at Vera Cruz one hundred and fifty men, in order to finish the fort which I had begun, and that a great number of cities, towns, and inhabitants of the country had submitted to your government. I had likewise left at Cholula, some trusty men under the command of a captain whom I had appointed to the command of the place.

Some time after I received letters from the latter, informing me that Qualpopoca, cacique of Almeria, which the Mexicans

call Nauthla; had sent a deputation to him, tendering his homage and submission to your majesty, and excusing himself for not coming in person, as he should be obliged to pass through the country of his enemies, who would most certainly ill-treat him. He at the same time sent word to the commander, that if he would send him four Spaniards he would come on immediately, as his enemies would not dare to insult him when thus accompanied. The officer confiding in his promise, from other similar examples, sent him the four men as he requested. Qualpopoca, however, gave orders to assassinate them, so as not to have it suspected: two of them were killed; the others, though severely wounded, had the good fortune to make their escape among the woods. On the discovery of this treachery the commander of Cholula, with two horsemen, fifty Spanish soldiers, and from eight to ten thousand Indian allies marched for Almeria. After several battles in which great numbers of the enemy were killed, they were at length driven out of the city, notwithstanding the exertions of Qualpopoca and his party, and the city itself burned through the animosity of our Indians. The prisoners taken on this occasion were carefully examined in order to discover the authors of this perfidious plot. They all agreed in ascribing it to Montezuma, and said that at the time of my leaving Vera Cruz, he had sent orders to Qualpopoca and his other vassals, to make use of every possible means to destroy the Spaniards whom I had left there to favour my retreat.

After I had been six days at Temixtitlan, and seen whatever was most remarkable, I thought, especially after the discovery of Qualpopoca's treachery, that I ought to secure the person of Montezuma, in order to fix his wavering determination, and attach him firmly to your majesty's service, from which, in consequence of the naturally unstable disposition of man, he might be disposed to withdraw himself. With a view to provide for our security, acquire a fuller knowledge of the countries under his dominion, and subject them with more facility, I resolved to have Montezuma brought to my quarters which were very strong. In order to accomplish this undertaking without noise or commotion, I placed guards at the corners of the streets, and went to visit him as usual.

Our conversation at first turned on indifferent subjects; after which he made me a present of some golden ornaments and of one of his daughters, and at the same time gave some of the daughters of his caciques to my people. I soon, however, changed the theme, and informed him of the affair of Almeria, the treachery and cruelty of Qualpopoca, who pretended to have acted conformably to his orders, which as his subject, he was bound to obey. I observed that I did not believe a word of it, and was persuaded that those traitors attributed it to him to exculpate themselves, as I had every reason to be satisfied with his con-

duct, but that it was necessary for him to send immediately for Qualpopoca and his associates, in order to discover the truth, and punish them, as my master, on receiving an account of these enormities would not only suspect the sincerity of his professions, but in revenge of the perfidy practised towards my companions, would order me to proceed to the utmost extremities against him. When I had finished speaking, Montezuma took from his arm a small stone in shape of a seal, and gave it to one of his attendants, with orders to proceed to Almeria, which is seventy leagues from Temixtitlan, to arrest Qualpopoca and all those who were concerned in the assassination of the Spaniards, and to bring them to the capital. The guards charged with this commission, immediately departed. I thanked him for the readiness he had shown in giving me satisfaction, and added, that nothing was wanting to render his exculpation complete in the eyes of my sovereign, to whom I was under an obligation to render an account of what measures I had taken, but to have him reside with me until the truth should be ascertained, and his innocence, of which I had no doubt, fully be established. At the same time I requested him not to think ill of my proposal, as he should enjoy full liberty with me, and that I would in no way obstruct or embarrass his proceedings or the orders which he wished to give.

I then requested him to make choice of that part of my habitation which suited him best, and live there in what manner he pleased, promising that no one should molest him in any respect, and that he should have not only his own servants but all my people under his direction who would be happy to anticipate his wishes.

He appeared to accept my proposals with readiness; and immediately gave orders to have the apartment which he made choice of, got ready. After this a number of caciques entered his apartment barefooted and undressed, with their clothes upon their arms, bearing a kind of hand-barrow like a sedan-chair. They took up Montezuma without saying a word, and with tears in their eyes placed him in this vehicle; in this manner they carried him without the least tumult to my lodgings. In crossing the city I perceived some commotion, but it was appeased by a single word from Montezuma, and all became tranquil. This state of things continued the whole time he remained with me, as he always did whatever he wished, and was served in the same manner as at his own palace.

Fifteen days afterwards, Qualpopoca, one of his sons, and fifteen others, who were concerned in the murder of the Spaniards, were taken and brought to me. I had them securely confined, and ordered their process to be drawn up, after they had acknowledged that they were subjects of Montezuma and had killed the Spaniards. On being examined they denied having received orders from Montezuma, authorizing the commission of their crime;

but on the execution of the sentence, ordering them to be burnt, they changed their tone, and accused that monarch. They were all executed in the principal square without exciting the least commotion. During the time of their execution only, and in consequence of their confession, I had Montezuma put in irons. He was at first very much alarmed, but after having given him my reasons, and ordered his fetters to be taken off, he became tranquil. From that time I sought only to anticipate his wishes in every thing. I caused it to be proclaimed throughout the empire, that it was my sincere desire to preserve to Montezuma the full extent of his power, provided that he would acknowledge the authority of the king, my master; and that it was my intention that he should continue to be respected and obeyed in the same manner as before my arrival.

I treated him so well, and he was so much pleased with me, that though I frequently offered to set him at liberty, he always replied that he found his situation very agreeable, that he wanted for nothing, that the accommodations were the same as at his own palace, and that if he returned, his caciques and subjects might, by their importunities, induce him to adopt measures prejudicial to the interest of the emperor, whom he was sincerely disposed to serve to the utmost of his power, whilst by remaining where he was, his want of liberty would always furnish him with a sufficient excuse for rejecting their entreaties. He frequently applied to me for permission to visit the several houses which he had both within and without the city. This I never refused him; when, taking five or six Spaniards with him, he often went to the distance of one or two leagues, and always returned cheerful and contented to his lodgings.

On these occasions he made presents to those Spaniards who accompanied him, either of golden ornaments or pieces of cloth. He entertained them with feasts and repasts, as well as the caciques and nobles who attended him, frequently to the number of three thousand.

When I became well convinced of the favourable disposition and submission of Montezuma, I desired him to acquaint me with the situation of the gold mines of the country. He immediately sent for eight of his confidential servants, and dividing them into four parties, ordered two of them to each province from whence the gold is obtained; at the same time requesting me to send an equal number of Spaniards to accompany them, and witness their proceedings. Of these parties, one proceeded to the province of Cuzula, eighty leagues distant from Mexico, where they were showed three rivers which produced gold. They brought from thence three very fine specimens, although they were selected with little care, and procured only with such tools as the Indians usually employ. On their journey, this party crossed three large provinces, containing a great number of cities, towns, and villages, as well built as in any part of Spain; among others, they met with one fort

which was larger, stronger, and better built than the castle of Burgos. Of the different people whom they saw, the Indians of the province of Tamazalapa, appeared to them to possess the most intelligence, and were much better dressed than any they had seen.

The second division who went on this discovery, traversed the province of Malinaltebeque, which is on the sea coast, seventy leagues from Mexico; these likewise brought me some specimens of gold from a great river which waters that country.

The third division went into the province of Tenis, whose inhabitants speak a different language from those of Chulua. The cacique, or prince of this province, is called Coatelicamat; his territory is situated on a chain of high and steep mountains; his subjects are very warlike, and make use of lances of an immense length. As he is not dependant on Montezuma, the Mexicans who were with my men, dared not enter the country until they had obtained his leave. They in consequence requested him, in behalf of their master Montezuma, and myself, to permit the Spaniards to see the golden mines which were worked in his country. This permission he granted to the Spaniards, but refused to the subjects of Montezuma, whom he considered as enemies. The Spaniards were for some time undecided whether to enter the province alone, especially as their companions did all they could to dissuade them; they at length, however, ventured to proceed, and were received with much hospitality by the cacique and his people, who showed them seven or eight rivulets, from whence they saw them take the gold, specimens of which they brought to me.

On their return they were accompanied by an ambassador from Coatelicamat, who brought me several presents of pieces of cloth, the manufacture of his country, and some golden ornaments, and in his name made me a proffer of his lands and his person.

The fourth division crossed the province of Suchitebeque, situated near the sea, at twelve leagues distance from that of Malinaltebeque. They were showed two rivers, from whence gold was taken in their presence, specimens of which they likewise brought.

As from the report of the Spaniards I understood that there were a number of places in the province of Malinaltebeque, well situated for establishments for digging gold, I desired Montezuma to have one formed. He immediately issued orders for this purpose, which were so promptly executed, that within two months, seventy fanegas of wheat and ten of white beans for seed, with two thousand sets of cocoa plants were collected; this last article is held in such estimation, that it serves for exchange and purchase in all bargains instead of silver. Montezuma likewise established four other plantations or settlements, in one of which a pond was constructed capable of supporting five hundred ducks, whose feathers the Mexicans employ in their clothing. Another



contained more than fifteen hundred fowls, without reckoning many other things, which were estimated at the value of twenty thousand golden crowns.

I afterwards requested Montezuma to point out to me some river or harbour on the sea coast, where ships might anchor in safety. He accordingly sent me a cloth,\* upon which was painted a chart of the whole coast belonging to his empire, and at the same time offered to send persons to examine such places as corresponded with my views. On this chart I observed the mouth of a river, much broader than any of the others, situated in a range of mountains formerly called Sanmyn, but at present St. Martin and St. Antony. I sent thither ten sailors, under an escort furnished by Montezuma. These took their departure from the harbour of St. John where I first landed, and proceeded along the coast upwards of sixty leagues, without finding a single harbour or river that would admit a ship. At length they came to the mouth of the river of Guacalca, the same that I had noticed on the chart, where they were well received by the cacique of the province, named Tuchintecla, who furnished them with canoes to examine the river. This they found to be not less than two fathoms and a half deep at its mouth. They ascended it for twelve leagues, and uniformly found in the channel from five to six fathoms of water, and from the best information they could obtain, it continues of the same depth for upwards of thirty leagues; its shores are reported to be thickly peopled, and the province through which it flows, level, fertile, and abounding with every production. The inhabitants are not subject to Montezuma, but on the contrary inimical to him; and the cacique while he permitted the entrance of the Spaniards, prohibited that of the Mexican escort which accompanied them. He sent me ambassadors loaded with ornaments of gold, tiger skins, plumes, precious stones and cloth, with orders to tell me that their master, Tuchintecla, had long since heard me spoken of by his friends, the people of Putunchan, who, after having attempted to prevent my entering their country, had submitted and obtained my friendship. They said that Tuchintecla himself, as well as his subjects, would submit themselves wholly to me, if I would prevent the people of Chulua from entering his country; that all that it produced was at my disposal, and that he would pay me annually such tribute as I should think proper to impose.

\* Bernal Diaz says, that "the Tlascalcan chiefs then produced for our inspection large cloths of nequen, whereon were painted representations of their various battles."

A dispute happened to arise between two Mexican nobles, relative to the boundaries of some land. The affair was brought before the tribunal of the Licentiale Zuazo. The papers of the province, according to Oviedo, were nothing but a painting, on which were marks, a kind of cypher, characters and figures, which represented the fact as well as it could have been detailed by one of our best writers. *Lettere Americane.*

From the information I had received of the situation and population of this province, and more particularly the discovery of a good harbour which has been the principal object of my wishes since my landing, I sent back with the envoys of Tuchiuntecla several experienced men, to ascertain the soundings of the harbour and river, the population of the province, and the disposition of the inhabitants, and also to select places suitable for forming establishments. They took with them some presents for the cacique, by whom they were well received, and succeeded in the fullest manner in completing their object. From the confirmation I received by them of the former accounts, and of Tuchiuntecla's friendly disposition, I determined to send an officer with a hundred and fifty men into this province to erect a fort, in consequence of the offers of the cacique who expressed the strongest inclination to gratify all my wishes, and to have me form an establishment in his country.

I have already observed that before I arrived at Temixtitlan a great lord,\* nearly related to Montezuma, had come to meet me on the part of that prince; he was the owner of a province contiguous to that of Mexico, called Haculuacan.

Just within this province, six leagues distant by water from Temixtitlan and ten by land, near the shore of a salt lake, is a large city called Tezcuco,† containing thirty thousand inhabitants, with beautiful public buildings, elegant houses, oratories splendidly decorated, and large markets; there are also upon it two other cities, which contain three or four thousand inhabitants, one at three and the other at six leagues distance from the first. This province which borders on that of Tascaltecal, likewise comprises a great number of towns and villages, with numerous farms and lands under high cultivation. The cacique, named

\* Caxamatzin.

† Bernal Diaz says, that Tezcuco is the largest city in the empire next to Mexico.

Besides Tlascala, Cholula, Mexico, and the other cities on the lake, there appears from the accounts given by officers cotemporary with the conquest, who were sent on different expeditions, to have been in some of the remote provinces, cities little inferior to those in magnitude and splendour. Pedro St. Alvarado, in his account of his expedition to the South Sea, among other cities that he had seen, gives a description of that of Yapulán, which he declares to have been as large as that of Mexico. It contained large buildings solidly constructed of stone and lime, the tops of which were terminated by terraces. Nugnez de Guzman, who succeeded Cortez in 1528, in the account given by him to the emperor of the various countries which he traversed in his expedition into New Gallicia, describes the cities of Amecand of Tuliacan, the latter, a very strong place, where there are magnificent edifices, large palaces, and other houses similar to those of Mexico. The courts of the palaces were very spacious, and contained beautiful fountains of excellent water. *Lettres Americaines.*

Cacamazin, after the capture of Montezuma revolted, and withdrew himself both from his authority and that of your majesty, notwithstanding his previous submission. Montezuma in vain issued his orders to him, and I to as little purpose sent to him in your majesty's name; he constantly replied that we might come ourselves if we wished to give him orders, and that we should then see what services he had to perform. Not being able to obtain any thing from him, either by command or entreaty, and knowing that he was guarded by a numerous and warlike body of soldiers, I consulted with Montezuma on the measures proper to be pursued for punishing his rebellion.

Montezuma declared that there would be great danger in attempting to seize openly by force, a powerful cacique who had an army under his command, but that it might be done by means of stratagem, which would be more easy, as he had in his pay some men of distinction who were on terms of intimacy with Cacamazin. Montezuma indeed pursued his measures so well, that these men, who were devoted to his service, persuaded Cacamazin to meet them at one of his houses, situated on the border of the lake, under pretence of conferring with him on the state of public affairs, having previously placed in readiness several canoes filled with soldiers, in case Cacamazin should attempt to defend himself. During the conference the men employed by Montezuma seized him, and without being discovered by his people, forced him into a canoe, and brought him to me at Temixtitlan. I had him put in irons and securely confined; after which, on advising with Montezuma, I appointed his brother Cucuscazin to his government, and ordered all the nobles and inhabitants of the province to obey him as their cacique. My orders in this respect were punctually executed, and I have had no cause to complain of his conduct.

Some days after the imprisonment of Cacamazin, Montezuma assembled all the caciques of the city and its vicinity in his apartment. When they were convened he sent for me and thus addressed them in my presence. "Brothers, and friends! for a long time your ancestors, were subject to my progenitors, as you also have been to me. We always treated you with favour and distinction, and you have always served us with loyalty. You well know, from the traditions of our ancestors, that we were not aborigines of this country, but that our forefathers were brought hither by a king who left them. That this monarch, returning long after, either for the purpose of taking back his subjects, or of reigning over them, found our ancestors, who in the mean time had greatly multiplied, so opposed to either of these views that he quitted them, and returned to his country, threatening to send an army against them sufficient to compel them to submit to his rule. Hitherto our ancestors and ourselves have expected them in vain; but from what we are told by this chief, of the king his

master, who sent him hither, and by comparing the quarter from whence he came with that announced by our ancient predictions, I am convinced, and you must also be so, that he comes hither as the representative of that master whom we have so long expected. Since then our ancestors failed in rendering to their sovereign that obedience which they owed him, let us do it, and thank the Gods that they have permitted that arrival to take place in our days which our predecessors looked for so long in vain. Obey then, hereafter, this great king, your natural sovereign, and the chief who represents him as you have hitherto obeyed me. Pay to him those taxes which you have till now paid to me, and serve him as you have served me. By doing this you will not only do your duty, but will give me the greatest pleasure possible."

Montezuma pronounced this discourse with tears and sighs. His nobles participated in his feelings so far that they were at first unable to reply; and all the Spaniards present were moved with compassion. After some minutes silence, the caciques replied, that they had ever considered him as their master, and had always promised to execute his orders; that in consequence they consented to submit to the king of Spain, and pledged themselves in general, and each one individually, as good and loyal subjects, to do whatever I should require of them, to pay all the taxes which I should demand, and to serve my master as they had served him. This act of submission was drawn up by a notary public, and signed by all of them in presence of a number of Spaniards who were witnesses.

When this agreement was completed I informed Montezuma that I had occasion for a supply of gold to complete different works that had been undertaken for your majesty's service, and requested him to send messengers in his name to the several caciques for that purpose, and that I would at the same time send some Spaniards to them in mine to persuade them to comply with my master's wishes in this respect, and furnish him with a proof of their loyalty. I then persuaded him to set the example himself.

The Spaniards, whom I selected for the purpose, having been separated by Montezuma into divisions of two or five, he sent them under escorts of his own people to all the provinces and large cities of his empire, some of which were from eighty to one hundred leagues from Mexico, with orders to the caciques to fill a certain measure, which I gave them, with gold. His orders were punctually obeyed, and the amount required sent to me in jewels, ornaments, and thin plates of gold and silver.

On melting what was proper for the crucible, the king's fifth was found to amount to upwards of thirty-two thousand four hundred gold crowns, without taking into the estimate the gold and

silver ornaments, plumes, precious stones\* and other valuable effects which I have reserved for your majesty, and which are worth at least one hundred thousand ducats.

These ornaments, independently of the materials are of inestimable value for the novelty and singularity of their forms. No prince in the world can have in his possession any thing like them, as by Montezuma's orders every production of nature, both of the sea and the land, was imitated either in gold, silver, precious stones, or feathers, with the utmost accuracy.† He has

\* The most valuable of these were probably the *calchihuis*. Bernal Diaz in giving an account of the first embassy from Montezuma to Cortez, at St. Juan de Alloa, enumerates among the presents made him on that occasion, "four jewels, called *calchihuis*, resembling emeralds, most highly valued by the Mexicans." The two noblemen who came upon the embassy, declared to Cortez, that these rich jewels, each of which exceeded in value a load of gold, were intended for the emperor." B. Diaz, p. 59.

In a speech of Montezuma to Cortez, the same writer makes that monarch say—"I will give you for your emperor, some most valuable jewels, named *calchihuis*, each of which is worth two loads of gold; I will also send three tubes used for shooting darts or pellets, so richly adorned with jewels, that he will be pleased to see them." B. Diaz, p. 171.

"When this was done," (the gold presented by Montezuma, assorted and melted,) "another present was received from Montezuma, so rich that it was worthy of admiration, exclusive of the jewels called *calchihuis*, the ornamented\* tubes covered with jewels and pearls, the beautiful embroideries of pearls and feathers, and the penaches and plumage, a recital whereof would be endless." B. Diaz, p. 172.

† That the Mexicans and some of the adjoining nations had attained to a very high degree of perfection in many of the arts, more particularly the working of the finer metals and in weaving, is fully proved; not only by writers cotemporary with the conquest, but by some specimens of their skill still remaining.

B. Diaz, in his account of the expedition of Grijalva to Yucatan, says, that the Indians of the river Tabasco, presented that chieftain with some golden toys made in the form of birds and lizards. Keating's Diaz. p. 17. After a battle fought by Cortez with the same Indians, he was visited by a number of chiefs from the neighbouring districts, "who brought with them presents of gold wrought into various forms, some resembling the human face, others of animals, birds and beasts, such as lizards, dogs, and ducks. Diaz, p. 49.

In the first embassy to Cortez from Montezuma, among the presents, were a plate of gold of the size of a carriage wheel, representing the sun, admirably wrought, and said to be worth upwards of twenty thousand crowns; a larger one, equally wrought, of silver, representing the moon; . . . . . thirty pieces of wrought gold, representing ducks, very well executed; others in the forms of deers, dogs, lions, tigers, and apes; twelve arrows, a bow with the cord; two rods, like those borne by officers of jus-

\* These tubes were the *sabarcanes* hereafter mentioned by Cortez, as among the curious and rare articles which he had reserved for the emperor; they were used by the Mexicans for shooting birds.

also had executed, after models which I gave him, images, crucifixes, medals, ornaments and necklaces in the European fashions.

There likewise belongs to your majesty, the fifth of the silver plate and dishes which I have had made by the artists of this

tice, five palms long: ten collars, and many other ornaments, all of fine gold, and cast or moulded work. After these were produced, plumes of feathers represented in gold, others of silver, together with fans of the same materials, beautiful penaches of green feathers, &c. Diaz, p. 57.

"Here were the shops and manufactories of all their gold and silver smiths, whose works in these metals and in jewellery, when they were brought to Spain, surprized our ablest artists. Their painters we may also judge of by what we now see; for there are three Indian in Mexico, Marcos de Aquino, Juan de la Cruz, and Crespillo, who, if they had lived with Apelles in ancient times, or were compared with Michael Angelo or Berrugiete in modern times, would not be held inferior to them. Their fine manufactures of cotton and feathers, were principally brought from the province of Costitlan. The women of the family of Montezuma, also, of all ranks, were extremely ingenious in these works, and constantly employed; as was a certain description of females who lived together in the manner of nuns." Diaz. p. 143.

I saw, says the author of the American Letters, at Strasburgh, in 1760, in the possession of Father Le Fevre, a Jesuit, and a man of great respectability, a very ancient Mexican fan, made of linen as fine as the most beautiful muslin known. On it were depicted a number of figures forming a Mosaic. Never have I beheld any thing so beautiful, both for the art with which the native and splendid colours of the feathers were disposed, as for the beauty of the design. No artist in Europe could have done as well; these feathers were those of the beautiful bird *Ciricon*.—*Lettere Americane*.

Cortez, on his return to Madrid, having married for his second wife Juana, the daughter of the count d' Aguilar, among other things, presented her with five emeralds, wrought by the Indians, which were estimated at one hundred thousand sequins. The first was cut in the form of a rose, the leaves of which were perfectly formed. The second had the shape of a little horn. The third represented a fish, whose eyes were of gold. The fourth was a bell, and had a large oblong pearl for a clapper; and the fifth was shaped like a little cup, with a golden foot. Four little chains of gold were suspended to it, the ends of which were united in a pearl, that served as a knob. Some Genoese merchants, who were at Madrid, offered for the last alone, forty thousand sequins. These jewels, says Ramusio, were at that time the most beautiful that had ever been seen. *Cortus Americanas*.

It is said, adds the French translator, in a note to this passage, that Cortez, having accompanied Charles the fifth on his expedition against Algiers, the galley, on board of which he was, was overtaken by a storm, when he lost these valuable jewels. The handkerchief in which he had bound them around him, not having been well secured, they fell into the mud (probably as he was going on shore,) and could never afterwards be found. *Idem*.

Among many things known to the Mexicans, of which we are ignorant, was the art of spinning the fur of the hare or rabbit. We have attempted to imitate them, but we have never been able to attain the perfection of their work. From the account left us by one of the companions of Cor-

country, amounting to upwards of a hundred marks of silver besides a great number of pieces of cotton extremely beautiful, both in colour and workmanship, some tapestry hangings for the churches and the royal apartments, coverlets made of cotton or the finest wool, and twelve *sabarcane*† superbly painted and ornamented; all which are presents from Montezuma to your majesty.

It would require more talents and time than I have, to give a complete description of Mexico, as regards its extent; the manners and customs of the inhabitants, its police, and the many singular things which it contains, and if my account should prove incorrect, the fault will be found to consist in my having said too little instead of too much. We every day see something so surprising, that we can scarcely believe our own eyes, so that it would not be very singular if, in my account of so remote a country, I should not obtain full credit, though it is my duty to communicate to my sovereign, nothing but the real truth.

tez, we are informed that the Mexicans spun the hair from the belly of the hare or rabbit, to the greatest perfection; that they dyed it of various colours, and made cloth of it, resembling our silk, and that the colours were even unchangeable by ley. *Idem*.

I venture to assert, says Count Carli, that the art of dying was carried to a much higher pitch of perfection in America, than it was at the same period in Europe, notwithstanding our chemical acquirements. *Lettere Americane*.

The French mathematicians could not comprehend how these nations, (the Mexicans and Peruvians) could have succeeded in making statues of gold and silver at one cast that were hollow within, thin and delicate. I have seen one of them in which no soldering could be perceived. The octagon plates have excited equal admiration, each end of which was of a different metal, that is, gold and silver alternately, without being joined by the least solder. Fish, also cast in moulds, whose scales were intermingled with gold and silver; parrots, who moved their heads, tongues and wings; and figures of monkies, who performed various actions, such as spinning thread, eating apples, &c. These Indians were well acquainted with the art of enamelling, and of working all kinds of precious stones. Among the first presents sent to Cortez by Montezuma, was a helmet of plated gold, circled with bells, and ornamented on the top with emeralds, panaches, and large plumes, at the end of which, golden meshes were suspended. French translator's note to *Lettere Americane*.

Count Carli says, that the Mexicans and Peruvians also mixed gold with copper, and gave to this composition a degree of hardness, so as to enable them to make hatchets of it that were very useful. *Lettere Americane*.

Mirrors of a particular kind of beautiful metal, very white, and as brilliant as silver, formed a part of the rich presents sent by Montezuma the first time to Cortez. They were set in gold. Perhaps they were of platina, and if so they must have known the secret of melting and working it. French translator's note to *Lettere Americane*.

Bernal Diaz says, that in one of the Mexican temples there was a figure which had eyes of the polished substance, whereof their mirrors are made. Keating's Diaz, p. 146.

† Sabarcane, a long hollow tube, made use of by the Indians to blow arrows through.

The province of Mexico is comprehended in a valley, about ninety leagues in circumference, surrounded by steep and lofty mountains. This valley is almost entirely occupied by two lakes or lagoons, the largest of salt, the other of fresh water. These are separated by a range of hillocks situated in the middle of the valley, and as the salt lake rises and falls like the sea, its waters at the flood are poured into the fresh water lake, while the latter at ebb, discharges itself into the former.

Temixtitlan, or Mexico,\* is situated on the salt lake, and communicates on each of its sides with the main land by means of four causeways, two lances in breadth, and not less than two leagues in length. This city is as large as Seville and Cordova; and the principal streets are very broad and strait.

Some of these streets, and most of the others are made partly on the land and partly on the canals which have a communication with each other, by means of bridges of sufficient breadth to admit ten horses abreast formed of long and large beams very strong, and well joined. On observing the situation of this city, and the facility it would give the Mexicans of shutting us up and destroying us by famine, without our being able to quit it, I had four brigantines built, each sufficiently large to carry three hundred men, and some horses, if necessary.

Mexico contains many extensive squares, which serve for market places. One of these is much larger than the great square of Salamanca, and is surrounded by porticos. More than sixty thousand persons are daily employed here in selling and buying all kinds of merchandise, such as provisions, garments, gold and silver ornaments, lead, brass, copper, tin, precious stones, shells, feathers, stones both rough and hewn, timber unwrought and squared, bricks, clods of earth, &c. It likewise contains a house where all sorts of game, and birds of every description, are sold, as domestic fowls, partridges, quails, wild ducks, moor-hens, turtle-doves, pigeons, various kinds of small birds, parrots, eagles, falcons, sparrow-hawks, hares, rabbits, deer, and a species of small dog, which are eaten.

There is in Mexico a street wholly appropriated to botanists, where medicinal herbs, and every kind of plant that is known, are sold. There are also apothecaries, who sell ointments, plaisters, and medicines, ready prepared; barbers who cut the hair, or shave

\* Bernal Diaz says, that Mexico is a city larger than Venice; and Humboldt, vol. 1. p. 11, that the name Mexico is of Indian origin, signifying in the Aztec language, the habitation of the God of War, called Mexitli, or Huitzilopochtli; but that before the year 1530, it was more commonly called Tenochtitlan than Mexico. Adorned with numerous teocallis, (pyramidal temples) says M. de Humboldt, surrounded with water and dikes, founded on islands covered with verdure, and receiving hourly in its streets, thousands of boats which vivified the lake; the ancient Tenochtitlan must have resembled some of the cities of Holland, China, or the Delta. Humboldt, vol. 2.



the beard; cook-shops, where any thing to eat or drink may be had; and porters, who sell wood, coal, and clay, and various kinds of matting for beds, chairs, and carpets. Here may likewise be had, pulse, and fruit of all sorts, onions, leeks, garlick, cresses, artichokes, cherries, prunes, precisely like those of Spain; wax, honey, confectionary, a kind of wine made from plants and sugar, cotton thread of all hues, in skeins, which is sold in a place resembling that where sewing silk is sold in Grenada. Paints, as well ground, and of as fine colours as those of Spain, may likewise be bought here; dyed deer skins, with or without the hair; earthenware of every shape, varnished and painted: Turkey wheat in the grain, or bread made from it, which is preferable to that of the islands, or any that I have hitherto found on the continent; pastry made of birds, or fish, or a mixture of both, fresh and salted fish, raw or cooked; eggs of all kinds of birds, and omelets ready prepared. In one word, all sorts of provisions and merchandise are sold here in great quantities. Every thing is conducted with the utmost regularity, a particular street being allotted to each description of merchandise, which is sold altogether by number or measure. In the principal square is a building, where twelve judges, forming a kind of consular court, are continually employed in settling the disputes that occur in the markets, and in punishing the delinquents, which is done on the spot. There are also commissioners who examine the measures, and break those that are false.

(To be continued.)

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### THE PICTURES AND STATUES IN THE LOUVRE.

THE letters composing the name of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, by a different arrangement, may express the words *pone rapta bona leno*, or "you rascal, lay down the stolen goods." For many years the Corsican was permitted to slay and pillage, but the day of retribution at length arrived. Wellington and Blucher led the forces of Europe into the city of Paris; not, however, before many of the followers of the great buccaneer had escaped with their booty. But some of the "stolen goods" remained. The splendid collection of pictures and statues, in the contemplation of which the idle Parisians forgot their miseries, was among the first objects which attracted the attention of the allies: and the British

duke who had rescued this fickle people from the most ferocious despotism that ever was permitted to scourge a nation, became the object of impertinent sarcasm, and the burden of every idle tale that malice could invent, and mischief put into circulation. This spirit was more particularly manifested on the removal of the pictures and statues from the Louvre: for the preservation of which, the commissioners who negotiated the *surrender of Paris* had endeavoured, in vain, to procure a stipulation. In Scott's *Paris Revisited* in 1815, we have a very interesting account of the manner in which these *stolen goods* were restored, and the conduct of the *receivers* is exhibited with great effect. The author states that prince Blucher bluntly repelled every solicitation on the part of the commissioners before the capitulation was signed, and that

"from the first moment of his entrance into Paris, he proceeded spiritedly, and independently, in removing from the Louvre all that was in it of Prussian property; and the blanks on the walls showed the daily progress of the French loss in this respect. The whole amount of it, however, would have been as nothing to the remainder of the collection, if the other members of the alliance could have been induced to forbear, and it was thought, by those who were interested in their retention, that the best way would be to keep very quiet as to the proceedings of Prussia, to affect to take no notice of them whatever, hoping that silence might cause the affair to die away after the first removals were over, and that either the dull indifference or the singular good nature of the states of Europe, might yet leave to Paris the darling boast of being the capital of the world as to fine art.

"For some time there was reason to suspect that this manœuvre would be successful. Indeed no Frenchman permitted himself to entertain the slightest doubt of the consciousness of the allies, when first masters of the French capital, that they were far too weak to repossess themselves of what was held in it as trophies of their defeat. 'You knew well, that we should have arisen as one man to destroy you, if you had dared to lay hands on what every inhabitant of France feels to be his honour, his pride, his delight, his existence.'

"It certainly seemed, however, as if the allies at least hesitated very much, to mortify this offensive vanity. Every day new arrivals of strangers poured into Paris, all anxiety to gain a view of the Louvre before its collection was broken up; it was the first point to which all the British directed their steps every morning, in eager curiosity to know whether the business of removal had commenced. The towns and principalities, that had been plundered, were making sedulous exertions to influence the councils of the allies to determine on a general restoration; and several of the great powers leaned decidedly towards such a decision.'

"Before actual force was employed, representations were repeated to the French government, but the ministers of the king of France would neither promise due satisfaction, nor uphold a strenuous opposition.

They showed a sulky disregard of every application. A deputation from the Netherlands formally claimed the Dutch and Flemish pictures taken during the revolutionary wars from these countries; and this demand was conveyed through the duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief of the Dutch and Belgian armies. About the same time, also, Austria determined that her Italian and German towns, which had been despoiled, should have their property replaced, and Canova, the anxious representative of Rome; after many fruitless appeals to Talleyrand, received assurances that he, too, should be furnished with an armed force sufficient to protect him in taking back to that venerable city, what lost its highest value in its removal from thence.

"Contradicting reports continued to prevail among the crowds of strangers and natives as to the intentions of the allies, but on Saturday, the 23d of September, all doubt was removed. 'On going up to the door of the Louvre, I found a guard of 150 British riflemen drawn up outside. I asked one of the soldiers what they were there for?' 'Why, they tell me, sir, that they mean to take away the pictures,' was his reply. I walked in amongst the statues below. In one of the halls, I found two brown-complexioned, stout, good-natured looking women, the wives of English soldiers, examining, very curiously, the large reclining figure of the Tiber; one of them exclaimed with a laugh, 'see how the young devils run over his body!' On going to the great stair-case, I saw the English guard hastily tramping up its magnificent ascent: a crowd of astounded French followed in their rear, and, from above, many of the visitors to the gallery of pictures were attempting to force their way past the ascending soldiers, catching an alarm from their sudden entrance. The alarm, however, was unfounded; but the spectacle that presented itself was very impressive. A British officer dropped his men in files along this magnificent gallery, until they extended, two and two, at small distances, from its entrance to its extremity. All the spectators were breathless, in eagerness to know what was to be done, but the soldiers stopped as machines, having no care beyond obedience to their orders.

"The work of removal now commenced in good earnest: porters with barrows, and ladders, and tackles of ropes made their appearance. The collection of the Louvre might from that moment be considered as broken up for ever. The sublimity of its orderly aspect vanished: it took now the melancholy, confused, dissolute air of a large auction room after a day's sale. Before this, the visitors had walked down its profound length with a sense of respect on their minds, influencing them to preserve silence and decorum, as they contemplated the majestic pictures: but decency and quiet were dispelled when the signal was given for the break-up of the establishment. It seemed as if a nation had become ruined through improvidence, and was selling off.

"The guarding of the Louvre was committed by turns to the British and Austrians, while this process lasted. The Prussians said that they had done their own business for themselves, and would not now incur odium for others. The workmen being incommoded by the crowds that now rushed to the Louvre, as the news spread of the destruction of its great collection, a military order came that no visitors should be admitted without permission from the foreign commandant of Paris. This direction was pretty strictly adhered to by the centinels as far as the exclusion of the French, but the words *Je suis Anglais*, were always sufficient to gain leave to pass from the Austrians: our own countymen were rather more strict, but, in general, foreigners could, with but little difficulty, procure admission. The Parisians stood in crowds around the

door, looking wistfully within it, as it occasionally opened to admit Germans, English, Russians, &c. into a palace of their capital from which they were excluded. I was frequently asked by French gentlemen, standing with ladies on their arms, and kept back from the door by the guards, to take them into their own Louvre, under my protection as an unknown foreigner! It was impossible not to feel for them in these remarkable circumstances of mortification and humiliation; and the agitation of the French public was now evidently excessive. Every Frenchman looked a walking volcano, ready to spit forth fire. Groups of the common people collected in the space before the Louvre, and a spokesman was generally seen, exercising the most violent gesticulations, sufficiently indicative of rage, and listened to by the others, with lively signs of sympathy with his passion. As the packages came out, they crowded round them, giving vent to torrents of *pestes, diables, sacres*, and other worse interjections."

"Wherever an Englishman went in Paris at this time—whether into a shop or a company, he was assailed with the exclamation—'*Ah! vos compatriotes!*'—and the ladies had always some wonderful story to tell him, of an embarrassment or a mortification that had happened to *his* duke; of the evil designs of the prince regent, or the dreadful revenge that was preparing against the injuries of France.—The great gallery of the Louvre presented every fresh day a more and more forlorn aspect; but it combined a number of interesting points of view, and for reflection. The gallery now seemed to be the abode of all the foreigners in the French capital:—we collected there, as a matter of course, every morning—but it was easy to distinguish the last comers from the rest. They entered the Louvre with steps of eager haste, and looks of anxious inquiry: they seemed to have scarcely stopped by the way—and to have made directly for the pictures on the instant of their reaching Paris. The first view of the stripped walls made their countenances sink under the disappointment, as to the great object of their journey. Crowds collected round the *Transfiguration*—that picture which, according to the French account, *destiny* had always intended for the French nation: it was every one's wish to see it taken down, for the fame which this great work of Raphael had acquired, and its notoriety in the general knowledge, caused its departure to be regarded as the consummation of the destruction of the picture gallery of the Louvre. It was taken away among the last.

"Students of all nations fixed themselves round the principal pictures, anxious to complete their copies before the workmen came to remove the originals. Many young French girls were seen among these, perched up on small scaffolds, and calmly pursuing their labours in the midst of the throng and bustle. When the French gallery was thoroughly cleared of the property of other nations, I reckoned the number of pictures which then remained to it—and found that the total left to the French nation, of the fifteen hundred paintings which constituted their magnificent collection—was *two hundred and seventy-four!* The Italian division comprehended about eighty-five specimens; these were now dwindled to *twelve*: in this small number, however, there are some very exquisite pictures by Raphael, and other great masters. Their Titians are much reduced—but they keep the Entombment, as belonging to the king of France's old collection, which is one of the finest by that artist. A melancholy air of utter ruin mantled over the walls of this superb gallery: the floor was covered with empty frames; a Frenchman, in the midst of his sorrow, had his joke, in saying—'Well, we should not have left to *them* even these!' In walking down this exhausted place, I observed a person, wearing the insignia of the

region of honour, suddenly stop short, and heard him exclaim—‘*Ah, my God—and the Paul Potter, too!*’ This referred to the famous painting of a bull by that master, which is the largest of his pictures, and is very highly valued. It belonged to the Netherlands, and has returned to them. It was said that the emperor Alexander offered fifteen thousand pounds for it.

“The removals of the statues were longer of commencing, and took up more time; they were still packing these up when I quitted Paris. I saw the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon removed: these may be deemed the presiding deities of the collection. The solemn antique look of these halls fled for ever, when the workmen came in with their straw, and plaster of Paris to pack up. The French could not, for some time, allow themselves to believe that their enemies would dare to deprive them of these sacred works: it appeared to them impossible that they should be separated from France—from *la France*—the country of the Louvre and the Institute; it seemed a contingency beyond the limits of human reverses. But it happened, nevertheless: they were all removed. One afternoon, before quitting the palace, I accidentally stopped longer than usual, to gaze on the Venus, and I never saw so clearly her superiority over the Apollo, the impositions of whose stile, even more than the great beauties with which they are mingled, have gained for it an inordinate and indiscriminating admiration. On this day, very few, if any of the statues had been taken away—and many said that France would retain them, although she was losing the pictures. On the following morning I returned, and the pedestal on which the Venus had stood for so many years, the pride of Paris, and the delight of every observer, was vacant! It seemed as if a soul had taken its flight from a body.”

It is satisfactory to find, from the evidence of an eye-witness, that no material injury (p. 334.) was incurred by any of the pictures in their removal; and that nothing was taken from the collection that did not belong originally to foreign countries. The French, under the poignancy of disappointment, poured forth the most bitter charges in that respect against the Prussians: but we are confidently assured, (p. 358.) that, with the exception of a few maps and models of the fortified towns on the French frontier, seized by the more unceremonious of our allies, no species of French property was removed. An amicable spirit prevailed in the arrangements with the Dutch and Flemish deputies, respecting the great cabinet of natural history; the French being left in possession of almost all that had been taken from the stadtholder's collection, on condition of making up a stock of equal value from duplicates of their own. By this means the admirable collection in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris remains complete; while Holland is, on her part, sufficiently indemnified, having received such a number of animal specimens as enable the student to carry his progress in that department to a very considerable length.

"But the bitterest mortification of the people of Paris yet remains to be described. The well-known horses, taken from the church of St. Mark, in Venice, had been peculiarly the objects of popular pride and admiration. Being exposed in the public view, in one of the most public situations of Paris, this was esteemed the noblest trophy belonging to the capital—and there was not a Parisian vender of a pailfull of water, who did not look like a hero when the Venetian horses were spoken of.

"'Have you heard what has been determined about the horses?' was every foreigner's question:—'Oh they cannot mean to take the horses away,' was every Frenchman's remark. On the morning of Thursday the 26th of September, however, it was whispered that they had been at work all night in loosening them from their fastenings. It was soon confirmed that this was true—and the French then had nothing left for it, but to vow, that if the allies were to attempt to touch them in the *day-light*, Paris would rise at once, exterminate its enemies, and rescue its honour. On Friday morning, I walked through the square: it was clear that some considerable change had taken place; the effect of the forms of the horses was finer than I had ever before seen it. When looking to discover what had been done—a private of the British staff corps came up. 'You see, sir, we took away the harness last night,' said he.—'You have made a great improvement by so doing,' I replied:—'but are the British employed on this work?' The man said that the Austrians had requested the assistance of our staff corps—for it included better workmen than any they had in their service. I heard that an angry French mob had given some trouble to the people employed on the Thursday night—but that a body of Parisian gendarmes had dispersed the assemblage. The Frenchmen continued their sneers against the allies for working in the dark: fear and shame were the causes assigned. 'If you take them at all, why not take them in the face of day?'—But you are too wise to drag upon yourselves the irresistible popular fury which such a sight would excite against you!"

"On the night of Friday, the order of proceeding was entirely changed. It had been found proper to call out a strong guard of Austrians, horse and foot. The mob had been charged by the cavalry—and it was said, that several had their limbs broken. I expected to find the place on Saturday morning quiet and open as usual; but when I reached its entrance, what an impressive scene presented itself! The delicate plan—for such in truth it was—of working by night was now over. The Austrians had wished to spare the feelings of the king of France the pain of seeing his capital dismantled before his palace windows, where he passed in his carriage when he went out for his daily exercise. But the insolent ignorance of the people rendered severer measures necessary. My companion and myself were stopped from entering the place by Austrian dragoons: a large mob of Frenchmen were collected here, standing on tip-toe to catch the arch in the distance, on the top of which the ominous sight of numbers of workmen, busy about the horses, was plainly to be distinguished. We advanced again to the soldiers: some of the French, by whom we were surrounded, said, 'Whoever you are, you will not be allowed to pass.' I confess I was for retiring—for the whole assemblage, citizens and soldiers, seemed to wear an angry alarming aspect. But my companion was eager for admittance. He was put back again by an Austrian hussar:—'*What, not the English!*' he exclaimed in his own language. The mob laughed loudly when they heard the foreign soldier so addressed; but the triumph was ours; way was instantly made for us—and an officer on duty, close by, touched his helmet as we passed.

"The king and the princes had left the *Thuilleries*, to be out of the view of so mortifying a business. The court of the palace, which used to be gay with young *gardes du corps* and equipages, was now silent, deserted, and shut up. Not a soul moved in it. The top of the arch was filled with people, and the horses, though as yet all there, might be seen to begin to move. The carriages, that were to take them away, were in waiting below, and a tackle of ropes was already affixed to one. The small door, leading to the top, was protected by a strong guard: every one was striving to obtain permission to gratify his curiosity, by visiting the horses for the last time that they could be visited in this situation. Permission, however, could necessarily be granted but to few. I was of the fortunate number. In a minute I had climbed the narrow dark stair, ascended a small ladder, and was out on the top, with the most picturesque view before me that can be imagined: An English lady asked me to assist her into Bonaparte's car of victory: his own statue was to have been placed in it, *when he came back a conqueror from his Russian expedition!* I followed the lady and her husband into the car, and we found a Prussian officer there before us. He looked at us, and with a good-humoured smile, said, 'The emperor kept the English out of France, but the English have now got where he could not!—*Ah, pauvre Napoleon!*'

"The cry of the French now was, that it was abominable, execrable, to insult the king in his palace—to insult him in the face of his own subjects, by removing the horses in the face of day! I adjourned with a friend to dine at a *restaurant's*, near the garden of the *Thuilleries*, after witnessing what I have described. Between seven and eight in the evening, we heard the rolling of wheels, the clatter of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry. A number of British were in the room: they all rose and rushed to the door, without hats, and carrying in their haste their white table napkins in their hands. The horses were going past, in military procession, lying on their sides, in separate cars. First came cavalry, then infantry, then a car; then more cavalry; more infantry, then another car; and so on, till all the four past. The drums were beating—and the standards went waving by. This was the only appearance of parade, that attended any of the removals. Three Frenchmen, seeing the group of English, came up to us, and began a conversation. They appealed to us if this was not shameful. A gentleman observed, that the horses were only going back to the place from whence the French had taken them: if there was a right in power for France, there must also be one for other states: but the better way to consider these events, was, as terminating the times of robbery and discord. Two of them seemed much inclined to come instantly round to our opinion: but one was much more consistent. He appeared an officer, and was advanced beyond the middle age of life. He kept silence for a moment; and then, with strong emphasis, said—'You have left me nothing for my children but hatred against England; this shall be my legacy to them.'—'Sir,' it was replied, 'it will do your children no good, and England no injury.'"

**CRITICISM.**—*Complot d' Arnold, &c. The Plot of Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton against the United States of America and General Washington, in September, 1780.* Paris, Didot. 1816, in 8vo. xlv. and 184 pages, with portraits of Washington and Arnold. 5 francs.—Translated for the Port Folio, from the Journal des Savans.

THOUGH the independence of the United States of America was achieved more than thirty years ago, it is still difficult to acquire precise information concerning the civil and military details of that memorable revolution. The conspiracy of Arnold, for example, is rather hinted at than detailed in the periodical writings, memoirs, histories, and even in the life, otherwise so voluminous, of General Washington by Judge Marshall. It is, however, a remarkable event in the annals of the United States, since we see there, only two men, Silas Deane and Benedict Arnold, who, during those troubles, have abused public employments to betray the cause of their country. The author who now relates to us the conspiracy of Arnold, has seen nearly all its circumstances; he has observed them with the most impartial attention, and the lively interest with which they have inspired him, animates his recital.

The preliminary discourse which precedes this recital, presents a general picture of the people of the United States, in which we can distinguish various effects resulting from its geographical position, from its industry, from the institutions of William Penn, from English domination, but above all, from the independence acquired by courage, and preserved by wise laws. It is by reducing to practice, theories, which, without this singular example, would appear imaginary, that this people is become a real nation which may one day be powerful, but is already happy. Crimes are rare in that country; public punishments almost unknown, and an armed force is seldom necessary to preserve authority. The load of a public debt is hardly felt there, because neither war, nor the errors of government, can, in that country, prevent the progress of industry, and the continual increase of its productions. The author is persuaded, that it is not the interest of any power to trouble the repose and prosperity of the people of the United States; he finds in these aggressions still more imprudence than injustice; in his opinion, there is no pa-



tion which is not interested in promoting the natural progress of all the rest.

In explaining the effects of the liberty of the press in the United States, he shows that it is the government which reaps the greatest advantages from it, and that the collision of opinions, however noisy they may be, never fails to end in subjecting all to the sacred empire of the law. He believes, in fine, that the moral and political system of that nation, should preserve it for a long time from the spirit of conquest, and from the dangers with which the ambitious dare to threaten it. "So much wealth," says he, "flows from two causes, which have never been seen united before American independence; a good constitution, and lands of inexhaustible fertility, which, for more than six centuries, may be distributed to a continually increasing population." The author, however, does not dissemble neither the local calamities which continue to afflict that country; the contagious air which prevails on the banks of some rivers; the fevers that are caused by great heats succeeding humidity; the periodical rains which overflow the lakes and rivers, inundating the plains, and depositing there an impure sediment; nor the ravages which the savages, both cruel and perfidious, exercise upon the western frontier; nor the fatal or dangerous slavery of the blacks, which is perpetuated in the southern states; nor the opposition which exists between the interests of certain states; nor, in fine, the progress which yet remains to be made in arts, in letters, in science, not for the purpose of shining with a useless splendour on the globe, but in order to enable them to reap all the fruits of liberty, and to conquer or soften the rigors of nature. But far from being alarmed at these various difficulties, it is rather necessary to reckon the number of the advantages of a nation so young, the need she has of resisting, and triumphing over them, by a powerful and wise activity.

We quit these preliminary observations with regret, because we ought chiefly to make known the body of the work. The English colonies were, forty years ago, declared free, when, in 1778, the French government resolved to second their efforts. The author replies to the censures which that determination gave birth to, and represents it as a measure equally prudent and generous.

He at least, leaves no doubt upon the honorable conduct the French pursued at that period in North America. Warriors, administrators, engineers, diplomatic agents, all knew how to respect the interests and the rights of which they undertook the defence, they did not aspire to domineer over those whom they came to rescue; for once, alliance was only friendship, zeal, devotion, and all the arts of policy were reduced to fidelity and bravery. Benedict Arnold, born in Connecticut, of an obscure family, was among the most distinguished of the American generals, having received an education suited to the mediocrity of his condition, he embraced the profession of arms, to acquire fame and wealth. The latter desire was much more difficult to satisfy than the former, among a people, whose manners were pure, tastes simple, and whose thoughts were all directed to the public welfare. Arnold had covered himself with glory in a hazardous expedition, that is to say, in the project of surprising Quebec. From this enterprise he returned to his country with a wound, and the reputation of one of the most brave and ablest of the American officers. Afterwards he had a great share in the success of the campaign in which Burgoyne was made prisoner. He entered first into the enemy's entrenchments, when a ball broke the leg which had already been wounded at the siege of Quebec.—Unfortunately his intrepidity was stimulated by the hope of rich booty, or even the most sordid gains. With this deplorable cupidity, he combined a taste for frivolous and ostentatious expenses, which induced him to practise among the Canadians, and even in Philadelphia, very shameful expedients. His luxury was even displayed in the house of William Penn, where austere virtues had already prepared American liberty. The excess of his plunders provoked complaints, the effects of which, he eluded for a long time, by dint of effrontery and intrigue. At last, however, he was called by order of congress before a court martial, which condemned him on the 20th January, 1779, to be reprimanded by the general in chief. "Our profession, said Washington to him, is the most chaste of all; the least negligence may destroy that public favour, so difficult to obtain. I reprimand you for having forgot, that in proportion as you had rendered

yourself terrible to our enemies; you ought to have been moderate towards our fellow citizens. Show us anew those fine qualities, which have placed you in the rank of our most illustrious generals: I will give you, as much as I am able, occasions to recover the esteem which you have formerly enjoyed."

Provoked by a censure at once so gentle and so merited, Arnold swore to render himself more guilty, and from a depredator he became a traitor. He ventured at first to address himself to the French ambassador, hoping to obtain in the name of a loan, a sum equal to his debts. "You desire of me," replied the Chevalier de la Luzerne, in reply to this application, "a service which it would be easy for me to render you, but which would stigmatise both of us. When the envoy of a foreign power gives, or if you will, lends money, it is common to corrupt those who receive it, and to make them creatures of the sovereign whom he serves, or rather he corrupts without persuading; he purchases and does not gain. But the union formed between the king and the United States, is the work of justice and the wisest policy; and it has for its principle, good will and reciprocal interests. My glory in the mission with which I am charged, is to fulfil it, without intrigue or cabal; without efforts of negotiation; without employing any secret practices; and by the force alone of the conditions of the alliance. There is not an act of my embassy which may not be known by the whole world. Judge then, if I ought to render a mysterious service to you, who are one of the most illustrious men of the United States, and whose warlike accomplishments, if I may so speak, form a part of the public fortune. What will you offer as an equivalent for these presents, that would justify me with posterity, for having thus tarnished the immortal glory, which the independence of your country secures to the French nation, and to its wise and generous king. I will, however, satisfy your desires, if you can, in receiving my gifts, acknowledge them openly; but it is not difficult to judge that publicity is not your intention, and there remains for me only one thing to say to you relative to the condition of your affairs, it is this, that your friends will exert themselves to assist you, as soon as they shall be conducted with greater prudence. Attribute only to the real interest with which your brilliant deeds have inspi-

red me, the austere plainness of my language; I should have been more courteous with a man, for whom I had less affection. You threaten your countrymen to retire from their service, as a punishment for their ingratitude. The ingratitude of republics, the injustice of monarchs, is the cry of the discontented and ambitious. They find, like you, that business is ill conducted, as they no longer share in it. Abstain from these complaints which always appear to be dictated by resentment. Complaints are no longer supportable, when we have ceased to have part in the government of affairs. It is necessary they should be understood when we are concerned in it. But supposing the court martial had treated you too severely; well! let the weak and cowardly complain; by your future behaviour, give cause to believe that your past conduct has been irreproachable. To withdraw, in your situation, is the worst part you could take. Do you believe it would be permitted while the public dangers exist? And if you had the right of retiring, do you know all that is necessary to render retirement supportable, to one whose whole life has been spent in public employments? It is necessary to carry with us the conviction, that we have done, in the situations we have filled, all the good in our power; and that we have never, designedly, committed error. Is it you who can say with a thorough assurance, that in the course of your duties, you have always made the public advantage your only object? You are young, and if I may so speak, your career has just commenced. Where are your resources to live thus separated from men, when age itself has so few of them. A mind more free than yours, is necessary to learn the success of your rivals without chagrin, and on account of the public interests, sincerely to applaud the good they do without you. The republic is in its cradle, and you will see it increase in power and prosperity, with the mortification of not contributing to its happiness, and of not raising yourself with it. Preserve your ambition, since at your age, and with your qualities, it may conduct you to great things; but let it be regulated by a sense of duty."

We have not hesitated to transcribe a great part of this letter, because it appears to us worthy of being compared with

pieces of the same kind which are met with in the ancient historians. The ideas and sentiments of the minister, have modern colours; they are more simple, and less dramatic, but quite as noble, almost as lively, perhaps more frank and delicate. Nevertheless, Arnold rejected this prudent advice; the disorder of his affairs and of his habits, dragged him into crime; and the wife whom he chose out of a family devoted to the interests of England, completely broke the last ties by which he might still be bound to the cause of independence. Above all, he gave free scope to his resentments against Washington, whom the disaffected were pleased to represent as a general of middling capacity. "It is very true," says our author, "that this great man is not illustrious by any of those deeds which appears prodigious, and of which the extraordinary brilliancy astonishes the universe, but of sublime virtues that no attempt can tarnish, are also a kind of prodigy." About this time, Arnold received the first written proposal, which was addressed to him from New York, by an agent of sir Henry Clinton, to engage him to change his party. Praises and promises was lavished in a manner which could seduce no one but a man who was already blinded by his own passions. Resolved to have no confidants among his fellow citizens, he imparted his perfidious designs to his wife alone, who had so much contributed to inspire him with them. He studied to conceal them, under appearances of patriotism, and affected to have forgotten the sentence of the court-martial. The intermediate agent between Clinton and him, was Charles Beverly Robinson, who, though an American by birth, served as a colonel in the English army.

Congress had just been informed of the near arrival of the French army, commanded by count Rochambeau, and this secret, ill kept by some members of that assembly, had reached the ears of Arnold. For the purpose of knowing the plan of the campaign, he paid a visit to the French ambassador, which he had neglected to do since the correspondence of which we have spoken, and his questions were so dexterous, that Luzerne could only elude them in part. It was instructing Arnold too much to tell him that a conference would take place between Washington and Rochambeau, that commissioners on the part of

France, would arrive before the army, and that the squadron would sail in a few weeks after their departure. Arnold understood that the country bordering on the Hudson, would be the principal theatre of the war, that it was of importance to the English to make themselves masters of the course of that river, and that he could not serve them better, than by getting an appointment at West Point, where a chain barred the Hudson. He obstinately refused more brilliant situations, and solicited this with so much perseverance, that he obtained it.

The English, of whom he demanded before hand, the price of his treason, thought proper to confine themselves to promises. He was to receive thirty thousand pounds sterling, and to preserve in the English army, his rank of brigadier general. On his side, he promised to deliver West Point, and sir Henry Clinton, pressed him to fulfil that engagement, on the 10th of July 1780. But Arnold wished to wait till the departure of general Washington, who was to go very soon to meet count Rochambeau at Hartford in Connecticut.

*"Our master leaves his quarters on the 17th September,"* he wrote to John André, a young aid-de-camp to general Clinton. A correspondence was established between André and Arnold, under fictitious names, and veiled by pretended commercial transactions, they employed an American as their messenger, who lived between the lines which separated the two armies.

Washington not having set out on the 17th, nor either of the three following days, Arnold demanded, as an indispensable preliminary, a conference with André. They met on the bank of the river, Arnold put into the hands of André, plans of routes, of forts, of the condition of the garrison, memoirs of engineers, &c. and it was agreed that the enterprise on West Point should be executed on the 25th or 26th.

A canoe was to reconduct André on board: an English sloop of war had brought him five miles below West Point, but an American fort firing on the vessel had forced her to drop some miles lower. This change of station alarmed the master and rowers of the canoe; they refused to carry André, who in quitting his English uniform, ran the risk of returning by land, furnished with a passport from Arnold. He had reached Tarry-

Town, and believed himself no longer on the enemy's territory, when three young militiamen stooped him. He accosted them as Englishmen, and when he discovered his error, he showed them his passport, but it was too late. They searched his boots, and found in them, the papers which Arnold had put into his hands, and conducted him to colonel Jameson, who commanded the American advance post. The first idea of Jameson was to carry him before Arnold himself, which would have insured the success of the enterprize; but soon recollecting the papers seized were in the hand writing of that general, Jameson sent André to Old Salem under a strong escort, and addressed the papers to Washington, informing him of all that had happened.

The messenger entrusted with that despatch did not meet Washington, who returned from Hartford by another road, and it was this circumstance which saved Arnold. The latter was informed on the 25th, that André had been arrested on the 23d, and he did not deliberate long on the part which remained for him to take. He withdrew from West Point an hour before the arrival of Washington. The congress brought André to trial; two foreigners, generals Fayette, and Steuben, were of the number of his judges. Conformably to the laws of war and the usage of nations, it was declared that he had, as a spy of the enemy merited death, he submitted to it with calm courage, of which no ostentation lessened the nobleness or weakened the interest. Mrs. Arnold, who had been left at West Point, was treated with attentions, which the historian is pleased to represent as extremely honourable to the Americans. As to Arnold, it is not said whether he received the thirty thousand pounds sterling, but he obtained the rank of brigadier general in the English army, and served in that capacity during the rest of the war against his country. He died a few years since, despised even by the English, the usual fate of traitors.

“General Washington did not forget the three militiamen who had arrested André. He transmitted their names to congress, and that assembly passed a resolution importing, that they had a high opinion of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Vanwert: that each of them should receive annually two hundred dollars from the public

treasury, and that a medal should be struck, upon which, after inserting their names, should be inscribed these words, 'love of country has triumphed.' "

It will easily be perceived that, in tracing this volume, we have passed over details which animate the narrative, colours which paint them, reflections which render them instructive, the interest, in fine, that the author sheds upon every circumstance by the justness of his ideas and expressions, by the elegance of his style and the nobleness of his sentiment. We have wished only to make known the object and character of his recital. This book is attributed to a magistrate who has filled several eminent stations in the state, and who at present presides in one of the first courts in the kingdom. The statesman formed by long experience is seen in every part of the work, and even in the notes which conclude the volume. We believe it a duty particularly to point out the sixth, where are collected several facts which paint the character of Washington, the third which presents a picture of the population of the United States, and a view of its probable increase, but above all, the first, which concerns the finances of the nation, and which combines positive and authentic results with general observations of very great importance.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**CRITICISM.**—*An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States, &c.* By John Taylor, of Caroline county, Virginia. Fredericksburg, Green and Cady, 1814. 8vo. pp. 658. \$3.

THE funding and banking systems, are the most prominent features of Mr. Taylor's Inquiry: and, by blending with a large mass of desultory observations on those subjects, a multitude of remarks on a variety of others—many of them little, if at all, connected with the title of his book—he has swelled it into a ponderous octavo, containing no less than six hundred and fifty-six pages, compactly printed.

After perusing this capacious volume with a sufficient degree of attention to enable us to form an estimate of its character,

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we are far from deeming its author to be a formidable enemy to these systems. He is, indeed, their "decided" and "unsparing" enemy: but, we believe, his hostility to those systems will be found harmless, because it is unreasonable. The intelligent reader of Mr. Taylor's book, if we are not much mistaken, will quickly discover, that the author is a person of inveterate prejudices; and that these have rivetted themselves upon a mind naturally possessing powers much above the common level. Hence, he has frequently substituted declamation for argument; made erroneous estimates of human nature; laid down visionary principles of government, deduced from these estimates; and, working up his principles into theories of civil polity, inconsistent with the character of man, demonstrated to every sound and well informed mind, as we conceive, the fallacy of his doctrines: for it must be apparent to men of experience and understanding, that governments founded on such principles—being composed of conflicting elements—have ever been found either impracticable, when attempted to be carried into operation, or incompetent to answer the purposes of society.

The great end of all legitimate government is, as all know, to enable mankind to enjoy—in their respective civil association; constituting national communities—as large a portion of their natural liberty, as is compatible with their condition. A just government will not require a surrender of more of that liberty from its individual members, than will enable it to promote their own and the general welfare: nor will a wise people desire to retain so large a share of their natural liberty, as to incapacitate the government from protecting them in the enjoyment of those social rights and privileges, which they acquire by being members of civilized society. Tyrannical governments, conducted by vicious rulers, will, of course, strive, by artifice or violence, to deprive their subjects of that quantum of freedom, which is essential to their welfare: while, on the other hand, a fickle, ignorant, licentious people—instigated by ambitious and designing demagogues, professing to be their friends—too often permit themselves to be led into a criminal resistance to the necessary authority of laws and government. These opposite evils are to be guarded against: and hence

it has resulted, that in different ages of the world—from the time of Aristotle to the host of theoretical politicians who have appeared in modern times—mankind have been furnished with innumerable plans of government and political projects, for either preventing or curing those evils which are here referred to.

Mr. Taylor himself admits, that civil liberty is not understood. "Mankind," says he, "have talked and written for ages about liberty, and yet the world is as far from agreeing in a definition of it, as Europe is from settling a balance of power.\* It is because liberty is made to consist in metaphysical dogmas." He is a zealous, and no doubt a sincere, friend of liberty. But so excessive is this zeal for freedom, and so great his dread of power, that no existing form of government appears to him exempt from danger to the former, resulting from an abuse of the latter: And none of those theoretical principles of government, which speculative writers have laid down for the purpose of securing political liberty, appear to our author competent to that end.

Our author's book being entitled, *An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States*, the reader will expect to find in it a rational, clear, and full disquisition on those principles, and that policy. In this, however, he will be disappointed. Notwithstanding the author's division of his subject, and attempt to arrange it under distinct heads, the professed objects of inquiry in the fourth and fifth sections—namely, Funding and Banking—constitute prominent topics of discussion, and of severe reprobation, in the other seven sections of the work. He has, in fact, so blended his observations on those two systems of fiscal policy, with his remarks and strictures on the various principles of government, of whatever form, that public funds and banks are evidently main objects of his political hostility. He has, it is true, dwelt largely on monarchy, aristocracy, and even hierarchy; of which he considers the funding and banking systems as being, in their nature and tendency, powerful auxiliaries. In or-

\* Mr. Taylor informs the public, in his prefatory address, that the essays which constitute that book were written in 1811. We know not what would now be his idea of the existence of a balance of power in Europe.

der, therefore, to render funds and banks as odious as possible to the American reader, he represents them to be natural allies of monarchy and aristocracy: And, in addition to this, he labours to prove, that what he denominates "paper and patronage," are, in themselves, an aristocracy much more to be feared, than that titled order of men in the British empire, which has been so generally deprecated by men possessing republican principles; an order, nevertheless, which our author views as an harmless aristocracy, in consequence of being stript, by alienation and the equalizing principles of commerce, of their ancient territorial rights and feudal privileges. The hierarchy of the English church, considered as an appendage or branch of the lay aristocracy, or body of nobility, are, in our author's estimation, equally inoffensive, as such; although, for some other cause—the nature of which the reader will be at no loss to conjecture—he has eagerly laid hold of every opportunity to manifest his disrespect for the clergy, without distinction. Even the power of the king, in Great Britain—deprived, as he has been for more than a century past, of his most dangerous prerogatives—would not appear to him to be a formidable member of the government, were it not for the support which the monarchy derives from "paper and patronage." Believing, as Mr. Taylor does, that these two objects are reciprocally the cause and effect of each other, he has very frequently linked them together, in his book. Each, separately, he contemplates as an enormous political evil: by repeatedly uniting them, he presents to his own affrighted imagination an hideous monster—of a disposition so malignant, of influence so extensive, and of power so uncontrollable, as that it must, sooner or later, occasion the inevitable destruction of public liberty, wherever they gain admission.

In the second section of his "*Inquiry*," our author connects with what he stiles "the principles of the policy of the United States," a variety of strictures on "the English policy." This he does, in order to be enabled, according to his mode of reasoning, to deduce from the policy of Great Britain, in relation to "paper and patronage;" examples of the pernicious effects produced, as he supposes, by those political engines, upon the public weal. The third section treats of the evil moral principles of our national government; and the fourth, of its good moral principles. In

the first of these sections, Mr. Taylor introduces the following remark:—"A celebrated author (referring to Godwin) has pronounced in a tone of great authority, that *government is in all cases an evil*. This is founded in the error of contemplating monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as an analysis comprising every form of government. But had Godwin considered, that government could not be an evil, if it was founded in principles which would excite the good moral qualities of human nature, he would have searched for some such principle, capable of excluding monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; all of which produce evil, because of their tendency to excite men's evil qualities.

Here we perceive a disagreement between these "political doctors, upon a speculative question of political inquiry; whether a government of *any* form can be instituted, capable of excluding monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy? Godwin maintains—as do, we believe, all other political writers—the negative side of this question; leaving the author of the *Inquiry* in the enjoyment of a solitary opinion, on the contrary.

To the following quotations from Mr. Taylor's book, we now beg leave to refer our readers, for proof, that he deems the constitutional powers of the president of the United States to be incompatible with the liberties of the people. And yet, in his introductory address to the public, he speaks of "the true value and real superiority of our policy," and "the beautiful entablature of its pillars." Let the reader reconcile these extracts with such commendations, if he can:—

"An army and patronage *enables* a president to provide a faction. An army is the strongest of all factions, and completely the instrument of a leader skilful enough to enlist its sympathies."  
 —"The army is the creature of law. So were the armies of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte; and so, at this moment, are the armies of all existing governments, of which *forcé* is an element. The banner of usurpation and tyranny is usually hoisted by a legal army; a legal army is the instrument for giving permanency to the evil political principles, fraud, and force; and at no time, has a standing mercenary army been the steady auxiliary of national self-government, or obedient to election. It obeys its leader." p. 177.

"The president is a secret negotiator with foreign nations; his monopoly of military patronage impels him to war, because war extends patronage, and patronage is power."—"By removing from the public negotiator the excitement of military patronage towards war, integrity of negotiation would be obtained, and fraudulent pretexts for war avoided." p. 179.

"Military power awakens and excites man's evil qualities, more than any other species of power, because it is less resistable; hence its malignity to good moral principles and the element of self-government." p. 179.

"A degree of military power is conferred upon a president, which, when augmented and ripened by pretext, conjuncture, or audacity, has sufficed, in every instance, to destroy national self-government. To this instrument of destruction is subjoined a mass of civil power."—"The executive power possesses the prerogative of conferring lucrative offices upon members of congress; the senators not excepted, though relied on as a check upon executive power. In England, this prerogative has utterly disqualified the house of commons, as the organ or guardian of the principle of self-government, for the democratical order. It will operate in America, as it has done in England. Is a legislature, courting the patronage of a man who commands an army, a pledge or residence for the principle of self government? Is this secured, by enabling a man who commands an army, to corrupt the legislature by perpetual and brilliant hopes?" p. 185.

"As civil and military patronage, the command of fleets and armies, the direction of a treasury, treaty making, and a negative upon laws, condensed in one man, constitute a power evidently monarchical, it is important betimes to consider, how the elective principle and the monarchical power are like to work upon the same person; the nature of one being to draw him within the pale of responsibility, and of the other, to excite him to overleap it." p. 186-7.

Our author contends, that "the elective quality of the presidency aggravates the error." p. 186. And "names," says he, "constitute nothing ——— Monarchical powers constitute monarchy; and though monarchy is elective, it is still monarchy."— p. 187.

Referring to the formation of the executive department of the present federal government, our author makes also these bold remarks:—

“A president of the United States was invested with far greater powers than sufficed to Cæsar for enslaving his country. Patronage, negociation, a negative upon laws, and a paper system, render some of those talents which Cæsar possessed, unnecessary to enable a president to perform what Cæsar effected.”—p. 175.

And, in another place, he asserts, that “the measures arising from the spirit early infused into executive power by its American form, were, armies, war, penal laws, and an increase of executive power by law, loans, banks, patronage, and profusion.”—p. 174.

Mr. Taylor seems to place scarcely any confidence in either moral or political integrity; so very little, indeed, that although he treats of both the good and evil moral principles of the United States, he believes men are so necessarily corrupted, by the possession of power, that we cannot conceive how he could ever imagine it to be possible to institute any description of government whatever, which would not make the rulers despots, and the people slaves. “Power,” says he, “changes moral character; private life regenerates it:”—and again; “great power, or a long possession of power, changes a man’s moral character, whether it is derived from inheritance or election.” A division of power, and a rotation in office, are two of the devices to which men of Mr. Taylor’s political tenets have generally resorted, for preventing an abuse of power. Yet, says this gentleman—who appears to derive great pleasure from dealing in paradoxes and inconsistencies—“all despots, monarchical and aristocratical, uniformly and strictly practise the principles of division and rotation, as the best means to defend their monarchy and aristocracy.” He elsewhere speaks of the “inefficacy of election to prevent the abuse of executive power.” Here, then, (if we may ever speak positively of what Mr. Taylor says) are three of the fundamental principles relied on by writers in favour of republican government, for defending the people against an abuse of power by their rulers, which are declared

to be ineffectual for that purpose, by this zealous advocate for republics.

We now submit to the judgement of our readers two extracts from the book before us, in order that he may compare them with other passages from the same work:—

“The insufficiency of election to prevent great power from awakening evil qualities, has induced the people in their *state* governments to superadd many auxiliaries, drawn from the principle of division. Rotation, plural executives, frequency of election, and a limited patronage, are among them.”——“Before an experience of twelve years had passed over, in the case of the executive power of the union, under a relaxation of our principle of division, a majority of the United States have agreed in perceiving in it an inclination towards principles inimical to our policy.”  
p. 172.

Decidedly opposed as our author is, to every thing like aristocracy, he denies the existence of any aristocracy produced by natural causes: hence, in various places throughout his book, he employs much of his ingenuity in combating the opinions of Mr. Adams, on the same subject. It is not incumbent on us to decide between them; nor is it by any means necessary to engage in such an undertaking. But we believe it will be deemed an extraordinary stretch of incredulity in Mr. Taylor, with respect to the existence of an aristocracy founded in nature, that he should consider as an error, what the experience of all ages and nations demonstrates to be true—that some men are endowed with faculties far exceeding the general standard.—“Armies, taxes, patronage, and paper,” are placed by our author among the artificial aristocracies; and these “modern devices of tyranny,” as he is pleased to denominate them, are objects of his highest terror and abhorrence.

“War,” according to this writer, “is the keenest carving knife for cutting up nations into delicious morsels for parties and their leaders. It swells a few people to a monstrous moral size, and shrivels a multitude to an equally unnatural diminutiveness. It puts arms into the hands of ambition, avarice, pride, and self-love; and aggravates these passions, by erecting the holders into a separate interest, which has in no shape been made just or honest

by the restraints of moral principles or didactic prohibitions. It breeds a race of men nominally heroes, mistaken for patriots, and really tyrants. It enables knaves and traitors to delude the multitude into a belief, that real patriots are knaves and traitors; and thus force good men to become the instruments of bad, to avoid the persecutions of this delusion." p. 589.

"Heavy taxes in peace," says the same writer, "are unexceptionably political slavery. Liberty and slavery are contrary principles; and, therefore, liberty does not produce heavy taxes." p. 285.—He makes every species of war dangerous to liberty—and one fed by paper systems, fatal to it.

"Patronage," which Mr. Taylor next names, in his list of the "modern devices of tyranny," has been sufficiently anathematized by him, in the extracts already given from his "*Inquiry*," to preclude the necessity of noticing it further in this place.

We have now arrived at the last named of our author's "devices" above mentioned, contrived and employed, as he seems to suppose, for the destruction of public liberty. This formidable engine of tyrannical power, which he comprehends under the denomination of "paper," is meant to denote what is well understood by the terms "funding" and "banking" systems.

As the deleterious effects upon the freedom of a people, attributed by Mr. Taylor to these systems, constitute almost the alpha and omega of his "*Inquiry*" into the principles of our governmental policy, we shall, in this place, offer to the consideration of our readers, such cursory observations on the subject, as have presented themselves to our view.

It has already been said of this work, that its author in most of his animadversions on the funding and banking systems, has mingled and confounded institutions which, however allied, have no necessary connexion with each other, and which should be investigated separately, in order to ascertain the nature and properties of each. This remark the reader will find to be just, notwithstanding Mr. Taylor has affected to devote two separate chapters to "funding" and "banking," respectively.

Without distinguishing between the various kinds of banks which answer the purposes of maintaining national and commercial credit, in different countries, this writer attempts to attach to



these institutions, collectively and indiscriminately, the odious character of aristocracies. But names alter not things; or, as Mr. Taylor himself expresses it, "names constitute nothing." There are no qualities in the banking or funding systems, as such, which possess any of the evil properties ascribed to aristocracies;—unless, indeed, their being means of creating and diffusing wealth in a nation, by the aid they afford to credit, is to be considered as an evil: and this will scarcely be contended by men of liberal minds, having a competent knowledge of the subject. Would Mr. Taylor prohibit a fair and honourable acquisition of wealth by individuals, or associations of individuals, in a community, because he supposes that wealth contaminates its possessor with aristocratical principles? We presume he could have no serious intention of proceeding so far; and yet, it is evident, his doctrines tend to the support of a system founded in this extreme of political folly.

The arguments adduced by Mr. Taylor against banks and funding, are mostly founded on false premises. They are such as have been often refuted by the ablest writers, and those best versed in political arithmetic. In fabricating objections to those objects, much of the reasoning he has employed for the purpose of destroying all belief in their usefulness, is of that species which is drawn from an abuse of the principles on which they are usually established. We mean not to advocate any abuse of either the banking or funding systems; but to contend, against such unfounded dogmas as Mr. Taylor's, that public banks and a funded national debt, confined within reasonable limits in their operations and extent, and judiciously managed, are foundations upon which, either separately or in connexion with each other, highly beneficial systems of credit, public and private, are erected by means commodiously practicable.

We are not advocates for a burthensome national debt. We consider it a grievous evil; as we do war, also, which produces it, or oppressive taxes, which are its necessary consequence. But, inasmuch as war is sometimes unavoidable, so are these its appendages: And when the administrators of the government of a nation have contracted a debt with individuals, on the public account, the national credit requires that it should be faithfully paid,

according to the terms of the contract. The public faith is plighted, for its fulfilment, and moral honesty imperiously demands the performance of so solemn an obligation.

What then—if these sentiments be just—must we be compelled to think of Mr. Taylor's opinions, on this head? The reader will judge for himself, when he shall have read the following passage, quoted from our author's "*Inquiry*."

"A spell," says he, "is put upon our understandings by the words '*public faith and national credit*,' which fascinates us into an opinion, that fraud, corruption, and oppression, constitute national credit—and debt and slavery, public faith."—p. 61.

The great importance of banks to commerce, and the interests connected with it, have been practically shown, in the examples of Genoa, Venice, Holland, and England, as well as some other commercial states; more especially, by the two last mentioned. Profiting by those examples, the independent government of our own country early manifested its sense of the utility of national banking. The foundation of a public bank was first laid, here, during the war of the revolution, under the sanction of the old congress.

In less than two years after the organization of our present federal government, the late bank of the United States was erected into a corporation by an act of congress; and the preamble of that law is in these words:—"Whereas it is conceived, that the establishment of a bank for the United States, upon a foundation sufficiently extensive to answer the purposes intended thereby, and at the same time upon the principles which afford adequate security for an upright and prudent administration thereof, will be very conducive to the successful conducting of the national finances; will tend to give facility to the obtaining of loans for the use of the government, in sudden emergencies; and will be productive of considerable advantages to trade and industry in general: Therefore, be it enacted," &c.

The legitimate objects of this institution, as expressed in the preamble to its charter, were fully experienced both by the government and individuals, during twenty years of national prosperity. But the term of its incorporation having expired on the fourth day of March, in the year 1811, the enemies of that ably and faith-

fully conducted institution succeeded, by various artifices, in preventing a renewal of its charter: and it is worthy of remark, that Mr. Taylor's "*Inquiry*," so hostile to banks throughout, though not published until the year 1814, was written (as the author tells us) before the 17th of November, 1811.

The war which, unfortunately, soon after supervened, with the financial and commercial distresses of the country, consequent thereon, soon convinced many speculative and timid men of the error into which they had been seduced, concerning banks, by such reasoners as Mr. Taylor. Hence we have recently seen the re-establishment of an efficient national bank, under the auspices of an administration, the purity of whose motives *Mr. Taylor* will not, perhaps, be disposed to arraign.

With such facts, then, before us as these, may we not ask—whether the United States have not unequivocally testified their approbation of public banks? and also, whether they do not, as unquestionably, admit, that important advantages result to the public interests, by connecting, in some measure, the operations of a national bank with the financial concerns of the country?

A celebrated patriot, philosopher, and divine, Dr. Berkeley, asks this question in his "*Querist*:" "Whether the credit of the public funds be not a mine of gold to England; and whether any step that should lessen this credit ought not to be dreaded?" The very ingenious author of an anonymous work, entitled "*Characteristics of the present political state of Great Britain*," (a second edition of which was published in London, in 1758) makes the following reflection on the bishop's query:—"How different is this from the language of the "*Three Essays*," the author of which, with an unusual vehemence, calls upon the landed gentlemen, upon the farmers, and upon the manufacturers, to put an end to our paper-credit altogether!" How similar to this, is the hostility evinced by Mr. Taylor against the funding system of his country! In the commencement and progress of the American revolution, the principles and policy of the English whigs were pursued. Yet, says our author, "the whig party was made strong in England, by the paper stock with which it was enriched and united. In spite of its principles, it was forced by its regimen of this legal

wealth to enslave the nation, by poisoning the principles it professed to nurture. Hence a modern whig may believe, that it would have been better for the English nation, had success followed the landed tories, who would have strangled the paper-system of the whigs in its infancy."—p. 570.

"Credit of some kind or other is necessary, says the author of the '*Characteristics*,' wherever there is much trade."—"In nations where there is great simplicity of manners and little trade," continues this author, "there is little necessity either of borrowing, or of buying upon credit. But as commerce is enlarged, credit must be enlarged in proportion. There can be little trade where every one buys for ready money. If, therefore, we would increase our trade, we must submit to the disadvantages, or rather natural consequences, arising from credit; since credit is absolutely necessary to an extensive commerce. In whatever manner this credit is given, it may be said to come in the place of money, to answer for it, or to supply the want of it. It may be reckoned money, and is truly a kind of money."

"Besides the credit given by private dealers one to another, and the advantages arising from such credit, equal or greater advantages may be gained by a more regular and public credit, given by banks under proper regulations, and established by proper authority."

Further, says the same author: "Banks, settled by public authority under right regulations, continually increase the current species, by issuing notes which circulate as money. By giving credit, they furnish men of substance with the means of giving greater employment to the industrious, and enable merchants to carry on a more extensive trade."

Although banks had no existence in this country while in its colonial state, a paper currency was early resorted to, in the principal colonies, to supply the deficiency of a sufficient quantity of the precious metals to answer the purposes of a circulating medium. The principle upon which a paper credit was instituted in Pennsylvania, was analogous to that of a land-bank. The paper bills of credit were emitted under the authority of the legislature, through the medium of a loan-office: they were lent to

landed proprietors, on the security of their lands; and were repayable, with interest, in small annual instalments or portions. This paper system was introduced into the governmental policy of Pennsylvania nearly a century ago. It was continued during the long period of seventy years, of which, seventeen were under the independent government of the state.

This admirable institution, which greatly contributed to the early prosperity of Pennsylvania, bears strong testimony in favour of a well-regulated paper credit. Almost half a century's experience of its effects in the nature of a bank, induced the late governor Pownall to mention it in the following terms of eulogy:—"I will venture to say, that there never was a wiser or a better measure; never one better calculated to serve the uses of an increasing country; that there never was a measure more steadily pursued, or more faithfully executed, for forty years together, than the loan-office in Pennsylvania, formed and administered by the assembly of that province." (See his work on the Administration of the Colonies, published between fifty and sixty years since.)

So sensible were the people of Pennsylvania of the good tendency of the loan-office system of paper-credit, after seventy years experience of its effects, that, when the bank of Pennsylvania was erected, in the year 1793, with a capital of three millions of dollars, provision was made by law for engrafting upon it a loan-office, to the amount of one-sixth part of that sum. The act to incorporate that bank, made it obligatory on them to lend half a million of dollars, at the legal rate of interest, to the commonwealth, for the purpose of establishing a loan-office; to be paid by the borrowers in ten annual instalments. Accordingly, an act for erecting a loan-office for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, was passed within a fortnight after.

This was, however, the last loan-office law enacted in Pennsylvania. It was repealed about a year afterwards; the establishment of banks was gradually introduced into the interior districts of the country; and it was expected, that these inland banks would, in a great degree, supply the useful purposes of a loan-office, by lending to landholders and farmers in such manner, as

to enable them to promote the improvement of their lands, and thus advance the great agricultural interest of the country. In fact, these important benefits have been already derived from some of the inland banks, to a considerable extent: and, notwithstanding there may have been abuses of the banking interest, in consequence of an injudicious administration of some of the country banks, it may be reasonably hoped, that in future all the banks in the interior of the country will be made eminently conducive to the interests of the agriculturist and the landed proprietor. These being *primary* interests of the community,—and, at the same time, intimately connected with those of commerce and manufactures; there can be little doubt that they will be duly attended to by prudent, intelligent, and public-spirited men, in directing the operations of our numerous banking institutions. For, as the author of the “*Characteristics*,” before quoted, has well observed,—“it is of no consequence, though landed men mortgage part of their estates for bank notes, and may be said to coin their lands and to bring them into market. On the contrary, the more the lands of any country are *locked up*, the country must be less improved: and the more easily lands can be transferred and exchanged in commerce, industry, trade, and manufactures will be more speedily and successfully promoted.”

The foregoing observations on the funding and banking systems of paper-credit, sufficiently expose the fallacies of Mr. Taylor's principles and reasoning on these subjects. Yet, how great are his prejudices, and how extreme is his insatiation, in respect to every thing in the shape of corporate or chartered rights,—this passage from his “*Inquiry*” will abundantly testify:—

“What! exclaims both the friend and the foe to public good,—shall we have no corporations, no colleges, no turnpikes, no canals,—because they are separate interests? Do not charter and privilege strew the face of a country with palaces and plenty? Yes,” (peevishly, and without being supported by reason, responds our author, to this second query,) “and with huts and penury.”—(p. 327.)

We think this writer, though often plausible and ingenious, has, in many instances, manifested a large portion of illiberality. His dogmatical manner of treating some of the principles maintained

by Mr. Adams, in his "*Defence*," &c., without, however, as we conceive, invalidating the force of that author's principles, is apparent in every chapter of the "*Inquiry*." But Mr. Taylor has treated with even less delicacy, another eminent statesman, by name, and by an implied reference, two of his associates in the production of that justly celebrated work, "*The Federalist*."—His spleen, it would seem, was much roused by what he conceives to have been a political apostasy.

Mr. Jay, in an address to the American people, penned by him while president of congress in September, 1779, had spoken of the British government in strong terms of censure,—entertaining, as he did in common with every patriotic American, at that period, those sentiments which are naturally engendered by a state of hostility: and yet he eulogized the same government in the "*Federalist*," written so long after the termination of the war between that government and our own, as to allow the prejudices raised and fostered by it, even in minds the least liberal, to subside; and to have their place occupied by the dictates of dispassionate reason. The object of the "*Address*" was political. It was, as Mr. Taylor admits, designed to inspire the United States with perseverance in the prosecution of the war, by representing the British monarchy as being the tyrant, and the American republic, (such as the feeble confederation of the states then was,) as the servant of the people.

Such, then, having been the obvious and acknowledged design of that "*Address*," it was calculated to meet the prejudices and feelings of the people, the source of power and national strength, in their irritation against a government then engaged in hostility with them. "*The Federalist*," says Mr. Taylor, "contains an eulogy on the English form of government, infinitely transcending the compliment paid to it by Mr. Adams, and incapable of being augmented: by an ingenious use of Montesquieu, it exalts that form of government to the station among others, which Homer occupies among poets."

Here was the political sin of Mr. Jay, that has drawn down upon him, and upon his colleagues, the keen censure of our author. If, says he, the invective on the British form of government in Mr. Jay's "*Address*," and the eulogy on it in "*The Fe-*

*deralist*," flowed from the same pen, the subjection of the human mind, in its highest perfection and utmost maturity, to circumstances, is here demonstrated; and in this demonstration is exhibited the folly of expecting to find a steady patriot in a *slave to uncontrollable events*."

The writers of "*The Federalist*," it is generally known, were Messrs. Jay, Hamilton and Madison: much the greater part of the papers were furnished by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Madison. Without impeaching the sincerity of these distinguished statesmen, it must be taken for granted, that the principles maintained in that work, received the unequivocal sanction of each of its writers. Our author styles "*The Federalist*" a fortunate composition, and is obliged to admit, that fidelity to our national constitution was mutually allowed to it by opposite parties. Nevertheless; he asserts that integrity, talents and elegance of style, were unable for a moment to retain, against the force of new circumstances, the adherence of only three *political doctors* to their own prescription. "*The Federalist*," in short, was guilty, in the eyes of Mr. Taylor, of the inexpressible sin of eulogising a form of government, upon which many enlightened politicians, practical as well as theoretical—antecedently to either Mr. Adams or the writers of "*The Federalist*"—had also pronounced eulogiums. But as Mr. Madison was one of the "*political doctors*," (as our author chooses to style these writers,) he wishes to withdraw that gentleman from the censure cast upon his associates. With this view, he says,—“ I believe that *one* of the supposed authors, at least, does not approve of all its doctrines.”—Is, then, Mr. Taylor aware, that by this awkward apology for what he conceives to have been a monstrous political heresy in Mr. Madison, he implicates him in the same unjust censure which he had passed on Mr. Jay!—When this gentleman wrote his essays, he held in high estimation certain principles interwoven with the forms of the British government;—a government, which, some years before, and in the midst of our war with it, he strongly reprobated. Consequently, his sentiments on some of the principles of government theoretically imbibed at the commencement of the revolution, were radically changed, after having been tried by the ineffica-



cious system of the first confederation: and it is not probable he has not swerved from those political principles which he and his colleagues maintained, when composing "*The Federalist*," for the support of our present system of national government.

Mr. Madison, we are bound to presume, then held the same opinions on the subject of government. But it is intimated by our author, as a suggestion of his own belief, that Mr. Madison "*does not*"—mark, reader, it is not said *did not*—"approve of all its ("*The Federalist's*") doctrines.—What, then, is the inference? Why, that he, as well as Mr. Jay, has changed his political opinions. Will our author, therefore, undertake to pronounce in this case, as he has done, without hesitation, in the case of Mr. Jay's change of opinion,—that "*in this demonstration is exhibited the folly of expecting to find a steady patriot in a slave to uncontrollable events*?—No; we believe Mr. Taylor was very far from designing to extend to Mr. Madison the imputation he meant to cast upon Mr. Jay. He has done so, however, in fact, by the inferences fairly deducible from his premises.

Such is one instance, among multitudes of the strange inconsistencies, into which men of prejudiced understandings and heated imaginations are ever driven by these fruitful sources of error!

That portion of Mr. Taylor's "*Inquiry*," which follows the sections on "*Funding*" and Banking, makes up about a third part of the book. It is treated under four distinct heads or titles: but the subject matter of these different sections is, in its principal features, so much of a piece with the contents of those which precede them, that we can hardly imagine why the author should have thus arranged it. He does little more, in reality, than ring a great variety of changes upon the same set of political bells, from the beginning to the end of the volume. Accordingly, we find in this latter part of the work, as we do in the first five sections, a considerable share of very reprehensible personal insinuations. Thus, for instance, in the section under the head of "*Authority*,"—after noticing the contrariety of some of the political opinions entertained by Mr. Adams, in the earlier and later periods of his life, makes this reflection on the circumstance:—"The force of the difference between a struggle for liberty, and an enjoyment of a rich executive office, only remains to account for

the different appearance of the same principles and the same words, to the same mind, at different times."

Illiberal and disingenuous, however, as such remarks as these are, their personal application can have little weight, even upon minds unduly biassed by prejudice,—when it is considered, that the author has little or no confidence in the political honesty of any man: for, according to his creed, "almost every eminent man who has appeared in governments tinctured with liberty, might be quoted as an authority against the opinions by which he was raised." P. 517.

To whatever political sect Mr. Taylor may profess to belong, we must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he is not unsparing of his censures upon both of the great political parties in this country. He lays it down as an axiom, p. 587, that "The evil moral qualities of human nature, are as natural to parties, as to man." And, in p. 515, he says—"The republican and federal parties in the United States are evidently clambering towards the system for consigning a nation to the constant spoliation of a successive authority, more aggravating to vicious passions, because more unsettled than monarchy itself."—Further, in p. 653, we are told, with truth, that "The two parties called republican and federal, have hitherto undergone but one revolution. Yet each, when in power, preached Filmer's old doctrine of passive obedience, in a new form, with considerable success; and each, out of power, strenuously controverted it."—In like manner, formidable as monarchical and aristocratical governments appear to this writer—into whatever form they may be moulded,—he is not less adverse to democratical governments. In proof of this assertion, we quote from his "*Inquiry*" the following paragraph:—"Democracy is not less calculated to excite evil moral qualities of one kind, than monarchy and aristocracy of another." Turbulence, instability, injustice, suspicion, ingratitude, and excess of gratitude, are among the evil moral qualities, which this form of government has a tendency to excite. Democracy, therefore, is a form of government founded in evil moral qualities." P. 79. It is to be observed, however, that Mr. Taylor does not admit of the government of the United States being, in any degree, democratical: for, in the same page, he says; "De-

mocracy was destroyed" (in America) "by election." Such, in fine, is his dislike of democracy, that he calls Godwin's "*Political Justice*," "a text-book for mobs;" although coupling that author with Malthus,—whose work he considers as a text-book "for tyrants,"—he includes both under the highly complimentary character of "Philosophers of talents, accomplishments, and integrity, unsurpassed by any of their contemporaries." P. 540. How these contraricties of principles and character can be reconciled, we confess ourselves utterly at a loss to determine!

Before we draw to a conclusion our strictures on Mr. Taylor's "*Inquiry*," we shall introduce, without further comment on them, three extracts from this work; and in doing this, we shall leave to every reader of plain good sense—unsophisticated "with metaphysical dogmas," unpolluted with vulgar prejudices and errors, and unassailable by either rhapsodical flourishes or empty declamation,—to make their own reflections on such language and such sentiments!

In page 190, the author of the "*Inquiry*" exclaims;—"What nation is enslaved by a fool? Oh people! do not be deluded to pay away your liberty for talents and merit. By rewarding them with great power, or great wealth, or long duration in office, you will lose the power of rewarding them at all; and these rewards, by destroying your liberty, will destroy public merit and talents, and put an end to the objects of your bounty. It is only by withholding rewards, destructive both of the power and the objects of reward, that nations will be able to evince their gratitude to benefactors."

Under the head of "Banking," he says;—"By a laborious cultivation of my talents and persevering industry, I acquire a moderate degree of wealth; by banking, I acquire infinitely more, without labour or talents. Why should I subject myself to the fatigue of becoming learned and useful, to become the scoff of a rich, idle, and voluptuous order? Their abundance, to which I must contribute, will diminish my competence, in the eye of comparison, almost to nothing; and of course in my own eyes. No, I will go into the lottery where there are no blanks; where every ticket draws annual prizes; and where, as a stock-jobber, I may be as rich, as idle, as ignorant, and as useless, as a bishop, nobleman, or king." P. 363.

Referring, in the same section, to what he denominates "the untitled paper interest," in England, he speaks in the following strange and incoherent manner.—"In the history of our forefathers, we recognize three political beasts, feeding at different periods upon their lives, liberties, and properties. Those called hierarchical and feudal aristocracy, to say the worst of them, are now the instruments of the third. Protect us, Heaven! we exclaim, against these monsters, inert, subdued, and far away from us! Oh, what a beautiful creature is here! we add; upon beholding a whelp of the third, so strong as to have swam into our country across the Atlantic; and the infatuation concludes with a sincere commiseration of the people of England, on account of the misery with which they are loaded by the mother of this identical whelp. Our mistake in estimating titled nobility and paper stock, is exactly that of the mouse, terrified with the cock, and charmed with the cat." P. 317.

The observations we have submitted to the judgment of our readers, upon the work before us, are the result of our unbiassed, impartial opinions, without regard to sect or party. In giving them to the public, we are sorry to have had so much to censure, and to have found so little that seemed to merit approbation. Indeed, we sincerely regret, that a writer of Mr. Taylor's genius and learning,—and, as we have no doubt, patriotic intentions, also,—should have bestowed so much labour upon a work, which, can be productive of no practical good. We think many of the doctrines which he endeavours to inculcate, are grossly erroneous in their nature, and, in some instances, so plausibly maintained, as that they may, perhaps, impose upon weak and unsuspecting minds. But his errors appear to us so gross, and the plausibility of his arguments predicated on principles so palpably false—and the fallacy of which may be so easily detected, that, as we observed in the outset of our remarks, we do not believe it will do much harm.

This writer's extreme jealousy of power in administering the affairs of government, and the various devices which his ingenuity has suggested for preventing abuses of it, will doubtless amuse the practical politician: it will, however, be readily discerned, that a government moulded according to his theories, must necessarily be impracticable; because not consistent with the results of repeated experiments and the character of mankind.

Mr. Taylor's style is generally correct, and frequently good; but sometimes inelegant, confused, and even unintelligible. His diffuse manner of treating his subject, renders him verbose, without perspicuity of language or strength of argument. But, upon the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing his style and manner, much better than the matter of his work.

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(From the Freeman's Journal.)

### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*Philadelphia June 16, 1817.*

GENTLEMEN,—Several applications having been recently made to me to state the errors which I had observed, and often mentioned, in the publication of the names of the members of the continental congress, who declared in favour of the independence of the United States, on the 4th of July, 1776—I have not, at present, sufficient health and leisure to reply severally to each application. There can be but one correct statement of facts: one public statement, therefore, through the press will serve the purpose of the gentlemen who have made the request, and may also give satisfaction to the minds of others, who have turned their thoughts upon the subject. If I am correct in my statement, it may be of use to future historians; if not, my errors can be readily corrected. I wish, therefore, by means of your paper, to make the following statement of the facts, within my knowledge, relative to the subject of inquiry:

On *Monday*, the 1st day of July, 1776, the arguments in congress, for and against the declaration of independence, having been exhausted, and the measure fully considered, the congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole; the question was put by the chairman, and all the *states* voted in the affirmative, except Pennsylvania, which was in the negative, and Delaware, which was equally divided. Pennsylvania, at that time, had seven members, viz. John Morton, Benjamin Franklin, James Wilson, John Dickinson, Robert Morris, Thomas Willing, and Charles Humphreys. All were present on the 1st July, and the three first named voted for the declaration of independence, the remaining four against it. The state of Delaware had three members, Cæsar Rodney, George Read and myself. George Read and I were present. I voted for it, George Read against it. When the president resumed his chair, the chairman of the committee of the whole made his report, which was not acted upon until Thursday, the 4th of July. In the mean time I had written to press the attendance of Cæsar Rodney, the third delegate from Delaware, who appeared early on that day at the state-house, in his place. When the congress assembled, the question was put on the report of the committee of the whole, and approved by every *state*. Of the members from Pennsylvania, the three first, as before, voted in the affirmative and the two last in the negative—John Dickinson and Robert Morris were not present, and did not take their seats on that day. Cæsar Rodney, for the state of Delaware, voted with me in the affirmative, and George Read in the negative.

Some months after this, I saw printed publications of the names of those gentlemen who had, as it was said, voted for the declaration of independence, and observed that my own name was omitted. I was not a little surprised at, nor could account for the omission; because I knew that on the 24th of June preceding, the deputies from the committees of Pennsylvania, assembled in provincial conference, held at the Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, which had met on the 18th, and chosen me their president, had unanimously declared their willingness to concur in a vote of the congress, declaring the United States free and independent states, and had ordered their declaration to be signed, and their president to deliver it into congress, which accordingly I did the day following: I know also, that a regiment of associators, of which I was colonel, had, at the end of May before, unanimously made the same declaration. These circumstances were mentioned at the time to gentlemen of my acquaintance. The error remained uncorrected till the year 1781, when I was appointed to publish the laws of Pennsylvania, to which I prefixed the declaration of independence, and inserted my own name, with the names of my colleagues. Afterwards, in 1797, when the late A. J. Dallas, Esq. then secretary of the commonwealth was appointed to publish an edition of the laws, on comparing the names published as subscribed to the declaration of independence, he observed a variance, and the omission, in some publications, of the name of Thomas M'Kean; having procured a certificate from the secretary of state, that the name of Thomas M'Kean was affixed in his own hand writing to the original declaration of independence, though omitted in the journals of congress, Mr. Dallas then requested an explanation of this circumstance from me, and from my answer to this application, the following extracts were taken and published by Mr. Dallas in the appendix to the first volume of his addition of the laws.

"For several years past, I have been taught to think less unfavourably of scepticism than formerly. So many things have been misrepresented, misstated, and erroneously printed (with seeming authenticity) under my own eyes, as in my opinion to render those who doubt of every thing, not altogether inexcusable. The publication of the declaration of independence on the fourth day of July, 1776, as printed in the journals of Congress, vol. 2, p. 242, &c. and also in the acts of most public bodies, since, so far as respects the names of the delegates or deputies who made that declaration, has led to the above reflection. By the printed publications referred to, it would appear as if the fifty-five gentlemen whose names are there printed, and none other, were on that day personally present in congress, and assenting to the declaration; whereas the truth is otherwise. The following gentlemen were not members on the 4th of July, 1776, namely, Matthew Thornton, Benjamin Rush, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, and George Ross, esqrs. The five last named were not chosen delegates until the twentieth of that month; the first not until the twelfth day of September following, nor did he take his seat in congress until the 4th of November, which was four months after. The journals of congress, vol. 2d, pages 277, 442, as well as those of the assembly of the state of Pennsylvania, page 53, and of the general assembly of New-Hampshire, establish these facts. Although the six gentlemen named had been very active in the American cause, and some of them, to my own knowledge, warmly in favour of its independence, previous to the day on which it was declared, yet I personally know that none of them were in congress on that day.

"Modesty should not rob any man of his just honour, when, by that honour, his modesty cannot be offended. My name is not in the printed

journals of congress, as a party to the declaration of independence, and this, like an error in the first concoction, has vitiated most of the subsequent publications, and yet the fact is, that I was then a member of congress, from the state of Delaware, was personally present in congress, and voted in favour of independence on the fourth day of July, 1776, and signed the declaration after it had been engrossed on parchment, where my name, in my own hand writing, still appears. Henry Wisner, of the state of New-York, was also in congress, and voted for independence.

"I do not know how the misstatement in the printed journals has happened. The manuscript *public* journal has no names annexed to the declaration of independence, nor has the *secret* journal; but it appears by the latter, that on the nineteenth day of July, 1776, the congress, directed that it should be engrossed on parchment, and signed by *every member*, and that it was so produced on the second of August and signed. This is interlined in the secret journal, in the hand writing of Charles Thompson Esq. the secretary. The present secretary of state of the United States, and myself, have lately inspected the journals, and seen this. The journal was first printed by Mr. John Dunlap, in 1778, and, probably, copies with the names then signed to it were printed in August, 1776, and that Mr. Dunlap printed the names from one of *them*."

Your most obedient servant,

THOS. M'KEAN.

### COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS.

MR. HALE—I have seen advertised in some of the southern papers, proposals for publishing in a volume the "celebrated speeches," of Counsellor Phillips. The avidity, with which this gentleman's speeches, upon cases of *crim. con.* and seduction, are read and circulated in our newspapers, is a sad proof of our bad taste in morals as well as eloquence. It is upon these occasions, and they are not unfrequent in that land of chastity, Sweet Erin, that the counsellor comes over us, with all the graces of his art. His constant endeavour to say something novel or brilliant;—his ambition of shining at all times, and on all topics; his common-place thoughts, dressed up in the worn out finery of better writers;—his mawkish sentimentality;—his verbiage and his affectation "give me the fidgets, and my patience fails." He has no natural flow of eloquence—all is turgid and laborious. His imagination, to be sure, is always at work; but it works like a stage horse always upon a well-trodden road. He is never guilty of new combinations; or unexpected resemblances—he is tame when he bustles the most, and impotent in the very height of his rage. Besides this, the minute and circumstantial detail of such cases, is only fit to be heard by the court and jury, who have to decide them. *The publication of them in newspapers is mischievous.*

We annex to the above communication, a tolerably successful burlesque of this gentleman's style of oratory, extracted from a late London paper.

### COUNSELLOR O'GARNISH.

We take shame to ourselves for not having sooner noticed the very able address to the court of king's bench, during the last term, of a barrister from the sister kingdom, in the cause *Serge against Sabretach*. The following is, we believe, a pretty correct report of it:

"When I look around me, and above me, and below me, and dizzily ponder over the tide of time, which, rolling through this elevated edifice, sweeps the mighty and the mean to one common bourne, whence, as the poet of nature informs us, no traveller returns—when I reflect that the court which I now address, nay, perhaps the very segment of the seat I now occupy, was heretofore enlightened by that Aurora Borealis of legal effulgence, which formed a halo on the brows of a Dunning and a Mansfield, I feel rooted with terror to the ground, and paralyzed in my lower extremities like the marble thighed monarch in the Arabian Tales.—Would to Heaven that the red-haired funder of this venerable hall, had snatched Tyrell's dart from his own bosom, and plunged it into mine, ere I had essayed this office! But the different epochs of our existence, checks the wish. My lords, my client, the plaintiff, is of the useful class of beings who give broad cloth to the back—serge to the stomach—buckram to the body—thickset to the thigh! His manners are modest—his conduct is creditable—his shop is showy—and his residence is Ratcliffe. The defendant is an officer of dragoons, recently drawn from the Purliens of Pall-mall, and quartered at Hounslow. Luckily for him the days of drawing and quartering are over, or wrongs like my client's might justify the corporal partition. It might be accident, it might be design, which caused Captain Sehretach on the visit to the Wapping Docks, to lounge over Ratcliffe highway. Attracted by these words, "Serge, Tailor and Habit-maker," he halted at the plaintiff's door. An elegant pelisse, with arms extended, hung swinging on the door-post—he entered the shop, and with a blandishment well suited to the perfidy of his purpose, he ordered a pelisse of the same workmanship and materials. The superb ornament started like the web of Arachne from the fingers of the plaintiff's journeyman, and on Monday week following, the defendant issued from the Hounslow barracks, the envy and admiration of his booted brethren. His collar was of sable fur. 'Get me a suit of sables,' cried he, mimicking the march of the Duke, but when he would have added, "*The Devil wears black*," the demon of darkness stuck in his throat. My lords, you are (and long may you continue to be) clad in the robes of office, and you know what fur is. When you reflect that the pelisse was of extra superfine French brown: that bands of braids were buttoned on the bosom, with a fork of do. behind; that the side seams were finely and fully figured; that the tassels were tambored; and that frogs, presumptuous as those of Pharaoh, enveloped the defendant from chiterlin to chine, you will not, I am sure, elevate your eyebrows with extra astonishment, when you learn that the price demanded, was seventeen pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence. The plaintiff was pressing—the defendant was dunned; but cash not being forthcoming, the plaintiff drew a bill of exchange for the amount which the defendant accepted, payable at Messrs. Child and Company's Temple Bar.

"The bill was presented when due, and was noted for non-payment. God forbid that I should impute any blame to Messrs. Child and Company:—Their answer was, "no effects;" and after sedulous inquiry, I find, that when a man has no money in a banker's hands, such banker is not bound to pay his drafts. This, my lords, the defendant must have known. His acceptance, therefore, was a mockery of the lace merchant; it was buttering the bacon of baseness; it was thrusting the red hot poker of pertness into the already blazing conflagration of my client's grievances. The defendant had now thrown away the scabbard, and the plaintiff had drawn the sword. He issued out a writ in the name of George the Third, of the



United Kingdom of Great Britain and *Ireland*: Ireland in its unfathomed caves of despotism; that hapless tin kettle doomed to be eternally appurtenant to the tail of the dog of war. A declaration was filed, cautiously containing counts for goods sold and delivered, and for work and labour, with a notice to plead in eight days. Even now the plaintiff did more than by legal courtesy, he was bound to perform. He *demand*ed a *plea*—how primitive the process? *otherwise judgment*—how awful the alternative.

"This was contumeliously contemned; it was treated as *Brutum Fulmen*. But the plaintiff, my lords, was no mimic Jove, bantering and blustering from a bridge of brass; Serge, and not *Salmonens*, was the antagonist whom the defendant was to cope with. The bolt was hurled, and interlocutory judgment was signed for want of a plea. At this stage of the proceedings, the plaintiff's attorney put into my unexperienced hands, an affidavit of the course of action. The motion he wished me to submit to your lordships, was novel and arduous. Seniors in silk, and puisnes in prunella, would have shrunk from its experiment. But, full of my client's wrongs, and swelling like the sybil with my subject, even so humble an individual as myself now ventures to move your lordships—that it may be referred to the master to compute principal and interest on the bill of exchange upon which this action is brought!!!"—*Bost. Daily Advertiser*.

## POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### PASSIONS OF A DISTRACTED MAN.

I HAVE heard in foreign lands

That the shrouded dead arose,  
Bursting from funereal bands  
When the shades of evening close.

Rising then a fearful sight  
Spreading wide their dusky wing,  
Lo! the fabled sons of night  
To their awful errand spring!

Kindred gore must be their feast,  
They must watch the withering frame,  
Kindred gore must gorge their taste,  
Till expires the vital flame.

Thus, when in her winding sheet  
Hope lies fast forever bound,  
And the dream, so soft and sweet,  
In the lunar realms is found.

Still the shade of hopeless love  
Prays upon the tortur'd heart,  
And the vision she hath wove  
Never can be doom'd to part.

Withering then the flame doth waver,  
What can cure the bosom's smart?  
Nothing, ah! can ever save her,  
For she cherishes the dart!

Time, thy wings have dropt no balm—  
Lock'd within a wife's embrace,  
Should each heaving wave be calm,  
Every storm of sorrow cease;

But the soul is far away,  
And a faithful consort's charms,  
Vainly all their pride display,  
Clasp'd in monumental arms!

There, the earth born clay reposes,  
But the ocean rolls between,  
And a distant clime discloses  
Where the spirit still hath been.

Pledges of the—tie not whole!  
Springing, harmless babes! from whence?  
Not the offspring of the soul,  
But the children of the sense!

Say, shall light to you be given,  
Burning and unquenchable,  
Bearing the high stamp of heaven,  
Triumphing o'er death and hell?

Say, shall feeling high and keen,  
Say, shall genius bright and great;  
Fire the soul that rear'd hath been  
From such broken, heartless state?

God of mercy! ease my woe,  
 Spare, O! spare my tortur'd brain—  
 God of thunder! strike the blow—  
 Dash me back to dust again!  
*New-York, 20th Sept. 1816.*

R.

---

PASSIONS OF A DESERTED WOMAN.

STILL unfaithful, do I love thee?  
 Though thy image here be stamp'd;  
 Yet, when pity would not move thee,  
 Scorn hath all its lustre damp'd.

For thy child, I will not curse thee,  
 Though a sire thou may'st not be,  
 Yes, poor infant, I will nurse thee,  
 Heir of immortality!

Go, seducer! vengeance never  
 If she thirst shall want her fill—  
 Go! but say, can conscience ever  
 Bid thy sorrows, peace! be still?

Go! but in a wife's embraces,  
 Thou shalt curse the unhallowed tie?  
 God, whose work the deed disgraces,  
 Sees the sacrilege on high!

Go! and if the unholy union  
 Smiling, prattling infants bless,  
 Think on him, in self communion,  
 Whose sole heirship is disgrace.

Go! and if no more delaying,  
 Vengeance burst upon thy head—  
 Think, O think not then, of praying;  
 Oaths are broke, and hope has fled!

Heaven abandoned, when thou dyest,  
 Then, thou never canst dissemble;

Go! and when in death thou lyest,  
 Thou shalt think on me and tremble!  
*New-York, 19th Sept. 1816.*

R.

## FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

No, never shall that lovely form of thine,  
 Be from the tablet of my soul cras'd,  
 And never shall that stately-moving pine,  
 In my remembrance be by time effac'd.

The sweet memorial of thy lips so dear  
 Shall ne'er be driven from my frantic brain  
 By adverse fortune, or by fate severe,  
 Inflicting sorrow, and unceasing pain.

Ah yes! from time that no beginning knew,  
 Thy heart alliance with thy looks would claim;  
 And to unending time with ardour true,  
 That sacred contract shall remain the same.

All but this weight of faithful love, I bear  
 Thus deadly cheris'd in my wretched heart,  
 May vanish, and may melt in empty air,  
 But that shall never, never thence depart.

This fond affection, that for thee I've borne,  
 Is with my heart and soul so firmly bound;  
 That from my body, though my head be torn,  
 'Twill still unalter'd and unchang'd be found.

And if my heart does thus the fair pursue,  
 It surely may this one excuse obtain;  
 'Tis sick with love—and ah! what can it do,  
 But seek a balsam to assuage its pain.

Whoe'er like Hafez, led by love astray,  
 Desires not madness o'er his brain to roll,  
 Let him not seek the young, the fair, the gay,  
 Nor yield to them, his inexperienc'd soul.

## POETRY.

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

MINSTREL with a voice divine,  
Sing a new and lively air:  
Call for heart-expanding wine,  
Ever fresh and ever fair.

Would'st thou taste a lover's bliss,  
With thy mistress here retreat,  
Snatch the oft-repeated kiss,  
Ever new, and ever sweet.

Can'st thou live, and never prove  
What the joys of drinking are;  
Drink to her, the girl I love,  
Ever kind and ever fair.

Thy dear charms distract my soul,  
Maiden with the silver feet,  
Fill again the sparkling bowl,  
Ever new and ever sweet.

By her tasteful hands design'd,  
My dear angel can prepare  
Ornaments of every kind,  
Ever fresh and ever fair.

Gentle Zephyr, as you stray,  
With that fairy should you meet;  
Hâfez bids you sing this lay,  
Ever new and ever sweet. L.

## THE DEVIL FISHING.

"All the world's a"—fish pond.

*Shakspeare corrected.*

WHAT luck, old *Clovenfoot* to-day?  
Said I one foggy morning,  
As he threw out his line for prey,  
Poor mortal folk suborning.

"Not much," quoth he, "but what I have,  
Beyond dispute, is fair gain;  
With *notes to shave*, I've caught a knave,  
A miser with a *bargain*.

To catch a needy *beau*, I took  
A draggle-tail'd *surtout*—  
A would-be *belle* found on my hook  
A tempting full dress suit.

I caught a Congressman, by dint  
Of *double compensation*;  
A Lawyer, on promotion bent,  
By timely *nomination*.

These lawyers, are, though oft you wish  
(No thanks for't) Satan had 'em,  
The most unprofitable fish  
Of all the sons of Adam.

I caught a Surgeon with a high  
Fed subject for dissection;  
An office hunter with a lie,  
Well seasoned for election.

"What fish bite sharpest, Pug?" says I—  
"Why, as to that," quoth he,  
"I find not many very shy,  
Of high or low degree.

"Your toper bites well at a cork,  
(When there's a bottle to it)—  
Your Jew will even bite at pork,  
If he smell money through it.

Your old man likes a parchment, when  
By mortgage some one's bitten;  
Your youngster likes a *fresher* skin,  
Where yet there's nothing written!

## POETRY.

Some shy ones play about the line,  
 Till prudence waxes feeble,  
 And those at least are often mine,  
 Who only want to nibble!

There's few indeed of small or great,  
 (Or I am much mistaken)  
 But may, by some peculiar bait,  
 Be tempted, and then taken.

But there is one of all the rest,  
 Who most employs my cook—  
 The IDLER pleases me the best,  
 He bites the NAKED HOOK!

*Delaware Watchman.*

—  
 TO MISS. —

I WILL not say thy lip so sweet,  
 Like morning's crimson blossom glows,  
 When Zephyr borne on pinion fleet,  
 Wakes from her dewy sleep the Rose.

I will not say thy blue eyes seem  
 The glances of the timid dove,  
 When, wakened by the vernal beam,  
 Her paramour invites to love.

I will not say, thy breast so fair,  
 Where rapture might delight to rest,  
 Is like yon white-wing'd cloud of air,  
 Yet by no mortal form imprest.

No! while I gaze on all thy charms,  
 And catch sweet madness from thine eye,  
 My breast shall beat with wild alarms,  
 And all my language be a sigh.

And oft shall fancy think the while,  
 In love's despairing wild excess,

How happy he who shares thy smile,  
Who shall thy blooming charms possess.




---

THE LITTLE FINGER.

Addressed to Miss —

LET others sing of sparkling eyes,  
And lips of vermeil hue,  
A finger our best theme supplies  
And claims the song for you!

A crimson tinge the soft white stains,  
Along its taper shape;  
As if the lily's silken veins  
Were purpled by the grape!

Prometheus' art of old was such,  
His statue bloom'd a wife;  
With equal fire this finger's touch  
Would warm a stone to life.

Of little size, yet mighty power,  
It pierces every heart;  
Yet shall its mistress in her hour  
Bleed from an equal dart.

Some youth, whom happiest fates ordain  
The height of bliss to prove,  
Shall bind it in a golden chain,  
The pledge of mutual love!

---

THE TOPEL.

A Song---by *Sedley*.

Let's tope and be merry,  
Be jolly and cherry;  
Since here is good wine, good wine.



Let's laugh at the fools,  
 Who live by dull rules,  
 And at us good-fellows repine.

Here, here are delights,  
 To amuse the dull nights,  
 And equal a man with a god;  
 To enliven the clay,  
 Drive all care away,—  
 Without it a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing  
 To spend t'other shilling,  
 For money we know is but dirt;  
 It suits no design,  
 Like paying for wine,  
 T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

---

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

By James Shirly, 1646.

I stood, and saw my mistress dance,  
 Silent and with so fix'd an eye,  
 Some might suppose me in a trance;  
 But being asked why,  
 By one that knew I was in love,  
 I could not but impart  
 My wonder, to behold her move  
 So nimbly with a marble heart.

---

SONG—BY MRS. OPIE.

I've roam'd through many a weary round,  
 I've wander'd east and west,  
 Pleasure in ev'ry clime I found,  
 But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,  
 I feel that one's too wide,

And think the home which love endears,  
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely woo'd,  
Wanders unconscious where,  
Till having found the place it lov'd,  
It tremblingly settles there.

---

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Who fell at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,  
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant random gun  
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

*London Courier.*

---

TRANSLATION OF TEOLINDE'S SONG.

From "La Galatee."

Love's purest pleasures wouldst thou know?  
 To love alone thy passion show;  
 Thy feelings ne'er let others see;  
 Be wise, and thou shalt happy be.  
 To gain thy wish, then, be discreet;  
 Love's secret sigh to love is sweet.

Their scoffs at love let stoicks aim,  
 'Tis secrecy makes pure the flame;  
 And love's the choicest gift divine,  
 When mystery leads us to the shrine.  
 To gain thy wish, then, be discreet;  
 Love's secret sigh to love is sweet,

A thoughtless word may often be  
 The price of love and constancy:  
 The woes thou feelest ne'er reveal,  
 And learn even pleasure to conceal.  
 To gain thy wish, then, be discreet;  
 Love's secret sigh to love is sweet.

To thy own heart alone disclose  
 The joy that love requited knows;  
 All that is lost of triumph vain  
 Return, in happiness again.  
 To gain thy wish, then, be discreet;  
 Love's secret sigh to love is sweet.

A.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THERE is now a woman resident at Whitechapel turnpike, named Smart, who has lately buried her seventh husband; is between forty and fifty years of age; she never had any children, and it is said she is on the point of being married to a young man about twenty, an itinerant dealer in oranges, well known about the stock exchange; she gets her livelihood by selling apples at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.—*London Pap.*

A late Bermuda paper states that one of Mr. Francis F. Hinson's boats, in the whale fishery, which had been fitted with a gun imported for the purpose, has lately *shot a whale*, and brought it in. This is quite a novel mode of carrying on war against those huge natives of the briny element. The gun is charged with a harpoon of a curious construction, which is shot with such force as to enter the whale when at a considerable distance; and possession of the object is retained by a warp attached to the harpoon before the discharge of the gun, and made fast also to the boat.

The tract of land about Fort Meigs, on the Miami of Lake Erie, is *twelve* miles square, or about sixty thousand acres more than the District of Columbia. It was ceded to the United States at the treaty of Greenville; it includes the foot of the rapids, and is the head of navigation for lake vessels. The town of Perrysburg has been laid out by order of the United States, on the south bank of the Miami, opposite to which there is from one to nine feet depth of water. The town has *nine* parallel streets running north and south, which are intersected by *seven* streets running east and west. It contains seven hundred and sixty-eight town or *in* lots, each one quarter of an acre, and two hundred and six *out* lots, from two to four acres each. A public sale both of the town and of the whole twelve miles square, will be held at the land office in Wooster, Ohio, on the third Tuesday of July next. The *minimum* price for *town* lots is twenty dollars each, and for *out* lots five dollars an acre. The head waters of the Miami approach within a few miles of those of the Wabash. It is probable that a flourishing and respectable settlement will soon appear on this tract. Good roads will soon connect this settlement with Detroit and Lower Sandusky, and the cultivated parts of Ohio. By the Greenville treaty a cession was made of *two* miles square at the lower rapids of Sandusky. This tract also has been surveyed—the town *Croghanville* has been laid out on the east branch of Sandusky river, and the whole will be offered at public sale at Wooster, on the second Monday of July next.

A conceited colonel in the cavalry, lately complained that from the ignorance of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment—I am, said he, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet—and your own *trumpeter*, added a lady.

Nashville.—*Salt*.—There have been so many borings for salt that have turned out to be worth nothing, that we receive with distrust the accounts of new discoveries. This distrust is removed in respect to a late discovery by one Jenkins, about eighty miles above Nashville, and within one mile of Cumberland river. He bored about sixty feet, when he struck the salt water, which immediately rose within four feet of the top of the earth; on trying the water it was found that it was so saturated it would not dissolve salt, and every ten bushels of water made one of beautiful white salt. As far as the experiment has been made, by all the kettles to be had in the neighbourhood, which have made twenty bushels a day,

there is every reason to believe that there is water sufficient to make any quantity of salt.

*Extraordinary Attachment.*—A wedding, brought about by circumstances of a novel nature, took place within these few days at St. Andrews Church, Holborn. A young woman was tried at a very recent Old Bailey session, with her mother—the former for robbing her master, a tradesman in Cornhill, and the latter for receiving the stolen goods. During the trial, a young man, who had casually got into the gallery of the court, suddenly became enamoured of the fair young prisoner, and, after her conviction, he made interest to get to see her, on her being taken out of court; he then expressed his sudden attachment towards her. He visited her daily, and found her necessaries of every kind in abundance. He employed great exertion in getting it represented, that she had become a convert, and was truly penitent, not only to the recorder and the city authorities, but by a petition to the secretary of state; and he promised to marry her, should the royal clemency be afforded her. The behaviour of the prisoner, it was testified, was very good: and last week she received a free pardon, on condition that the young man should marry her immediately. The next morning the happy pair accompanied Mr. Crosby, chaplain to the Refuge for the Destitute, to the church, where they were married, and Mr. C. paid all expenses. The bride and bridegroom retired to the residence of the latter in Whitecross street.—*London paper.*

*The Painter and the Porter.*—The following story is related in a late Paris paper: a painter who wished to represent the tragical end of Milo of Crotona, met in the street a porter of a most athletic form. He admired his colossal figure and vigorous muscles, and offered to give him a pound sterling if he would stand to him as a model. It was only necessary to tie his hands, and confine them within an iron ring, in order to represent, as well as possible, the trunk of the tree in which Milo's hands were imprisoned when he was devoured by wild beasts. The porter readily consented to the painter's proposals; he stripped himself and suffered his hands to be bound. Now, said the artist, imagine that a lion is darting upon you; and make every effort which you would do in such a case to escape his fury. The model threw himself into the most violent agitation—but he made too many grimaces; but there was nothing natural in his frightful contortions. The painter gave him further directions, but still he failed of producing the desired effect. At length he thought of the following singular method. He let loose a vigorous mastiff, which was kept in the yard of the house, and desired him to seize the unfortunate captive. This excited both gesticulation and utterance. The efforts of the porter thus became natural, and the fury of the animal increased in proportion as his struggles were violent. The painter in a fit of transport, seized his pencils. The patient, however, who had been bitten and torn by the dog, uttered violent cries. Excellent! bravo! exclaimed the artist. Continue: O! that's admirable! Finally, the sitting, or rather the torture being at an end, the artist offered the promised salary; but the model replied, that he had agreed to accept of a pound sterling for being painted, and not for being bitten; he demanded a large indemnity. The affair has been brought before the tribunals.

*ALI BEY.*—The following notice is from an intelligent correspondent who obtained his information from Tangier, and may be relied on as correct.

About seven years ago a man came to Tangier, who said his name was Ali Bey. He was well versed in the Arabic of the Levant, and in the rites of the Mahometan religion. He said he was the son of a Bey of

Egypt, who was, many years since, forced to escape from his country in disgrace, and take refuge in Italy. There his children were instructed in the sciences of Europe, and privately by their father in the doctrines of Islamism. On his death-bed, the old man enjoined upon his son to repair to the empire of Morocco, and perfect himself in the religion of his fathers. In the pious fulfilment of this injunction he was now come. He had the costume and manners of a mussulman, attended the mosque regularly, and approved himself an accomplished follower of the prophet. He resided in Tangier about six months, when the emperor sent for him to Mequinez, gave him a wife, and made him a favourite. Ali Bey had two sets of fine astronomical instruments, one of which he gave to the emperor, whose confidence he seemed now unreservedly to possess. But unfortunately one day, from wrong information or miscalculation of his own, he ventured to predict an eclipse. The emperor sent to Tangier to know if one would take place at the stated time. Mr. Simpson consulted the almanack, and returned a negative answer. At length the day arrived, and no eclipse happened. "You have deceived me," said the emperor, "you are an impostor. Take him---place him beyond Mount Atlas, and let him never again pass the confines of my empire." He was accordingly carried to the kingdom of Taflet; from which, however, he contrived to escape, and in process of time he arrived in Mecca. He there made himself of some importance and repute, by means of his talents and address, and was employed in making drawings of the mosques, &c. He afterwards passed to Alexandria, and thence to Europe.

When he was sent out of Morocco, the Spanish and Portuguese consuls, with whom he had been intimate, were immediately expelled from Tangier without examination. Mr. Simpson assured me that he had positive information, that the pretended Ali Bey is a Catalan, named Bahia, (not Badia, as has been said,) and that he was employed by the Prince of Peace to undertake this adventure. The king of Spain has, until lately, always kept two young men in Tangier, to learn the Arabic language, and to collect manuscripts, which they transmitted to Spain by stealth.

*North Am. Rev.*

**ARABIC MANUSCRIPTS.**---A Frenchman, who has been a long time in Morocco, has found in the interior some curious manuscripts, consisting of proclamations and addresses to the different tribes of the Moors, soon after they were driven from Spain, to induce them to unite for the purpose of reconquering the country they had lost. They are addressed to the tribes separately, characterising them by the climate, productions, and genius of the different sections of the country, which they inhabited. They are said to be written in the finest style of oriental eloquence, and to be worthy the brightest period of Arabian literature under Haroun Abraschid. They are expected to be published soon with a French translation.

**Lincoln.**---At these assizes, the plaintiff, an apothecary of Bottesford, sought to recover from defendant, a batchelor of opulence, residing near Lincoln, 787l. 18s. sterling, for medicine and attendance during twenty-five years. By statement of plaintiff's counsel, it appeared that the defendant was of a hypochondriacal turn, and had taken pills for a great number of years: he used to have from 600, to 2,000 pills sent to him at a time; and in one year he took 51,000! being at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day! There were also thousands of bottles of mixtures. From the ravenous propensity of the patient for physic, it was deemed necessary to call in two physicians, who, inquiring of defendant what was the course of medicine and nourishment he pursued through the day, answered as

follows:---“ At half past two o'clock in the morning, I take two spoonfuls and a half of jalap, and then a quantity of electuary; then I sleep till 7, and repeat the dose both of jalap and electuary; at nine o'clock, I take 14 pills of No. 9, and 11 of No. 10, to whet my appetite for breakfast; at breakfast I eat a basin of milk; at eleven, I have an acid and alkali mixture; afterwards I have a bolus; and at nine at night, I have an anodyne mixture and go to sleep.” After some progress had been made in the evidence, a compromise took place, the plaintiff accepting a verdict for 450*l*.

The *Boston Recorder*, in censuring the very common, but improper custom, in our new settlements of naming new towns after some favourite character, or after some old established town, gives the following curious facts:---“ In looking over the list of *post towns* in the United States, we counted 7 Charlestons, 8 Springfield, 9 Chesters, 9 Columbias, 11 Middle-towns, 11 Salems, and 13 Washingtons. In Ohio they carry this fashion still further. In that single state, there are 7 towns by the name of Salem, 8 by the name of Greene, 9 Jeffersons, 9 Madisons, 10 Waynes, and 13 Unions; besides a multitude of less frequent repetitions.

“ It is needless to comment upon the inconvenience and perplexity which arise from this ridiculous custom. We know of frequent instances, in which letters and bundles, intended for Charlestown (Mass.) have been sent to Charleston (S. C.) and have not reached their owner till months after they were due, and until the contents had lost nearly all their interest. Such mistakes, in the case of mercantile men, must be frequently attended with heavy losses. This custom is, therefore, a serious evil to the community, and some method ought to be devised by which its future progress may be prevented. Those who have the naming of new towns ought to remember, that the compliment they pay an old settlement by adopting its name, is a poor compensation for the embarrassment which they entail upon its commercial and other correspondents.”

**HARD DRINKING.**---From the census in 1810, it appears, that no less than 25,499,382 gallons of ardent spirits were distilled that year. Imported 8,000,000, making 33,499,382, of which were exported 133,853---which leaves to be consumed 33,365,529 gallons in one year. Since the year 1810, there has been, in all probability, a very great increase of spirituous liquors by distilleries.

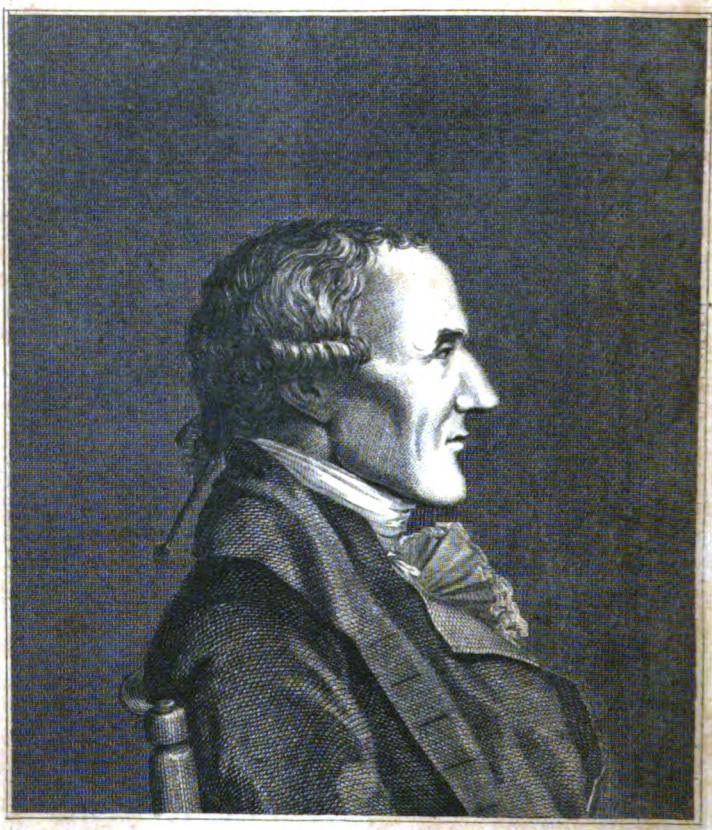
The number of inhabitants in the United States was estimated to be 7,230,514. From these deduct the slaves then in the United States; 1,185,223, which leaves 6,045,291. And by a calculation that has been made, there may be deducted for the number of children, 1,650,000---which leaves to drink this immense flood of spirits, 4,395,291 persons.

To state it in round numbers, say 4 millions 390 thousand persons, to drink 33 millions 365 thousand gallons of ardent spirits in one year; which is at the rate of 7 1-2 gallons to each person. Facts and figures are stubborn things. Those who drink one gill of spirits per day, drink, in one year, more than 11 gallons. Many drink a pint, which amounts to 45 gallons and 5 pints per year!

A lady in the course of conversation happening to say *varuation*, was reminded by Paddy O'Bramble, that the word was *variation*. The lady observed that it was all the same thing, and seemed a little offended, until Paddy said, “ Oh! madam, heaven forbid there should be any difference between U and I.”







**GRANVILLE SHARP**

*Engraved for the Port-Folio*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1817.

---

Embellished with a Portrait of Granville Sharp, Esq.

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## PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

*And to be had of all the booksellers in the United States.*

J. Maxwell, Printer.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "poem" from ——— College, would have been more acceptable had it been less expensive. "Hast got a shilling, Muggins? Pay the post, Muggins." Under the circumstances in which this poem was produced, we think it is entitled to much praise: but as youth, want of time, or inexperience are impertinent pleas at the bar of criticism, where the culprit always appears of his own accord, we cannot put our *imprimatur* on this performance.

"Lavinia," who inquires why we soon became weary of pleasures which had been eagerly sought, is reminded of the exquisite lines of the poet;

All violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumphs die; the sweetest honey,  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste, confounds the appetite.

"Sylvius" seems to have written under the influence of the power which dictated the Splendid Shilling to a British poet:

———Sing heav'nly muse!  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,  
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

A little attention to the following *canons* will save much trouble:

1. All manuscripts must be legible and perfect. Many "effusions" come to hand, without title, comma, or colon. If the author cannot entitle or punctuate his performance, it may be thrown in the fire.
2. Only one side of the paper should be written on; the lines not close, nor the margin narrow.
3. In all cases, the postage must be paid. To individuals this is a trifling matter; but the aggregation of many particulars forms a serious result. We should submit to this tax with cheerfulness, were it not paid, in nine cases out of ten, for

Absurd expressions, crude abortive jokes  
And the lewd legions of exploded thoughts—

To "L,"—who has been missing from the *custom-ed spot*:

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak in some bush; where dost thou hide thy head?

*Shaks.*

Have you the lion's part *written*? Give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Ib.*

We wish "P" were like that prince of Wales who *threatened* the "vile Scot" and brought "fair rescue" to Henry IV.

# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1817.

NO. IV.

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## GRANVILLE SHARP, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was descended from the celebrated archbishop of York, who was distinguished, in the reign of James the second, as a zealous advocate for the principles of civil liberty. GRANVILLE SHARP was born at Durham in the year 1735, and was educated there. He commenced his career in London, but soon abandoned trade for other pursuits. He obtained a situation in the ordnance department; which he enjoyed until the year 1775, when he relinquished it in consequence of the opinions he maintained in favour of our resistance against the designs of the British ministry.

His active exertions in the cause of humanity have been described in the interesting narrative of Mr Clarkson, whose language we shall transcribe.

Before the year 1700, planters, merchants, and others, resident in the West Indies, but coming to England, were accustomed to bring with them certain slaves to act as servants with them during their stay. The latter, seeing the freedom and the happiness of servants in this country, and considering what would be their own hard fate on their return to the islands, frequently absconded. Their masters of course made search after them, and often had them seized and carried away by force. It was, however,

thrown out by many on these occasions, that the English laws did not sanction such proceedings, for that all persons who were baptised became free. The consequence of this was, that most of the slaves, who came over with their masters prevailed upon some pious clergyman to baptise them. They took of course godfathers of such citizens as had the generosity to espouse their cause. When they were seized they usually sent to these, if they had an opportunity, for their protection. And in the result, their godfathers, maintaining that they had been baptised, and that they were free on this account as well as by the general tenor of the laws of England, dared those, who had taken possession of them, to send them out of the kingdom.

The planters, merchants, and others, being thus circumstanced, knew not what to do. They were afraid of taking their slaves away by force, and they were equally afraid of bringing any of the cases before a public court. In this dilemma, in 1729, they applied to York and Talbot, the attorney and solicitor-general for the time being, and obtained the following strange opinion from them: "We are of opinion, that a slave by coming from the West Indies into Great Britain or Ireland, either with or without his master, does not become free, and that his master's right and property in him is not thereby determined or varied, and that baptism doth not bestow freedom on him, nor make any alteration in his temporal condition in these kingdoms. We are also of opinion, that the master may legally compel him to return again to the plantations."

This cruel and illegal opinion was delivered in the year 1729. The planters, merchants, and others, gave it of course all the publicity in their power. And the consequences were as might easily have been apprehended. In a little time slaves absconding were advertised in the London papers as runaways, and rewards offered for the apprehension of them, in the same brutal manner as we find them advertised in the land of slavery. They were advertised also, in the same papers, to be sold by auction, sometimes by themselves, and at others with horses, chaises, and harness. They were seized also by their masters, or by persons employed by them, in the very streets, and dragged from thence to the ships: and so unprotected now were these poor slaves, that persons in nowise concerned with them began to institute a trade in their persons, making agreements with captains of ships going to the West Indies to put them on board at a certain price. This last instance shows how far human nature is capable of going, and is an answer to those persons, who have denied that kidnapping in Africa was a source of supplying the Slave-trade. It shows as all history does from the time of Joseph, that, where there is a market for the persons of human beings, all kinds of enormities will be practised to obtain them.

These circumstances then, as I observed before, did not fail of producing new coadjutors in the cause. And first they produced that able and indefatigable advocate Mr. Granville Sharp. This gentleman is to be distinguished from those who preceded him by this particular, that, whereas these were only writers, he was both a writer and an actor in the cause. In fact, he was the first labourer in it in England. By the words "actor" and "labourer," I mean that he determined upon a plan of action in behalf of the oppressed Africans, to the accomplishment of which he devoted a considerable portion of his time, talents, and substance. What Mr. Sharp has done to merit the title of coadjutor in this high sense, I shall now explain. The following is a short history of the beginning and of the course of his labours.

In the year 1765, Mr. David Lisle had brought over from Barbadoes Jonathan Strong, an African slave, as his servant. He used the latter in a barbarous manner at his lodgings in Wapping, but particularly by beating

him over the head with a pistol, which occasioned his head to swell. When the swelling went down, a disorder fell into his eyes, which threatened the loss of them. To this an ague and fever succeeded, and a lameness in both his legs.

Jonathan Strong, having been brought into this deplorable situation, and being therefore wholly useless, was left by his master to go whither he pleased. He applied accordingly to Mr. William Sharp the surgeon for his advice, as to one who gave up a portion of his time to the healing of the diseases of the poor. It was here that Mr. Granville Sharp, the brother of the former, saw him. Suffice it to say, that in process of time he was cured. During this time Mr. Granville Sharp, pitying his hard case, supplied him with money, and he afterwards got him a situation in the family of Mr. Brown, an apothecary, to carry out medicines.

In this new situation, when Strong had become healthy and robust in his appearance, his master happened to see him. The latter immediately formed the design of possessing him again. Accordingly, when he had found out his residence, he procured John Ross keeper of the Poultry-compter, and William Miller an officer under the lord mayor, to kidnap him. This was done by sending for him to a public house in Fenchurch-street, and then seizing him. By these he was conveyed, without any warrant, to the Poultry-compter, where he was sold by his master, to John Kerr, for thirty pounds.

Strong, in this situation, sent, as was usual, to his godfathers, John London and Stephen Nail, for their protection. They went, but were refused admittance to him. At length he sent for Mr. Granville Sharp. The latter went, but they still refused access to the prisoner. He insisted, however, upon seeing him, and charged the keeper of the prison at his peril to deliver him up till he had been carried before a magistrate.

Mr. Sharp, immediately upon this, waited upon Sir Robert Kito, the then lord mayor, and intreated him to send for Strong, and to hear his case. A day was accordingly appointed. Mr. Sharp attended, and also William M'Bean, a notary public, and David Laird, captain of the ship *Thames*, which was to have conveyed Strong to Jamaica, in behalf of the purchaser, John Kerr. A long conversation ensued, in which the opinion of York and Talbot was quoted. Mr. Sharp made his observations. Certain lawyers, who were present, seemed to be staggered at the case, but inclined rather to re-commit the prisoner. The lord mayor, however, discharged Strong, as he had been taken up without a warrant.

As soon as this determination was made known, the parties began to move off. Captain Laird, however, who kept close to Strong, laid hold of him before he had quitted the room, and said aloud, "Then I now seize him as my slave." Upon this, Mr. Sharp put his hand upon Laird's shoulder, and pronounced these words: "I charge you in the name of the king, with an assault upon the person of Jonathan Strong, and all these are my witnesses." Laird was greatly intimidated by this charge, made in the presence of the lord mayor and others, and fearing a prosecution, let his prisoner go, leaving him to be conveyed away by Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sharp, having been greatly affected by this case, and foreseeing how much he might be engaged in others of a similar nature, thought it time that the law of the land should be known upon this subject. He applied therefore to Doctor Blackstone, afterwards Judge Blackstone, for his opinion upon it. He was, however, not satisfied with it, when he received it; nor could he obtain any satisfactory answer from several other lawyers, to whom he afterwards applied. The truth is, that the opinion of York and Talbot, which had been made public and acted upon by the

planters, merchants, and others, was considered of high authority, and scarcely any one dared to question the legality of it. In this situation, Mr. Sharp saw no means of help but in his own industry, and he determined immediately to give up two or three years to the study of the English law, that he might the better advocate the cause of these miserable people. The result of these studies was the publication of a book in the year 1769, which he called "A Representation of the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of Tolerating Slavery in England." In this work he refuted, in the clearest manner, the opinion of York and Talbot. He produced against it the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice Holt, who many years before had determined that every slave coming into England became free. He attacked and refuted it again by a learned and laborious inquiry into all the principles of Villanage. He refuted it again, by showing it to be an axiom in the British constitution, "that every man in England was free to sue for and defend his rights, and that force could not be used without a legal process," leaving it to the judges to determine, whether an African was a man. He attacked, also, the opinion of Judge Blackstone, and showed where his error lay. This valuable book, containing these and other kinds of arguments on the subject, he distributed; but particularly among the lawyers, giving them an opportunity of refuting or acknowledging the doctrines it contained.

While Mr. Sharp was engaged in this work, another case offered, in which he took a part. This was in the year 1768. Hylas, an African slave, prosecuted a person of the name of Newton for having kidnapped his wife, and sent her to the West Indies. The result of the trial was, that damages to the amount of a shilling were given, and the defendant was bound to bring back the woman, either by the first ship, or in six months from this decision of the court.

But soon after the work just mentioned was out, and when Mr. Sharp was better prepared, a third case occurred. This happened in the year 1770. Robert Stapylton, who lived at Chelsea, in conjunction with John Malony and Edward Armstrong, two watermen, seized the person of Thomas Lewis, an African slave, in a dark night, and dragged him to a boat lying in the Thames; they then gagged him, and tied him with a cord, and rowed him down to a ship, and put him on board to be sold as a slave in Jamaica. This base action took place near the garden of Mrs. Banks, the mother of the present Sir Joseph Banks. Lewis, it appears, on being seized, screamed violently. The servants of Mrs. Banks, who heard his cries, ran to his assistance, but the boat was gone. On informing their mistress of what had happened, she sent for Mr. Sharp, who began now to be known as the friend of the helpless Africans, and professed her willingness to incur the expense of bringing the delinquents to justice. Mr. Sharp, with some difficulty, procured a habeas corpus, in consequence of which Lewis was brought from Gravesend just as the vessel was on the point of sailing. An action was then commenced against Stapylton, who defended himself, on the plea, "That Lewis belonged to him as his slave." In the course of the trial, Mr. Dunning, who was counsel for Lewis, paid Mr. Sharp a handsome compliment, for he held in his hand Mr. Sharp's book on the injustice and dangerous tendency of tolerating slavery in England, while he was pleading; and in his address to the jury he spoke and acted thus: "I shall submit to you," says Mr. Dunning, "what my ideas are upon such evidence, reserving to myself an opportunity of discussing it more particularly, and reserving to myself a right to insist upon a position, which I will maintain (and here he held up the book to the notice of these present) in any place and in any court of the kingdom, that our laws ad-

mit of no such property.”\* The result of the trial was, that the jury pronounced the plaintiff not to have been the property of the defendant, several of them crying out “No property, no property.”

After this, one or two other trials came on, in which the oppressor was defeated, and several cases occurred, in which poor slaves were liberated from the holds of vessels, and other places of confinement, by the exertions of Mr. Sharp. One of these cases was singular. The vessel on board which a poor African had been dragged and confined had reached the Downs, and had actually got under weigh for the West Indies. In two or three hours she would have been out of sight: but just at this critical moment the writ of habeas corpus was carried on board. The officer, who served it on the captain, saw the miserable African chained to the mainmast, bathed in tears, and casting a last mournful look on the land of freedom, which was fast receding from his sight. The captain, on receiving the writ, became outrageous; but, knowing the serious consequences of resisting the law of the land, he gave up his prisoner, whom the officer carried safe, but now crying for joy, to the shore.

But though the injured Africans, whose causes had been tried, escaped slavery, and though many, who had been forcibly carried into dungeons, ready to be transported into the Colonies, had been delivered out of them, Mr. Sharp was not easy in his mind. Not one of the cases had yet been pleaded on the broad ground, “Whether an African slave coming into England became free?” This great question had been hitherto studiously avoided. It was still, therefore, left in doubt. Mr. Sharp was almost daily acting as if it had been determined, and as if he had been following the known law of the land. He wished therefore that the next cause might be argued upon this principle. Lord Mansfield too, who had been biassed by the opinion of York and Talbot, began to waver in consequence of the different pleadings he had heard on this subject. He saw also no end of trials like these, till the law should be ascertained, and he was anxious for a decision on the same basis as Mr. Sharp. In this situation the following case offered, which was agreed upon for the determination of this important question.

James Somerset, an African slave, had been brought to England by his master, Charles Stewart, in November, 1769. Somerset, in process of time, left him. Stewart took an opportunity of seizing him, and had him conveyed on board the *Ann and Mary*, captain Knowles, to be carried out of the kingdom, and sold as a slave in Jamaica. The question was, “Whether a slave, by coming into England, became free?”

In order that time might be given for ascertaining the law fully on this head, the case was argued at three different sittings. First, in January, 1772; secondly, in February, 1772; and thirdly, in May, 1772. And that no decision otherwise than what the law warranted might be given, the opinion of the judges was taken upon the pleadings. The great and glorious result of the trial was, That as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory, he became free.

Thus ended the great case of Somerset, which, having been determined after so deliberate an investigation of the law, can never be reversed while the British constitution remains. The eloquence displayed in it by those who were engaged on the side of liberty, was perhaps never exceeded on any occasion; and the names of the counsellors Davy, Glynn, Hargrave, Mansfield, and Alleyne, ought always to be remembered with gratitude by the friends of this great cause. For when we consider in how many crowded courts they pleaded, and the number of individuals in these, whose

\* It is lamentable to think, that the same Mr. Dunning, in a cause of this kind, which came on afterwards, took the opposite side of the question.



minds they enlightened, and whose hearts they interested in the subject, they are certainly to be put down as no small instruments in the promotion of it: but chiefly to him, under Divine Providence, are we to give the praise, who became the first great actor in it, who devoted his time, his talents, and his substance to this Christian undertaking, and by whose laborious researches the very pleaders themselves were instructed and benefited. By means of his almost incessant vigilance and attention, and unwearied efforts, the poor African ceased to be hunted in our streets as a beast of prey. Miserable as the roof might be, under which he slept, he slept in security: He walked by the side of the stately ship, and he feared no dungeon in her hold. Nor ought we, as Englishmen, to be less grateful to this distinguished individual than the African ought to be upon this occasion. To him we owe it, that we no longer see our public papers polluted by hateful advertisements of the sale of the human species, or that we are no longer distressed by the perusal of impious rewards for bringing back the poor and the helpless into slavery, or that we are prohibited the disgusting spectacle of seeing man bought by his fellow-man. To him, in short, we owe this restoration of the beauty of our constitution; this prevention of the continuance of our national disgrace.

I shall say but little more of Mr. Sharp at present, than that he felt it his duty, immediately after the trial, to write to Lord North, then principal minister of state, warning him, in the most earnest manner, to abolish immediately both the trade and the slavery of the human species in all the British dominions, as utterly irreconcilable with the principles of the British constitution, and the established religion of the land.

He died on the 6th of July, 1813, after having pursued his studies to the age of 79, with all the ardour of his youth. The following is a list of his writings.

- I. "Remarks on several very important Prophecies; in five Parts. 1. Remarks on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Verses in the 7th chapter of Isaiah; in answer to Dr. Williams's Critical Dissertation on the same subject; 2. A Dissertation on the Nature and Style of the Prophetical Writings, intended to illustrate the foregoing Remarks; 3. A Dissertation on Isaiah vii. 8; 4. and on Gen. xlix 10; 5. Answer to some of the principal Arguments used by Dr. Williams, in Defence of his Critical Dissertation," 1768, 8vo.—II. "A Representation of the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery, or of admitting the least Claim of private Property in the Persons of Men in England; in four Parts; containing, 1. Remarks on an opinion given by the then Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, concerning the Cases of Slaves in Great Britain; 2. Answer to an Objection made to the foregoing Remarks; 3. Examination of the Advantages and Disadvantages of tolerating Slavery in England; 4. Remarks on the ancient Villanage, shewing that the obsolete Laws and Customs, which favoured that horrid Oppression, cannot justify the Admission of the modern West Indian Slavery into this Kingdom, nor the least Claim of Property or Right of Service deducible therefrom," 1769, 8vo.—III. "Remarks on the Encroachments on the River Thames near Durham Yard," 1771, 8vo.—IV. "Remarks on the Opinions of some of the most celebrated Writers on Crown Law, respecting the due Distinction between Manslaughter and Murder; being an Attempt to shew, that the Plea of sudden Anger cannot remove the Imputation and Guilt of Murder, when a mortal Wound is wilfully given with a Weapon: That the Indulgence allowed by the Courts to voluntary Manslaughter in Rencountres, and in sudden Affrays and Duels, is indiscriminate, and without Foundation in Law: and that Impunity in such Cases

of voluntary Manslaughter is one of the principal Causes of the Continuance and present Increase of the base and disgraceful Practice of Dueling. To which are added, some Thoughts on the particular Case of the Gentlemen of the Army, when involved in such disagreeable private Differences. With a prefatory Address to the Reader, concerning the Depravity and Folly of modern Men of Honour, falsely so called; including a short Account of the Principles and designs of the Work," 1773, 8vo.—V. "A Dissertation of the People's natural Right to a Share of the Legislature," 1775, 8vo.—VI. "Limitation of Slavery," 1776.—VII. "Law of Retribution," 1776.—VIII. "A Tract on the Law of Nature, and Principles of Action in Man," 1778, 8vo.—IX. "The Legal Means of Political Reformation," 1781, 8vo.—X. "An Account of the Ancient Division of the English Nation into Hundreds and Tithings, the happy Effects of that Institution, &c." 1785, 8vo.—VI. "A short Sketch of Temporary Regulations (until better be proposed) for the intended Settlement on the Great Coast of Africa near Sierra Leone," 1787, 8vo.—XII. "Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek of the new Testament; containing many new Proofs of the Divinity of Christ, from passages which are wrongly translated in the common English Version. To which is added, a plain Matter-of-Fact Argument for the Divinity of Christ by the Editor."

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

### ON THE CHARACTER OF RACINE.

*(Concluded from page 190.)*

Thus then love is really tragical in Pyrrhus, Orestes, and Hermione: it is different in all three, and in each partakes the spirit of the individual character: ardent and impetuous in Pyrrhus; dark and desponding in Orestes; haughty and furious in Hermione. He never beheld such characters in Corneille. Thus the effects which love produces here are in proportion to its own strength; and that which constitutes the essence of the drama, the changes of situation which succeed each other in the piece, growing out of that fluctuation which is natural to inflamed minds, and producing those bursts of admiration at the theatre, which are not excited by sudden or wonderful events, but arise from feelings that find a home in every heart. Pyrrhus, believing that the danger of her son would induce Andromache to give him her hand, refuses to deliver Astyanax to the Greeks. Hermione, offended, has promised to go off with Orestes, who abandons himself to joy. But between the first and second acts, Andromache has rejected the offers of Pyrrhus, and at the moment when Orestes believes himself sure of conquest, Pyrrhus arrives.

Je vous cherchais, Seigneur. Un peu de violence  
 M'a fait de vos raisons combattre la puissance!  
 Je l'avoue; et depuis que je vous ai quitté,  
 J'en ai senti la force et connu l'équité.  
 J'ai songé comme vous qu'à la Grèce, à mon pere,  
 A moi-même, en un mot 'je devenais contraire,  
 Que je relevais Troye, et rendais imparfait,  
 Tout ce qu' a fait Achille, et tout ce que j' ai fait.  
 Je ne condamne plus un courroux légitime,  
 Et l'on vous va, Seigneur, livrer votre victime.

Orestes is struck with consternation, and the spectator is affected in the same manner. Here we behold the hand of a master. The interest increases with the peril of the principal personages, and the capital knot consists in the resolution which Andromache shall conceive. The conduct of Pyrrhus depends upon it: that of Hermione depends upon Pyrrhus, and Orestes hangs upon Hermione. This mutual dependence is so distinct that there is no complication, and the different degrees of interest which each person inspires, does not destroy the unity of object, because every thing is subordinate to the first feeling excited by the situation of Andromache and her son. For we must carefully distinguish on the stage, two sorts of interest which are too often confounded, through a mistake which has given rise to many unjust criticisms: the first consists in desiring the happiness or safety of a principal personage, the second in partaking his misfortunes or palliating his passions by reason of their violence. It is the first, which forms the ground of this play: it is attached to the person of Andromache, to the peril of her son, who is her only consolation, and to the great feeling of maternal affection depicted in the most touching language. What we most desire is the safety of her son. But how can she save her son if it is necessary that the widow of Hector shall espouse the son of Achilles. This is what creates suspense and uncertainty: it is the principal interest. That which we attach to the passions of Hermione, Pyrrhus and Orestes, is of a different sort: it goes no further than to sympathise with them and to follow their movements to a certain point, because they are natural; but we do not care whether their loves shall be successful. It is a

general rule in relation to the stage that this desire does not exist in the spectator, excepting when the love is exhibited as reciprocal or has been so, because it then constitutes the happiness of two persons, as we see in the *Cid*. Here then all our wishes are for Andromache and her son: and it is time to speak in detail of this character, which forms so admirable a contrast with all the furious passions by which it is surrounded.

Let us remark, in the first place, the advantage of known subjects. The names of Troy, of Hector, his widow and son, at once dispose the hearts to soft emotions. They are among those great and memorable personages, with whose misfortunes we have been familiar from our infancy, in the pages of Homer and Virgil. But it is necessary that the poet should endeavour to clothe these subjects in the drapery that belongs to them. And who has ever done this better than Racine! What a model does he present in the character of Andromache! we see at once the Grecian and the garb of antiquity. What amiable simplicity! what noble and fascinating modesty! what connubial and maternal affection! what majestic and ingenuous grief! How affecting her lamentations! How admirably in all her reproaches and denials, does she preserve that moderation and self command, which belong to her sex and her misfortunes! what numerous shades of character are here first exhibited, and affecting instances of pathos, of which we had no further example! who is there that is not sweetly affected by these simple verses, which steal to the heart and elicit the tears of pity?

Je passais jusqu' aux lieux où l'on garde mon fils.  
Puisqu'une fois le jour vous souffrez que je voie  
Lè seul bien qui me reste et d'Hector et de Troye,  
J'allais' Seigneur, pleurer un moment avec lui;  
Je ne l'ai point encore embrassé d'aujourd'hui!

PYRRHUS.

Ah! Madame! les Grecs, si j'en crois leurs alarmes,  
Vous donneront bientôt d'autres sujets de larmes.

ANDROMACHE.

Et quelle est cette peur dont leur cœur est frappé,  
Seigneur? quelque Troyen vous est-il échappé?

## PYRRHUS.

Leur haine pour Hector n'est pas ennore éteinte;  
Ils redoutent son fils.

## ANDROMACHE.

Digne objet de leur crainte!

Un enfant malheureux, qui ne sait pas encor  
Que Pyrrhus est son maître et qu'il est fils d' Hector!

We may comprehend the full force of the interest which this child excited ; when Pyrrhus tired of repulses, reverts to his marriage with Hermione and has promised to deliver up Astyanax, Andromache does not hesitate to throw herself at the feet of a rival, who ought to detest her; she is not afraid to expose herself to her haughtiness and contempt. Maternal affection supports and ennobles every thing.

Où fuyez-vous, Madame ?

N'est-ce point à yeux un spectacle assez doux,  
Que la veuve d' Hector pleurant à vos genoux ?  
Je ne viens point ici, par de jalouses larmes,  
Vous envier un cœur qui se rend à vos charmes.  
Par une main cruelle, hélas! j'ai vu percer  
Le seul où mes regards prétendaient s'adresser:  
Ma flamme par Hector fut jadis allumée;  
Avec lui dans la tombe elle s'est enfermée.  
Mais il me reste un fils. Vous saurez quelque jour,  
Madame, pour un fils jusqu' où va notre amour :  
Mais vous ne saurez pas, du moins je le souhaite,  
En quel trouble mortel son intérêt nous jette,  
Lorsque de tant de biens, qui pouvaient nous flatter,  
C'est le seul qui nous reste, et qu'on veut nous l' ôter.  
Hélas! Jorsque, lassés de dix ans de misère,  
Les Troyens en courroux menaçaient votre mere,  
J'ai su de mon Hector lui procurer l'appui :  
Vous pouvez sur Pyrrhus ce que j' ai pu sur lui.  
Que craint-on d'un enfant qui survit à sa perte ?  
Laissez-moi le cacher en quelque île déserte.  
Sur les soin de sa mère on peut s'en assurer,  
Et mon fils avec moi n'apprendra qu' à pleurer:

Hermione quits her disdainfully. Pyrrhus enters, and Cephisa advises her mistress to endeavour to soften him. Of this Andromache despairs : she will not venture to cast her eyes upon him. Pyrrhus who waits only a look and does not obtain it, cries out angrily

▶ Allons aux Grecs livrer le fils d'Hector.

Upon this she falls at his feet. He reproaches her with her inflexibility.

    Sa grâce à vos desirs pouvait être accordée ;  
 Mais vous ne l'avez pas seulement demandée.  
 C'en est fait.

ANDROMACHE.

    Ah ! Seigneur, vous entendiez assez  
 Des soupirs qui craignaient de se voir repoussés.  
 Pardonnez à l'éclat d'une illustre fortune  
 Ce reste de fierté qui craint d'être importune.  
 Vous ne l'ignorez pas : Andromache, sans vous,  
 N'aurait jamais d'un maître embrassé les genoux.

The most beautiful part of this answer arises from our knowledge that it is not pride which has prevented her from throwing herself at the feet of Pyrrhus. She who could supplicate Hermione, would have been equally lofty towards her: but she trembles to implore a man, who places so high a price on his favour. Thus, notwithstanding her dangers and her grief, she does not even mention that love, of which she cannot bear the idea; she strives only to move him by considerations of pity and generosity. This attention to Nature is the very perfection of art.

Seigneur, voyez l'état où vous me réduisez :  
 J'ai vu mon pere mort et nos murs embrasés :  
 J'ai vu trancher les jours de ma famille entière,  
 Et mon époux sanglant traîné sur la poussière,  
 Son fils, seul avec moi, réservé pour les fers.  
 Mais que ne peut un fils ! je respire, je sers.  
 J'ai fait plus : je me suis quelquefois consolée  
 Qu'ici plutôt qu'ailleurs le sort m'eût exilée ;  
 Qu'heureux dans son malheur, le fils de tant des rois,  
 Puisqu'il devait servir, fût tombé sous vos lois :

J'ai cru que ta prison deviendrait son asyle.  
 Jadis Priam soumis fut respecté d'Achille:  
 J'attendais de son fils encor plus de bonté.  
 Pardonne, cher Hectör, à ma crédulité:  
 Je n'ai pu soupçonner ton ennemi d'un crime;  
 Malgré lui-même enfin, je l'ai cru magnanime.  
 Ah, s'il l'était assez, pour nous laisser du moins  
 Au tombeau qu' à ta cendre ont élevé melloins;  
 Et que finissant-là sa haine et nos misères,  
 Il ne séparât point des dépouilles si cheres !

What inexpressible charms, what magic there is in this style !  
 Never did grief bewail itself in plaints so touching. Pyrrhus is moved and consents still to save Astyanax: but he renews with more force than ever his resolution to abandon him to the Greeks, unless Andromache will marry him. He is determined to crown him or sacrifice him: he leaves the choice to her, and it is then that the widow of Hector adopts the only expedient that is left to preserve at once her own fame and the life of her son. She recommends her son to the faithful Cephisa: and determines to marry Pyrrhus, and on her return from the altar to sacrifice herself at the tomb of her first husband.

Fais connaître à mon fils les héros de sa race;  
 Autant que tu pourras, conduis-le sur leur trace;  
 Dis-lui par quels exploits leurs noms ont éclaté;  
 Plutôt ce qu'ils ont fait que ce qu'ils ont été.  
 Parle-lui tous les jours des vertus de son pere;  
 Et quelquefois aussi parle-lui de sa mere.  
 Mais qu'il ne songe plus, Céphise à nous venger:  
 Nous lui laissons un maître, il le doit ménager.  
 Qu'il ait de ses ayeux un souvenir modeste:  
 Il est du sang d' Hector, mais il en est le reste;  
 Et pour ce reste enfin j'ai moi-même, en un jour,  
 Sacrifié mon sang, ma haine, et mon amour.

The desperate action of Orestes and the murder of Pyrrhus in the temples, at the moment when he receives the hand of Andromache, prevents the princess from executing her melancholy design. - But what a terrible catastrophe terminates the fate of Ores-

tes and Hermione! What a moment is that when this female, distracted and furious, demands the blood which she herself incited him to shed!

Mais parle: de son sort qui t'a rendu l'arbitre?

Pourquoi l'assassiner? qu' a-t-il fait? à quel titre?

Qui te l'a dit?

This last is the most beautiful phrase, perhaps, that passion ever pronounced. If we should venture to compare it with the celebrated *qu'il mourut*, would be to bring together things very different: we should find in one the sublime of a grand sentiment, and in the other the sublime of a great passion. The one is calculated to produce great effect on the stage; it transports when it is heard; the other astonishes and confounds when we reflect upon it. It was necessary to have conjectured very accurately to what an excess of madness and frenzy a person in the situation of Hermione might be driven, to put in her mouth such a question after she had employed a whole scene to prevail upon Orestes to do this deed—and with the idea of which her whole mind, until this moment, had been occupied: and yet the question is so just, that we are struck without being surprised. It has however every kind of merit; it makes a part of the catastrophe, it commences the punishment of Orestes, it finishes that of Hermione: and it shows a profound knowledge of the revolutions of the human heart.

Situations so highly wrought should necessarily terminate in the shedding of blood; and in such a case we could not say in the words of la Bruyere that blood was spilled merely for form's sake. A woman who could assassinate her lover ought to kill herself. Such is the fate of Hermione; and Orestes becomes a prey to the furies. This denouement is worthy of one of the most tragical dramas that ever was represented. But are there no faults in this dramatic *Chef-d'œuvre*? If we may believe the authors of the *Dictionnaire Historique* there are some great blemishes in it. At the article *Racine* they say: this tragedy would be admirable if the vacillation of Pyrrhus, the despair of Orestes, and the transports of Hermione did not tarnish its beauty. This decision seems severe, since it condemns precisely what we admire: nay more, without these very things which tarnish the tragedy, according to the critic, it would



not exist. Thus are talents judged, even in the same age. I shall not do Racine so much injustice as to refute such criticisms. If we reject a few trifling faults we may affirm that this is the first play in which all the characters are uniformly what they should be. By producing on the stage such accurate and striking examples of the inexhaustible passion of love, Racine opened a new and abundant source of French tragedy. This art, which Corneille had established chiefly on the basis of astonishment and admiration, and upon a nature sometimes too ideal, Racine placed upon a nature always just, and upon an intimate knowledge of the human heart. He was then original in his turn, as Corneille had been before him; with this difference, that the edifice of the one strikes the eye by irregular beauties and unshapen pomp, whereas the other attracts attention by those beautiful proportions and graceful forms with which taste understands the art of embellishing the majesty of genius.

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LETTER FROM CORTEZ TO THE KING OF SPAIN ON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(Continued from page 210.)

In the several quarters of Mexico are superb edifices, or temples,\* for the worship of idols, adjoining which are very beautiful

\* "We likewise saw another great building, which was a temple, and which contained those that were called the valiant, or fighting gods, and here were many kinds of furious beasts.

" . . . . . In this accursed place were many vipers, and poisonous serpents, which have in their tails somewhat that sounds like castanets; these are the most dangerous of all, and were kept in vessels filled with feathers, where they reared their young, and were fed with the flesh of human beings and dogs, and I have been assured, that after our expulsion from Mexico, all these animals lived for many days upon the bodies of our comrades who were killed upon that occasion. These beasts, and horrid reptiles, were retained to keep company with their infernal gods, and when these animals yelled and hissed, the place seemed like hell itself." Diaz, p. 142.

"From the square we proceeded to the great temple, but before we entered it, we made a circuit through a number of large courts, the smallest of which appeared to me to contain more ground than the great square in Salamanca, with double inclosures, built of lime and stone, and the courts paved with large white cut stone, very clean; or where not paved, they were plaistered and polished. When we had ascended to the summit of the temple, the ascent to which was by one hundred and fourteen steps, we

houses for the priests;\* these wear black garments, and never cut or comb their hair from the time of their entering into the service

observed on the platform as we passed, the large stones whereon were placed the victims who were to be sacrificed. Here was a great figure, which resembled a dragon, and much blood, fresh spilt. Here we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and of the aqueduct of Chapultepeque, which supplied the city with the finest water. We were struck with the number of canoes, passing to and from the main land, loaded with provisions and merchandise, and we could now perceive, that in this great city, and all the others of that neighbourhood, which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small draw-bridges, and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. We observed also the temples and adoratories of the adjacent cities, built in the form of towers and fortresses, and others on the causeway, all white-washed, and wonderfully brilliant. The noise and bustle of the market place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and at Constantinople said, that for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." Diaz, pp. 145-6.

Bernal Diaz, in speaking of the great temple of Mexico, says, "The ground whereon this temple stood was as much as six of the largest buildings of this country occupy. From the base it diminished to the summit, whereon was a tower in which the idols were placed, and from the middle of the ascent to the top were five concavities, like barbicans, but without parapets. At a little distance from this temple stood a tower, a true hell, or habitation for demons, with a mouth resembling that of an enormous monster, wide open, and ready, as it were, to devour those who entered. At the door stood frightful idols, by it was a place for sacrifice, and within, boilers, and pots full of water, to dress the flesh of the victims, which was eaten by the priests. The idols were like serpents and devils, and before them were tables and knives for sacrifice, the place being covered with the blood, which was spilt on these occasions." Diaz, p. 148.

The same author says, that the temple of Cholula was higher than this, having a hundred and twenty steps, and was held in great veneration.

All writers agree that the great temple was surrounded by high walls, and was as large as a city. (Cortez says a town of five hundred inhabitants.) It has four principal gates, on each of which was a kind of fortress, filled with arms, forming, as it were, an arsenal. It was garrisoned by ten thousand men, who served at the same time as a guard for the sovereign. The court was surrounded by large halls, each of which might contain a thousand men: The interior of the circuit contained more than twenty towers, or pyramids, on the tops of which were erected idols. The principal was on the most elevated.

Romusio has given a plan of these towers. Five stories, or solid planes, formed their divisions, and they were ascended by a stair-way formed in one of the sides, each part of which consisted of eighteen or twenty steps from one story to the other. On the last plane arose two towers, in the shape of steeples, as well built as the other parts. A number of similar towers were to be seen in the city, partly consecrated to religious worship, and in part designed as fortifications, or appropriated to the sepulchral rites of the great lords. *Lettere Americane*.

\* Diaz says that each temple had its particular priests, who wore long vestments of black, somewhat between the dress of the dominicans and our

of religion fill they quit it. The children of the caciques, and the principal nobility, are educated by them, and dress in the same manner, and follow their rules, from seven or eight years old till their marriage. These priests make a vow of continence, and no woman is permitted to enter their houses; they have also fasts, which are more rigorously observed at some seasons of the year than at others.

The chief temple occupies as much ground as a town capable of containing five hundred inhabitants. It is surmounted with forty towers, each of which has about a hundred steps of ascent, except the principal one, which is as lofty as that of the cathedral of Seville; these are all very solidly built of hewn stone, with some ornamental wood work, well wrought, and painted. The principal nobles have in these towers their places of burial, and their particular idol.\*

This temple has three naves. These contained the larger idols, which I ordered to be thrown down, and the private chapels, wherein human sacrifices were offered, to be cleansed, and the images of our Lady, and the Saints to be placed in them.

Both Montezuma and his subjects were much dissatisfied with this change, and he sent to request me to suspend my design, informing me that there would be great danger of his people revolting against me; as they fully believed whatever they possessed was the gift of these idols, and that should they suffer them to be

canons; their long hair was clotted together, and their ears lacerated in honour of their gods. p. 149. He likewise observes, that around the great court of the temple were many houses, not very lofty, wherein the priests resided, who had the care of it; and, hard by, a large building, wherein were a number of young Mexican women, who resided there as in a nunnery, until they were married.

The article of the communion is a fact positively asserted by all the writers on America. It was more particularly in use at Mexico. The priests of that city formed a large image of the paste of maize, which they baked. It represented their god. They displayed it on a certain day of the year, with much ceremony, to the veneration of the faithful, and on these occasions no one failed to repair to the temple. They made a great procession with this image, and on their return to the temple, the high priest broke it, and the others distributed it in small pieces to the people, who eat them, and believed themselves sanctified after having taken this aliment. We find a similar custom among many of the ancient nations of our hemisphere. *Lettere Americane.*

\* The principal nobles alone had their sepulture in these towers: for the usual mode of disposing of the dead at Mexico was in subterraneous tombs made of stone. "The body was there placed in a sitting posture on a seat, and was furnished with a sword and a buckler. They also buried with it jewels of gold, viands, and liquors." The author of the account of Temexitlan says, that he assisted in taking from a tomb several things, to about the value of three thousand castillans. He adds, that some of the Indian nations burn the bodies, and bury their ashes. The women were buried with a distaff and a spindle. *Lettere Americane.*

ill treated, they would thereby expose themselves to their anger, which would bring upon them the loss of all the productions of the earth, and their own destruction by famine.

I attempted, through my interpreters, to convince them of their folly, in putting trust in idols, formed by themselves, of the basest materials; that they ought to know that there was but one only sovereign and universal God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and of all things in Nature, who was immortal, that is, without beginning or end; that it was their duty to worship him, and believe in him alone, and not in any created thing, or perishable substance. To this I added whatever I thought would have a tendency to turn them from their idolatry, and bring them to the knowledge of the true God.

They replied, that as they were not aborigines\* of Mexico, it might very probably have happened that they had, in some res-

\* The Mexicans were the descendants of the Aztecs, who emigrated from a country called, in their traditions and hieroglyphical records, Jollan and Aztlan, about the year 1160, and after a migratory life of more than fifty years, at length arrived at the valley of Tenorhtillan. They at first established themselves at Zumpango, and on the southern side of the mountains of Tepeyac. In the year 1245 they arrived at Chapoltepec. Being there harrassed and molested by the petty princes around them, they retired to a group of small islands called Acovolco, towards the southern part of the lake of Tezcucc. For half a century they lived there in great poverty, being obliged to subsist on the roots of aquatic plants, insects, and a reptile of the lizard kind, called *axolote*. Being reduced to slavery by the kings of Tezcuco, or Acolhuacan, they were compelled to abandon their settlement on the lake, and to take refuge on the continent at Tezapan. They afterwards obtained their liberty, in consequence of having rendered some important services to the king of Acolhuacan in a war with the people of Xevhimilco. They first fixed themselves at Acatzetzentlan, which they called Mexicalzingo, from the name of Mexitle, their god of war, and next at Iztacalco. They removed from thence to some little islands in the western part of the lake of Tezcuco, in obedience to an order received from the oracle of Aztlan. An ancient tradition was preserved among this wandering people that the term of their migration was to be a place where they should find an eagle holding a serpent in his talons, seated on the top of a nopal, whose roots were fixed in the crevices of a rock. This nopal was seen by the Aztecs in the year 1325, on a small island, which served for a foundation to the Tenalli, or Teopan, that is, the House of God, afterwards called by the Spaniards the Great Temple of Mixitli. This period forms the era of the building of Mexico.

According to the Aztec chronology, seven nations are said to have governed successively in Mexico, from whence they expelled their predecessors. Among the first of these were the Olmecs, the Toultics, who made their appearance in the year 648, and whose kingdom lasted from 667 to 1031, the Chechemeches, Sichimeches, and Nahuatltecs, and the Acolhuis, and Aztecs.

From the regions, says M. Humboldt, situated to the north of the Rio Gilo, issued forth those warlike nations who successively inundated the country of Anahuac. Clavigero, History of Mexico—Humboldt's Travels.

pects deviated from their primitive religion since quitting their native country; that as I had left it so recently, I was the more

The Mexicans, says a celebrated Spanish geographer, are descended from the Aztec, a nation who came from the kingdom called Aztlan, and took the name of Mexico from their principal idol. Under the conduct of Huitziton, and Tecpatzin, who were great diviners, they wandered for the term of more than fifty years, without forming any settlement, until directed by their god, Huitzilipuchtli, they fixed themselves on the lake, to which they gave the name of Temtitlan, which signifies the stone of the Tuna.\* In this confined space and narrow territory, they established themselves under the conduct of Huitzilihuitte, their two first leaders having died. There, relieved from famine, sickness, and the various accidents which they had experienced in their protracted peregrination, they rapidly increased, and their descendants became so numerous, that they chose themselves a king, and established the powerful empire of Mexico. These Indians are of a browner colour than the others; they possess an acute understanding, and lived in a state of civil and political order before the arrival of the Spaniards. They were idolators, and had a great number of gods and goddesses, to whom they offered human sacrifices, to render them propitious; the captives sacrificed in their temples were innumerable, as they had a particular deity for each thing, representing them by monstrous figures.

Their government was monarchical, and was organized with singular judgment and harmony.

The first of the Mexican kings was Acamapectli, who was chosen when they had established themselves in the lake. He married Ilanqueritl, daughter of Acolmictil, king of Cohuictlan, but having no children by her, he took for his second wife, with the consent of his first, Tezcalta-miahuatl, daughter of the lord of Telepanco. He reigned twenty-one years, with so much power, that it would scarcely seem that he had been tributary to the king of Azcapuzalco, and exerted his utmost efforts to maintain the prosperity of his dominions. He died much lamented.

His son Huitzizi-chuitl, obtained the crown, not by hereditary right, but the choice of the ancients and principal men of the republic. He married Ayanhzihuatl, the daughter of the king of Azcapuzalco, and, after the example of his father, took for his second wife Miahuaxo-chitl, the daughter of Texcaca-hualtzin, king of Quauhnhuac, which united in friendship those two monarchs, and rendered them more powerful and feared by the other nations. He appointed to the chief command of his armies his brother Quateco-hualtzin. His third son, Acolna-hucatl, was cruelly murdered by Moxtla, emperor of Azcapuzalco. This prince had a prosperous reign of twenty-two years.

Chimalpopoca, his brother, succeeded him. He suffered the greatest indignities from his brother-in-law, Moxtla, emperor of Azcapuzalco, who fraudulently carried off and ravished one of his women. In revenge of this injury, he sent him, instead of theief which he owed him, a mantle of nequen, and a petticoat of mean texture, signifying that the dress of a woman was better suited to him than the bow and arrows. The emperor was en-

\* Tuna, or Magney, a species of the Cactus, or Nopal; this name was given to the lake by the Aztecs, from the circumstance of its being the place where they discovered the eagle, as predicted by their oracle, perched on the top of that plant, which was rooted in a rock.

entitled to their belief, and that they were convinced they could do no better than consult with me, and follow my advice in this

raged at this, and learning that Chimalpopoca had formed a conspiracy to deprive him of life, he resolved to make prisoner of him. The latter, not being able to oppose the forces of his enemy, preferred death to surrendering, and determined to sacrifice himself, together with his nobles, to his god Huitzilopuchtli, at a festival held for that purpose. The death of this monarch, and of two others, were only wanting to have completed the sacrifice, when the soldiers of Maxtla entered his palace, and seizing him, threw him into a dungeon, where they supplied him with but little food. To prevent his enemy from enjoying the triumph of putting him to death, he hung himself in this prison.

Izco-huatl, son of Acampictle, the first monarch, was their fourth king. He was born of a slave, but had been legitimized by his father. He was chosen, from the talents and courage which he had displayed, as captain-general of the army.

This prince was forty-six years old when he received the sceptre, and reigned with much ability, being the most fortunate of all the Mexican kings. He subdued many provinces, gained many battles, and avenged the injuries of his predecessors, by destroying the empire of the Tupanecas, in a great battle, and killing Maxtla; who, in order to escape from the victors, concealed himself in a bath, called Temascal, where he was despatched with clubs and stones. The triumphant Izco-huatl, having greatly extended his kingdom, built a temple to the idol Chihuaco-huatl, which signifies the Woman-Serpent, and the following year the famous temple of Huitzilopichtli, the chief god of the Mexicans; shortly after which he fell sick and died.

The fifth sovereign was Montecuhzuma, first of the name, which signifies the furious; he was likewise called Ilhuicami, or he who shoots arrows to heaven. He was captain-general of the army, and was elected to the throne for his surpassing valour and merit. His first care, after his accession, was to build a temple to the false demon, in the quarter called Huitzana-huac; and his dominions appearing to him too confined, he extended them by the conquest of the provinces of Chalco, Ilatilulco, Cohuixca, Oztomantlaca, Cuezalteca, Ichatezipantaca, Teoxahualca, with those of Ilachco, and Ilachmelac. On his return from his war with the latter, he enlarged the temple and house of Huitzilopuchtli, and adorned it with the spoils of his enemies. He next proceeded to take the field against the Chilapanecus, and the people of Quahteopan, and Izumpa-huacan, whom he likewise subjected. He had reigned nine years in prosperity, when the waters of the lake rose to such a degree as to overflow the whole city. Having consulted the king of Tezcucó, on the means of remedying this evil, he built the dike which surrounded the city when the Spaniards entered it. This misfortune was succeeded by a dreadful famine, and the rebellion of Chalco, and some other provinces, which kept this valiant prince continually in motion, till at length he died, crowned with victory, in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, according to the Mexican account, leaving very prudent directions for the choice of his successor.

Axayacatl, who held the office of captain-general, was deemed worthy to succeed him on the throne. He was not less fortunate than his predecessor. He rendered the Ilatilulcan, and various other tribes, tributary to the empire, during which he was rendered lame by a wound which he received in a battle with the Otomies of the kingdom of Xiquipilco. He was always the first in danger, and the last in retreat, never being seen in the centre

respect. From this period Montezuma, and his principal attendants, joined me, with apparent satisfaction, in overthrowing the

of his army. He was much more inclined to rigour than to clemency; and finally died full of glory.

Tizos, the elder brother of the former, was the seventh monarch of Mexico. On the election of his brother to the throne, he succeeded him in the employment of captain-general, which he aspired to, merely as it had become the ladder to the throne. He was not so warlike and courageous as his predecessors, although he made war on the people of Ilacoltepec, and subdued them. He afterwards devoted himself wholly to peace, and the worship of his gods; and being determined to build a more splendid temple to Huitzilopuchtl, he collected a great quantity of materials, but he enjoyed not the pleasure of seeing it, as he died in the third year of his reign, in consequence of poison, given him by Techotlalu, lord of Iztapalapan, by means of a woman, whom he employed for that purpose.

Ahuizotl, brother to the preceding, who, on his advancement to the throne, had been decorated with the dignity of captain-general, succeeded him. He commenced his reign with finishing the new temple of Huitzilopuchtl, and then made war upon the Mazahuas, who had rebelled, and overcame them; he proceeded in a similar manner with the Iziahcoacas, and Topacnecas, of the province of Xalisco; reserving the prisoners of those countries, and those of Ilacripan, for a sacrifice at the dedication of the temple: the number of whom is said to have amounted to seventy-two thousand. In the fourth year of his reign Mexico experienced a terrible earthquake, which was followed by an inundation of the city, in consequence of the superabundance of the water; to restrain which, in future, he constructed another dike, which separated the salt water from the fresh. He likewise undertook to bring to Mexico the water from Huitzilopuchco, and put to death Izutzumazin, who opposed it, saying it would overflow Mexico, as indeed happened. The latter, in attempting to escape from the king, gave him a blow which was attended with fatal consequences. He extended his dominion over all New Spain to the borders of Guatemala, and discovered the stone quarry of Tezontli, from whence the stone used in the buildings of Mexico is brought, which he greatly aggrandized by this means. Having reigned eighteen years he died, in consequence of the blow which he had received three years before, universally lamented by his subjects, and was succeeded by

Montecuhzuma, second of the name, and the tenth in the series of their kings. He was the son of king Axayacatl, and nephew to Tizor and Ahuizotl. He was chosen in expectation of his imitating his predecessors, from the great opinion which the Mexicans entertained of him. He was very grave and reserved; it was quite a wonderful thing to hear him speak: and whilst he was a member of the council of state, he was the subject of admiration. He usually remained shut up in a great hall, which he had appropriated to himself in the temple of Huitzilopuchtl, with which god, it was said, he had frequent communications, and whose priest he was. When notice was given him of his elevation to the throne, the messengers found him employed in barring the temple. The first act of his reign was to chastise the province of Atlixco, which had rebelled. On his return from that expedition, he showed very plainly his real character, discovering his haughtiness and duplicity. He made war upon the republic of Tlaxcala, in which he was always unsuccessful. In the fourth year of his reign an extraordinary famine occurred. He repaired the aqueduct, by which water was brought

idols, purifying the chapels, and putting up the images. I expressly forbade their offering any human sacrifices, telling them

to the city, and fortified and widened the causeway. He was afterwards continually engaged in wars, in which he subjugated many provinces, and extended the limits of his empire to Honduras and Nicaragua. Montecuhzuma was feared and respected in all the countries around. It was in the eighteenth year of his reign when he first received information of the arrival of Cortez, and his Spaniards, on the coast. He received that hero with affability and kindness; and died of a wound from a stone, thrown by the Mexicans at the Spaniards, whilst, from a terrace, he was endeavouring to persuade the former to lay down their arms.

Cuitlahuatzin was, on his death, elected during the war between the Mexicans and Spaniards, which was courageously maintained. His reign was of short duration. When the city of Mexico was reduced to the greatest extremity, he attempted to escape by the lake, with a numerous fleet of canoes, but was taken prisoner, and lost his kingdom, and shortly after his life, having been hung by Cortez, on his journey to Honduras, in consequence of his having plotted an insurrection in the empire, which had acknowledged for its sovereign the emperor Charles the Fifth, and sworn obedience to him. *Ducimarís Geográfico Histórico d'America*—por Don Antonio de Alcedo.

The empire of Mexico was monarchical, but not hereditary. In its earliest period the *grandees*, or the chief men of the state, assembled on the death of the emperor, and elected the person who, in their opinion, was the most deserving of the throne, or who had been most favoured by intrigue, cabals, or superstition. They had, indeed, some wise laws, relative to the election, by the observance of which it might have been conducted with justice and impartiality; but in addition to the passions, always such powerful agents in elections, the influence of religion rendered all these regulations unavailing, by pretended visions, to which no one dared to make opposition. The high priest spoke, announced the will of his god; and there, as every where else in the world, they dreaded his wrath.

Six electors then appointed the emperor. The princes of Tezcuco, or Acolhuacan, and of Tacuba, were always two of them; one of them was a prince of the blood royal. The election, however, always fell upon one of the family of Acamapitzin. It was in that family that the crown had been established, and it remained there until the destruction of the empire. Their political system was feudal. We are told by Herrera, that there were thirty families that held the first rank in the state, each of which had as many as one hundred thousand vassals. The second class contained more than three thousand families. The vassals were serfs, attached to the soil; and the proprietor, or master, exercised over them the right of life or death. This species of property was distinguished into allodial, hereditary, and eventual. The latter was attached to the offices of the empire, and enjoyed only as long as those offices were held.

The priests were charged with the education of the youth, and their testimony in favour of their pupils, determined whether their names should be inscribed on the list of nobles or plebeians. Personal merit alone formed the distinction of the nobility. It was by means of this truly estimable merit that they were raised above the vulgar; and the heraldic tribunal pronounced the quality of individuals, without having any regard to their ancestry. The more recent the nobility, the more was it held in consideration, as it was en-



that not only the Deity held such in abhorrence, but that they were prohibited, under the severest penalties, by human laws, which ordered him who shed the blood of a fellow creature to be put to death. By this means these horrible sacrifices were so far put a stop to, that not one occurred during my stay in Mexico.

Their idols,\* in their proportions, exceed by far the ordinary size of man, and are composed of a mixture of pulse and grain,

tiely the reward of merit, and as no one could pride himself in saying my grandfather was a great man.

The punishment of death was decreed by several of their fundamental laws. To violate the principles of religion, offer offence to the person of the sovereign, to rob, and to murder, were crimes punishable with death. If any one was taken gathering fruit, or pulling up grain from the field of another, he became the slave of the owner of the soil.

This state was divided into many seignories. The sons of the great men were not permitted to leave the court, and the lords were every year obliged to come and pay homage to their sovereign.

Each province was subject to a tribute, excepting some noblemen, who, instead of it, were obliged to furnish a certain number of vassals for war. The tribute was paid in kind, and was fixed at a thirtieth of the crops, comprehending therein the personal labour and services required from individuals. The several governors sought to surpass each other in the presents which they made the emperor, in gold, silver, and jewels, and various other works. *Lettere Americane.*

\* Here, says Diaz, in describing the great temple, were two altars, highly adorned, and over them gigantic figures, resembling very fat men. The one on the right was Huitzilopuchtlí, their war god, with a great face, and terrible eyes; this figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle of arrows. The little idol which stood by him, represented his page, and bore a lance and target, richly ornamented with gold and jewels. The great idol had round his neck the figures of human heads and hearts, made of pure gold and silver, ornamented with precious stones of a blue colour. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were then burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity as to give a very offensive smell. On the left was another great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes, of the polished substance, whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. These two deities, it was said, were brothers; the name of this last was Tezcalepuca, and he was the god of the infernal regions. He presided, according to their notions, over the souls of men. His body was covered with figures, representing little devils with tails of serpents; an offering lay before him of four human hearts. In the summit of the temple, and in a recess, the timber of which was highly ornamented, we saw a figure, half man, and the other half resembling an alligator, inlaid with jewels, and partly covered with a mantle.

In this place they had a drum of a most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents; this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions. Bernal Diaz, pp. 146-147.

formed into a paste, with human blood. The breast of the victim is opened while living, and the heart taken out and offered to these gods, who are equal in number to their hopes and their fears.

Mexico contains a great number of very large and splendid houses,\* as the principal caciques, and great nobles of the empire live there during a part of the year; and the rich merchants and citizens are well accommodated, and have almost all of them pleasant gardens,† filled with all kinds of flowers. Fresh water is con-

Clavigero assures us, that the Mexicans made statues of wood, of clay, and of stone, not only for idols, but to represent all the various attitudes of men and women, and even some that were of gigantic size. In these, accuracy of design was combined with delicacy of workmanship.

In Mexico was an idol, representing the god of merchants. It was placed in a temple, and seated on a heap of gold and silver, rare and costly feathers, and other articles of merchandize, of great value. It was in human form, but had a bird's head, with a red beak, furnished with teeth, and covered with warts; the tongue was protruded beyond it. On its head was a kind of mitre, terminating in a point. In its hand was a scythe, or sickle. Its legs were ornamented with various sorts of gold and silver jewels, expressive of the favours which it could grant. *Lettere Americane.*

\* All the writers of the time of the conquest agree in representing the palaces of Mexico as very large. The author of the Relation says, "I several times entered the house of a great lord merely to view it, and when there I always fatigued myself with walking, yet I never succeeded in viewing it entirely."

The palaces of the great men and nobles were proportionably magnificent. The author of the account already mentioned says, "There was, and still is, in that city, a great number of good and handsome houses, so large, and furnished with so many rooms, apartments, and gardens, both above and below, that they are wonderful to behold." Clavigero says, that their principal houses were furnished with stoves for vapour baths, like those of the Greeks and Romans. *Lettere Americane.*

† These were probably the floating gardens, called, by the Mexicans, *chinampas*, of which Humboldt gives the following interesting account:

"The market of Mexico is richly supplied with eatables, particularly with roots and fruits of every sort. It is a most interesting spectacle, which may be enjoyed every morning at sun-rise, to see these provisions, and a great quantity of flowers, brought in by Indians in boats, descending the canals of Istacalco and Chalco. The greater part of these roots is cultivated on the *chinampas*, called by the Europeans floating gardens. There are two sorts of them, of which the one is moveable, and driven about by the winds, and the other fixed and attached to the shore. The first alone merit the denomination of floating gardens, but their number is daily diminishing.

"The ingenious invention of *chinampas*, appears to go back to the end of the 14th century. It had its origin in the extraordinary situation of a people surrounded with enemies, and compelled to live in the midst of a lake, little abounding in fish, who were forced to fall upon every means of procuring subsistence. It is even probable that nature herself suggested to the Aztecs the first idea of floating gardens. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilco and Chalco, the agitated water, in the time of the great rises, carries away pieces of earth, covered with herbs, and bound together by

veyed thither by means of two pipes, each two feet in circumference, which extend along one of the causeways leading to the city. This water is carried through the streets in canoes, and sold to the people.

The duties which are paid upon every thing brought into the city, are received by inspectors appointed for that purpose, at certain buildings answering to toll-houses. The public markets abound with workmen of every kind, who come there to be hired. The inhabitants of Mexico are better dressed than those of any other part of the empire; the circumstance of its being the residence of Montezuma, and his chief nobility having introduced some customs and modes of dress more elegant and becoming. Their manners in general, bear a great resemblance to those of Spain, and as nearly the same order and the same general regulations are observable, we are continually struck with the surprising police of a barbarous people, separated from all polished nations, and totally ignorant of the knowledge of the true God.

The task would be difficult to describe the particulars of the luxury and magnificence of Montezuma, and to give an accurate representation of his state and grandeur. As I have already observed, he possessed a perfect representation of every object in nature, formed either of gold, silver, precious stones, or feathers.

His territory, from the best information I have been able to obtain, was as large as that of Spain, the country for more than

roots. These, floating about for a long time; as they are driven by the wind, sometimes unite into small islands. A tribe of men, too weak to defend themselves on the continent, would take advantage of these portions of ground which accident put within their reach, and of which no enemy disputed the property. The oldest chinampas were merely bits of ground, joined together artificially, and dug and sown upon by the Aztecs.

"Simple lumps of earth, carried away from the banks, have given rise to the invention of *chinampas*; but the industry of the Aztec nation gradually carried this system of cultivation to perfection. The floating gardens, of which many were found by the Spaniards, and of which many still exist in the lake of Chalco, were rafts formed of reeds (*totosa*), rushes, roots, and branches of brush-wood. The Indians cover these light and well-connected materials with black mould, naturally impregnated with muriate of soda. The soil is gradually purified from this salt by washing it with the water of the lake; and the ground becomes so much the more fertile, as this lixiviation is annually repeated. The chinampas sometimes contain even the cottage of the Indian, who acts as guard for a group of floating gardens. They are towed, or pushed with long poles, when wished to be removed from one side of the banks to the other.

"In proportion as the fresh water lake has become more distant from the salt water lake, the moveable chinampas have become fixed. Each chinampa forms a parallelogram of 323 by 19 feet. On these chinampas are cultivated beans, small pease, potatoes, artichokes, and a great variety of other vegetables. The edges of these squares are generally ornamented with flowers, and sometimes even with a hedge of rose bushes." Humboldt. vol. 2. p. 62-63.

two hundred leagues being under his government, excepting a few states with which he was at war. All the principal caciques were submissive to his orders, and their eldest sons, who attended on him, served as pledges for their fidelity. He likewise possessed fortified places in the several districts, which were garrisoned by his troops. In each province he had his collectors of the revenue, and he perfectly understood the state of his finances, which were marked in characters,\* and in very plain and intelligible figures. A tribute of personal service was also due him from each province, and this was rendered with the utmost punc-

\* A dispute happened to arise, says Count Carli, between two Mexican nobles relative to the boundaries of some land. The affair was brought before the tribunal of the Licentiate Zuazo. The papers of the process, according to Oviedo, were nothing but a painting, on which were marks, a kind of cypher, characters and figures, which represented the fact as well as it could have been detailed by one of our best writers.

The inhabitants of the city of Amatitlan, in the province of Guatemala, were the most skilful in making paper from the leaves of the palm, and pencils for writing. They gave to these leaves a square form, in order to fold them and make of them what we call a book. Acosta, Herrera, and Peter Martyr, speak of these volumes. in which they entered historical facts, laws, customs, astronomical observations, &c.

There has but a single one of these monuments escaped. When I have examined these sheets, and the description contained in the margin, I have thought that I clearly perceived the meaning of all these characters, and have been extremely surprised at the manner in which those people so particularly described things. A conquest made by arms, was designed by a circle which contained another, and formed, as it were, the limb of a round scutcheon. In the middle of this circle were seven globes in three rows, two in the first, three in the second, and two in the third line. From the border of the circle issued, as it were, three points of ancient swords or sabres, the handles of which appeared on the other side, as if these weapons had been crossed in saltier beneath the disk of the circle. It was surmounted by a kind of cross.

A particular figure represented the city of Tlacotepec, another that of Tecozaut, another that of Chalco, and another that of Tlacho. *Lettre Americane.*

Bernal Diaz says, that in some temples near to where Vera-Cruz was afterwards built, they found books of the paper of the country, folded in the manner of cloth of Castile.

M. de Humboldt, enumerates among the small remains of Mexican antiquities, the Aztec manuscripts, or hieroglyphical pictures, painted on agave paper, on stag-skins and cotton cloth. Vol. 2. p. 42, and in page 376, he says, that the paper on which the ancient Mexicans painted their hieroglyphical figures was made of the fibres of agave leaves, macerated in water, and disposed in layers like the fibres of the Egyptian cyperus and the mulberry of the South-Sea islands. I brought with me several fragments of Aztec manuscripts, written on mugney paper, of a thickness so different that some of them resemble pasteboard, while others are like Chinese paper.

Bernal Diaz says, that the accounts of Montezuma's rents were kept in books which occupied an entire house.

tuality, as no prince on earth was ever more respected, or better obeyed.

Montezuma had, both within and without the city, a great number of pleasure houses, each of which was fitted up in a different manner, and calculated for some particular amusement. These houses were built of solid materials, and in a style of grandeur and magnificence, suitable to so rich a prince; and there are but few in Spain equal to them. One of the least splendid, had a superb garden belonging to it, with a terrace of jasper beautifully wrought. This house could accommodate with ease, two monarchs and all their suite. It had ten reservoirs of fresh and of salt water, for the purpose of keeping various kinds of aquatic birds, according to their different modes of living in a state of freedom. This water could be changed at pleasure by means of sluices, and three hundred men were constantly employed in taking care of the birds, and in raising their young.— Each piece of water had a corridor, which led to the terrace, where Montezuma used to amuse himself in walking. A distinct quarter of the same house, contained apartments in which were men, women and children, whose skin, hair, eyebrows and eyelashes were, from their birth, perfectly white.

Another very handsome house had a large court paved in the manner of our churches, containing a great number of small houses, or boxes, nine feet long and six feet high, for keeping different kinds of birds of prey, which were fed with fowls; they were so constructed as to allow the birds to go out into the open air, or shelter themselves from the rain at pleasure. This menagerie had also several lower halls, filled with large wooden cages for lions, tigers, leopards, cats and weasels of various kinds, which were fed upon such kinds of food as best suited their natural inclinations.

Another house contained human monsters of all descriptions, as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and men of singular shapes. Here every species of deformity had its particular quarter allotted to it.

Montezuma was every morning attended by upwards of six hundred caciques, or nobles, whose suit filled all the court yards of the palace, and even the large street which it terminated. When dinner\* was served up for the prince it was at the same time for

\* The following more detailed account of Montezuma's mode of living is given by B. Diaz, p. 139-140.

"His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meats, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep them hot always; for the table of Montezuma himself, above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards, above a thousand. Before dinner, Montezuma would sometimes go and inspect the preparations, and his officers would point out to him which were the best, and explained of what birds and flesh they were composed; and of those he would eat. But this was more for amusement than any thing else. It is said, that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares,

the whole court, and each attendant or servant had his allowance also given him. Eating and drinking rooms were kept open for all who wished to regale themselves. No less than four hundred different dishes were prepared at each meal, and to supply this unmatched profusion, all the productions of the earth and water

and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. This is certain, that after Cortes had spoken to him, relative to the dressing human flesh, it was not practised in his palace. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted, and, that they should not throw too much heat, screens, ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne, or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands, in vessels which they call *xicales*, with other vessels under them, like plates, to catch the water; they also presented him with towels. Then, two other women brought small cakes of bread, and when the king began to eat, a large screen of gilt wood was placed before him, so that people during that time should not see him. The women having retired to a little distance, four ancient lords stood by the throne, to whom Montezuma, from time to time, spoke, or addressed questions: and as a mark of particular favour, gave to each of them a plate of that which he was eating. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced, was laid before him; he eat very little; but from time to time, a liquor prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative or corroborative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. We could not at that time see if he drank it or not, but I observed a number of jars, above fifty, brought in, filled with foaming chocolate, of which he took some, which the women presented to him. At different intervals, during the time of dinner, there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed, and ugly; who played tricks of buffoonery, and others, who they said were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. To these he ordered the vases of chocolate to be distributed. The four female attendants then took away the cloths, and again, with much respect, presented him with water to wash his hands. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes, with eggs and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white, and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. Also another kind of bread was brought to him in long loaves, and plates of cakes resembling wafers. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call tobacco; and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded. After this was over, all his guards and domestics sat down to dinner, and, as near as I could judge, above a thousand plates of those eatables that I have mentioned were laid before them, with vessels of foaming chocolate, and fruit in an immense quantity. For his women, and various inferior servants, his establishment was of a prodigious expense; and we were astonished, amidst such a profusion, at the vast regularity that prevailed."

were laid under contribution. The various dishes were all brought in at the same time, and, to prevent them from growing cold, each plate and sauce-pan was furnished with a chafing dish.\* The hall in which Montezuma eat was very large, magnificently furnished and covered with carpets. He sat at one end of it in a small leathern arm-chair of admirable workmanship, and was attended by a nobleman whose particular office it was to help him, and who stood by and gave directions to the officers in waiting to bring whatever was wanted. At the other end of the room were five or six old nobles whom Montezuma had served out of the same dishes with himself. Water was constantly brought to wash his hands both before and after eating, and the napkin which he made use of never appeared a second time, neither did the plates, sauce-pans or chafing dishes. He changed his dress regularly four times a-day and the same garments were never worn by him but once. The nobility who came to visit him, entered his apartment barefooted, and whenever any one of them approached him, he inclined his body and cast his eyes down. In addressing him they raised their heads, without looking him in the face, which was done through respect; I say, through respect, because some of the caciques reproved my men for disrespect towards me, in not inclining themselves, and in looking me in the face whilst speaking.

When Montezuma went out, which was but seldom, those who accompanied him, or met him, turned their faces away without looking at him, and those who were not inclined to walk before him, prostrated themselves until he had passed.† On these occasions he was preceded and announced by a cacique, who carried three long slender wands.

The ceremonies employed in the service of this monarch were so numerous, that it would require a very retentive memory to detail them, and indeed more time than I have is requisite to give a complete description of those that I recollect, for it is a fact that no prince in the world ever carried pomp and luxury to such a height.

\* The Spaniards beheld with surprise, at the table of Montezuma, the custom of keeping fire, in winter, under the plates that were on the table, where it was placed in silver chafing dishes. We have since learned to do the same thing. *Lettere Americane.*

† The person of Montezuma is thus described by B. Bias: "The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance, and good eyes; gravity and good humour were blended together when he spoke. He was very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses, of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives; when he visited them, it was with such secrecy, that none could know it, except his own servants."

I shall continue at Mexico long enough to take every necessary measure for the advancement of your majesty's interest ; to pacify the different provinces ; to reduce to subjection the cities and fortresses that are of most importance ; to discover the mines, and to learn the state of the country thoroughly. In this research Montezuma and the principal inhabitants will aid me with as much willingness as if they had always been the liege subjects of your majesty.

I had been occupied about six months, from the eighth of last November in pacifying the country, and early in May every thing was tranquil in Mexico ; I had also sent a considerable number of Spaniards into the several provinces and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ships with the answer to my first despatches, in order that they might take charge of the gold, silver, precious stones, and other treasures which I had received for your majesty, when I was informed by some of Montezuma's subjects on the sea-coast, that they had discovered from the mountains of St. Martins in the bay of St. John, eighteen ships at sea standing in for the land. At the same time an inhabitant of Cuba, brought me a letter, from the Spaniard whom I had stationed on the coast to look out for ships, informing me that a single ship had that day appeared off the harbour of St. John, which he believed to be the same that I had sent to Spain ; but that on its arrival he would forward me a particular account. Not to miss the messenger, I sent off two Spaniards by two different roads, and gave them directions to proceed to the harbour and learn the number of ships that had arrived, from whence they came, and what they had brought ; and to acquaint me as soon as possible.

I likewise despatched an express to Vera Cruz, to obtain information, and one to the officer whom I had detached with a hundred and fifty men to form an establishment at the port of Quacucalco, ordering him not to proceed farther, as I had received information of the arrival of some ships.

I was fifteen days without receiving the least intelligence from any quarter, when some Indians arrived and informed me that the ships had entered the harbour of St. John, and had landed eight hundred infantry and eighty cavalry, with twelve pieces of cannon ; that these men had forcibly detained the Spaniard, and the messengers, who had charged them to acquaint me with it.

On this information I resolved to send my chaplain, a friar of the order of Mercy, with a letter from myself and one from the alcaides of Vera Cruz, to the commander of the ships in St. John's, acquainting them with all that had occurred, the conquest and peaceable subjection of the empire of Mexico to your majesty's authority, and that the late sovereign, Montezuma, was my prisoner in his own capital, where I had collected a great treasure or your majesty, to whom I had despatched a particular account of every thing. I requested them as a favour, to inform me who



they were, if they were the subjects of your majesty and had come by your orders to form an establishment where they were, or if they intended to proceed farther, or return; and I offered to furnish them with every necessary as far as was in my power. That if they were not the subjects of my king I would notwithstanding assist them all I could, provided they would leave the country, but that if, on the contrary, they advanced into it, I should march with all my force against them, and treat them as enemies.

Five days after, twenty Spaniards from Vera Cruz came to Mexico, bringing with them a priest and two soldiers whom they had taken; they confirmed the arrival of the fleet at St. John's, and the landing of the army, which had been sent from Cuba by Diego Velasquez, and was commanded by Pamphilo de Narvaez; that it consisted of eighty horse and eight hundred foot, of which eighty were fusileers, and one hundred and twenty archers, and was furnished with several pieces of cannon: that Narvaez styled himself captain general and lieutenant of Velasquez, who, he pretended was governor of the country, and was furnished with instructions from the emperor. They further added, that Narvaez had detained my messengers and the Spaniard whom I had posted on the coast; that he had gained all the information he could respecting the city which I had founded, the number of men I had left there, the detachments sent by me to Quacacalco and Tuchi-tebeque: that he had also procured descriptions of all the fortified places, which I had taken or obtained by pacific means, particularly Mexico, where I had found so much wealth.

This priest and his companions had been sent to Vera Cruz, by Narvaez to persuade the inhabitants to join him and to excite an insurrection against me. Upwards of an hundred letters were sent me which had been written to them by Narvaez and his partisans, holding forth to them the most flattering promises if they complied with the proposals of the messengers, and threatening them, in case of refusal with the vengeance of Velasquez.

About the same time arrived a Spaniard from Quacacalco, who brought me letters from his commander, Juan Velasquez de Leon, containing nearly similar information. They were accompanied by a letter to Don Juan from Narvaez in the name of Diego Velasquez, in which he says "that having been informed that I kept him at Quacacalco, contrary to his inclinations, he had but to join him, in doing which he would only act as was his duty to his relations and faithful friends. Don Juan, as became an officer faithful to the service of his king, not only refused complying with the propositions of Narvaez, but, after despatching the messengers, hastened to join me with his men.

On examining the emissaries of Narvaez, I learned that his army had been raised for the express purpose of fighting me, and that he had orders to proceed against me and my friends with the utmost rigour, for having dared to send an account of my con-

quests directly to your majesty, without employing the medium of Velasquez. I was likewise informed that the licentiate Figueroa, as well as your majesty's other judges in Cuba, having discovered the designs of Velasquez, and foreseeing the public injury that would result from such conduct, had deputed one of their number, Lucas Velasquez d' Ayllon to remonstrate with him in their name, and prohibit him from going on; that d' Ayllon executed his commission just before the embarkation of the troops, but that notwithstanding his remonstrances and declaration that your majesty would not fail to be greatly irritated at such proceedings, he persisted in his plan, and the troops were sent over to the continent, whither d' Ayllon accompanied them in order to oppose their pernicious schemes to the utmost of his power.

On receiving this information I wrote to Narvaez by his emissary the priest, that I had heard with pleasure that the army which had landed on the continent was under his command, both on account of our former friendship, and from my being convinced of the sincerity of his wishes to support the interest of our mutual sovereign; that I was a little surprised however, that he had not written to me and informed me of his arrival; but had detained my messengers, and had sent emissaries to seduce my soldiers and excite a spirit of mutiny amongst them, in order to gain them over to his party, as if we were of different religions, or under the dominion of different masters; that I begged of him hereafter to alter his conduct and let me know the reason of his coming; that I had been told he had assumed the title of captain general and lieutenant of Don Diego Velasquez, governor of the country, a claim which I could never acknowledge, and as such that he had proceeded to appoint alcaides and magistrates for particular places, and caused justice to be administered in his name; all which was contrary to law and to the true interests of our sovereign; and that he had in addition established a council without whose consent no one, though holding the emperor's commission, could exercise the duties of any office; that, nevertheless, if he was actually in possession of such powers, and would communicate them to me, and to the council of Vera Cruz, we would obey them as the letters and commission of our sovereign master. As for myself I was then in Mexico, where I held Montezuma prisoner, and had in my charge effects of immense value, belonging to our sovereign, myself, and my companions, and that I could not leave that city without hazarding an insurrection, which would not only terminate in the loss of what wealth I had collected, but in that of the capital and the empire. I accompanied this with a letter to the licentiate Ayllon, but I learned, on the return of my messenger, that Narvaez had arrested him, and sent him back to Cuba, with two of the ships.

The day on which I sent my letters to Narvaez, a messenger arrived from Vera-Cruz, who informed me that the Indians had

revolted, and submitted to Narvaez. The Zempoullans in a particular manner had distinguished themselves on this occasion; they all refused to serve, as they had hitherto done, either in the city, or in the fort; for Narvaez had represented me to them as a villain and a traitor, whom he had come thither for the express purpose of making a prisoner and compelling to quit the country; telling them that he had with him a great many troops, cannon and horses; that I had but few, and that in joining him, they would be on the strongest side. The messenger added that Narvaez had fixed his quarters at Zempoulla, and that from the proximity of that place to Vera-Cruz, the garrison of the latter, having no longer any doubts as to his hostile intentions, in order to avoid a battle, and secure themselves from the treachery of the Indians, had withdrawn to a height where they had resolved to remain with a friendly cacique until the arrival of farther orders. The prejudicial effects which this revolt in favour of Narvaez might produce on your majesty's service, determined me to march against him, with the intention of stopping him if possible, and by that means to restrain and pacify the Indians. I left my post in Mexico, well fortified, furnished with provisions, water and ammunition, and defended by five hundred men, and began my march with the remainder of my people, who amounted to about seventy. having with me several caciques attached to Montezuma, in whose care I left my soldiers and the precious effects which he had given me; at the same time I recommended to him strict obedience to your majesty, assuring him that he would soon receive your thanks for the services which he had rendered, and that in the mean time I would go and discover the intentions of those men who had lately landed.

Montezuma promised to provide every thing necessary for my men, and to take the utmost care of the things which I had entrusted to him, assuring me that those of his subjects who accompanied me, would conduct me the whole of the way through his territories where I should want for nothing. And should I meet with enemies, he begged me to inform him, as he would immediately send troops to assist me in fighting them and driving them from the country.

I thanked him for his offers, observing that your majesty would be highly pleased with his friendly manifestations, and made presents on parting, to himself, his son, and many of his nobles who were present.

At Cholula I was joined by captain Juan Velasquez and his soldiers who had come thither from Quacucalco. Some of the soldiers who were sick I sent back to Mexico, and with the others continued my march. Fifteen leagues from Cholula I met my chaplain returning from St. John's, whither I had sent him. He brought me a letter from Narvaez, informing me that he had instructions from Diego de Velasquez to take the command of the

country in his name; that he had laid the foundations of a city, and appointed alcaides and governors, and that I must immediately prepare to obey him. The chaplain likewise informed me that Narvaez had sent away the licentiate Ayllon, with the secretary and the alguazil who accompanied him: that he had done all in his power to bribe him, and persuade him to corrupt some of my fellow-soldiers; that he had reviewed the troops, both infantry and cavalry in his presence, before a number of Indians who were with him, and had fired all the cannon, in order to intimidate them, and had asked them how they could defend themselves.

He also informed me that Narvaez had held a correspondence with Montezuma; that he had appointed a cacique, who was a subject of that prince, governor-general of the sea-coast and harbours; that this cacique had been Narvaez' messenger to Montezuma, and the bearer of mutual presents, and that he had sent word by him to that monarch that he had come to make prisoners of me and my followers, in order to leave him and his subjects at liberty, without requiring any gold from them. The truth is that he wished to establish himself as chief in the country, without the permission of any one; seeing that none of my people would acknowledge him for captain general, and that we were not amenable to justice in consequence of the orders of Velasquez; that such were his views was confirmed by his having formed an alliance with the natives, more particularly Montezuma. Reflecting however on the great injury that your majesty's interest would sustain from a contest between your own troops, and regardless of the personal danger which I should incur, for Velasquez had given orders to hang me and the most faithful of my adherents, I resolved to approach nearer to Narvaez, in order to convince him of the injury that would arise to the service of our royal master if he should persist in his designs. At fifteen leagues from Zempoulla, where Narvaez was encamped, I met the priest, by whom I had written to d'Ayllon, accompanied by another, and an inhabitant of Cuba, called Andrew Duero, who had come with Narvaez. They brought me a message from him, in reply to my letter, requiring me to obey him, to give up to him the command, and acknowledge him as captain general, for that he had with him a force far superior to mine, and that independently of the Spaniards in his army most of the natives of the country were in his interest. He offered me, provided I would surrender my conquests, whatever I might wish; ships and provisions for myself and my companions, and that I might carry off all that I desired; as he had authority from Velasquez to enter into such an agreement with me, in conjunction with these messengers.

I replied that I had seen no instructions of the emperor ordering me to resign the command; that if he had any to show me and the council of Vera-Cruz, according to the custom of Spain, I was ready to obey them; that without this prerequisite, no motives

of interest, nor any proposition should induce me to do what he desired; but on the contrary, that I and my companions, as faithful subjects of your majesty, would defend till death the provinces which we had subdued and tranquilized. I was inflexible in all my answers to the proposals made me by the deputies of Narvaez: I agreed with them that I would see him, mutual assurances of safety being given, accompanied by ten persons each, and sent him my written engagement in exchange for his to me. I was, however, informed of his designs in sufficient time to escape the greatest danger that I had ever experienced, as Narvaez had selected two of those who were to accompany him to assassinate me, whilst the other eight, were to keep my ten companions employed; for he said that if I was but out of the way, the dispute would soon be settled. It would have been so indeed most effectually, if God, who alone thwarts such plots, had not given me information of it through one of those who were to be concerned in the treachery. at the same time that I received Narvaez' letter of safe conduct.

I then refused to meet him, and let the traitor know that I was acquainted with his base intentions, and summoned him by injunctions and requisitions to make known to me the instructions of my sovereign, ordering him under severe penalties, not to assume the title of captain general, or to intermeddle with the administration of justice, on any pretence whatever. At the same time I forbade all those belonging to his suite, to obey him in that capacity, and summoned them to appear before me at a stated time, to receive my orders as the representative of the emperor, assuring them that I would otherwise proceed against them as traitors and rebels, who had not only revolted from their sovereign, but had taken possession of his territories to give them to those who had no right to them, and, in fine, that I would march against them and give them battle.

Narvaez, instead of replying, arrested my messengers, and the Indians who were with them, and on my sending others to inquire for them, he again made a display of his troops and artillery, as he had done before, uttering severe threats against us if we did not abandon Mexico.

Perceiving that I could obtain nothing from Narvaez; that I could neither wholly obviate the mischief, nor prevent the revolt of the Indians, who threatened to proceed to the greatest extremities; I recommended myself to the protection of God, contemned all hazards, and felt that nothing was more glorious for myself and companions than to die in defence of our conquest, and in making our last efforts to preserve it for my king against usurpers.

In consequence of this determination I ordered Gonsalvo de Sandoval my alguazil major, to march with a detachment of eighty men against Narvaez, whilst I supported him with the hundred and seventy that were left.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HISTORY OF MADEMOISELLE D—.

A SPY IN THE SERVICE OF BONAPARTE. PARIS, 1815. TRANSLATED  
FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the greatest faults committed by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, was that of doubting the stability of his reign, and in having pursued exactly the contrary measures to those which were necessary for the consolidation of his newly-acquired power. It must be confessed that the rigorous measures of despotism, and its perfidious stratagems, were better suited to his singular character, than a course of gentleness and clemency.

He ought however to have foreseen that by the usurpation of a throne to which he had no lawful pretensions, he would inevitably become the marked object of censure to various political parties at the head of affairs in the state; that he would have to encounter every species of attack, of hatred, calumny, envy and malice—that the shafts of satire would be levelled at his head—and that all his power and grandeur would not be sufficient to protect him from the witty sarcasms of a people, accustomed not to spare even their legitimate sovereigns.

While only consul, he evinced the greatest contempt for anonymous slander, and clandestine threats; why did he not pursue the same magnanimous conduct on the throne? He would thus have left the harmless indulgence of their tongues and pens to his detractors. But no—a jealous and suspicious despot—he wished to shackle private opinion, to know all secrets, and thus to render one half of his subjects spies upon the other. Nothing but a genius truly diabolical could have framed a system of police so hideous and so wicked as that which Bonaparte contrived.

Even the profligate principles of Machiavel, shrink into nothingness, when contrasted with the institution of *The Imperial Espionage*. This monster of iniquity, though concealed from vulgar sight, employed millions of invisible arms in its service—It was busily employed night and day in procuring the confidential and unsuspecting disclosures of friendship, the unrestrained deliberations of familiar intercourse, the lively sallies of unguarded humour, and the private conversations of friends and relations. It in-

vaded the inmost recesses of the heart—the sighs of the distressed, and the silence of thought could find no sanctuary. Performing by turns the office of informer, judge and executioner, this perfidiousameleon combined in his own person all the various classes of society.

Placemen and characters of distinction, pamphleteers, mountebanks, mechanics and husbandmen, were secret members of this association.—Our legislators had skilfully calculated every gradation of human life, and well knew how to make the greatest advantage of each. The silver locks of age inspired respect and confidence; and it could hardly be suspected that a man on the brink of the grave would act the part of a malicious spy and informer—this consideration was an additional motive for the employment of such characters. Every description of people, and of both sexes, from infancy to decrepitude, were comprehended in the list of spies.

As Monsieur T—— was amusing himself on a pleasant afternoon, with a walk in the shades of the Luxembourg, he was met by one of his old acquaintances, who, perceiving him to be in trouble, seated himself on a bench beside him and kindly inquired the cause.

“I had two sons,” he replied, “the only solace and hope of my old age—one of them was killed in the bloody field of Eylau; the other, as I have just learned, in the battle of Bautzen.”

While he was yet speaking, an interesting child about five years of age, came running with signs of trepidation to the two friends.—He said he had just fled from his nurse who was angry with him; and pointed to a woman in the middle of the walk, who was holding another child by the arm. The loveliness and engaging manners of the child, highly interested the old men, one of whom, placing him upon his knee, endeavoured to comfort him, and promised to make his peace with his nurse, who continued her walk without turning back for the child. Mons. T——, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his children, resumed the conversation. “Alas!” he exclaimed, “my children are no more—O, God of goodness, how long wilt thou delay to avenge their death on the monster who dragged them to the field of slaughter!”

“I feel,” replied his friend, “the whole force of your grief—I too have cause to weep—but how many thousand families in

Europe, have to deplore the like misfortunes and calamities? You imprecate the thunder of heaven on the guilty author of our afflictions—Your wishes, will, I trust, ere long be accomplished—Already has the perfidious Corsican been struck by the hand of the Almighty, and his inventive and daring genius can no longer prevail in opposition to the powers now leagued against him.”

The little boy lost not a word of this conversation. He quickly disengaged himself from the old gentleman who had caressed him on his knees—His pretended nurse marked his motions—she pursued and overtook him, and both shortly disappeared.—

The agents of the secret police kept in their service about a dozen children who were always selected for their talents and personal accomplishments. These young creatures were artfully trained and disciplined—They were cunningly introduced into the company of persons suspected by the police of the government of disaffection—Their childhood prevented all suspicion—No one hesitated to express his sentiments without reserve in their presence. Nothing of the conversation overheard by them escaped their memory—it was all reported to their employer, who knew how to use the information thus obtained for the destruction of the unhappy object of his suspicion. It was often the case that these youthful agents of the secret association of spies and informers, being unable to get admittance to the persons designated by their employers, posted themselves in the evening at the doors of individuals, whose interest and attention they excited by the most piercing cries of distress. The child had lost his way in the dark, and was in search of his home. A false name was readily furnished, but the place of his residence was never remembered. At break of day, he was nevertheless sure to return home. What man, on such an occasion, could repulse an interesting child of six years old? He kindly receives him into his family.

Of this description was the little viper, unsuspectingly caressed by Mons. T—— at the Luxembourg. The pretended nurse was a skilful agent of the police.

Two days after this occurrence, the unfortunate father was arrested in the market place of St. Roche, and privately conducted to the Conciergerie. His examination did not take place till five days afterwards, during which time he wearied him-



self with fruitless conjectures as to the cause of his arrest. I have, it is true, said he to himself, an unfavourable opinion of the government, but my sentiments I have never expressed but before friends of whose fidelity I cannot indulge a suspicion.

He was at length brought before V—. His astonishment may well be imagined, when he heard that inquisitor detail to him, word for word, the conversation betwixt himself and his friend in the Luxembourg gardens. Notwithstanding his confusion, he obstinately persisted in denying all the charges preferred against him.

"Dare you deny the facts?" said the formidable examiner. "I will, in a moment, produce a witness who will force you to confession."

He then gave orders for the friend of Mons. T—, and his companion in misfortune, to be brought in. On seeing his friend, Mons. T— exclaimed in a tone of despair: "Oh heavens! I am ruined—Traitor! how couldst thou, whom I supposed my best friend, thus cruelly have betrayed me?"

"You are mistaken," interrupted V—. "This gentleman has not betrayed you—on the contrary he is implicated with you in the same accusation, and detained a prisoner in consequence."

"Impossible! for he was the only person with whom I had any conversation whatever, at the Luxembourg, on the day mentioned."

"That is of no consequence. Know, sir, that the *air* transports to us the indiscreet and imprudent observations of individuals, respecting the emperor and the government."

"I am then, in my present situation, one of the most unfortunate of mankind."

"You are indeed; for you have unjustly accused your best friend of treachery, and have thus made a confession which requires no further proof."

Thus ended the examination, and the two friends returned to their prisons.

What led to the arrest of Mons. T— and his friend, was a strong suspicion entertained by the heads of the police, that both were enemies of the emperor, and hostile to the whole system of

his government. Besides, it was well known to the court that Mons. T—— was deeply afflicted with the loss of his sons.

But as he was a prudent man, and saw but little company, and was cautious, or rather extremely reserved in conversation; all the schemes of the police agents to entrap him, had hitherto proved ineffectual—they had been disappointed in every attempt. At length it was observed, that it was his daily custom to walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where he usually seated himself upon a bank, and was seen conversing familiarly with a man who seemed to be his confidential friend.

How could the tenor of their conversation be discovered? Should any one approach and seat himself beside them, they would probably remove or change the subject of their discourse.

What I have related will show that these agents of iniquity spared no means whatever to accomplish their purposes. Life and death were by them equally disregarded.

Other snares were spread by the supreme police, which it was very difficult to avoid, because no one could ever suspect them. A number of persons of both sexes whom Bonaparte jestingly called his *Cytherian Cohort*, all that was most seductive in youth, beauty, grace, and pleasing acquirements, was united and trained in this society. Men of engaging address and fascinating manners, and women of superior beauty and great personal attractions, most of them involved in debt, extravagant in their style of living, and greedy of money, by whatever means acquired; gladly lent their aid without a blush, and without remorse, to further the diabolical machinations of a despot, who himself trembled in the midst of his victims. The following narrative will serve to show the manner in which these nefarious agents were employed by the government,

In the year 1809, a Hollander was preparing at Leipsick, to publish a memorial intended to exhibit in its true colours the extravagant and intolerable ambition of Bonaparte.

Baron D——, who was the first to discover this project, thus expressed himself, in a letter concerning it, which he addressed to the emperor.

“The person who has read the manuscript assures me that he has never seen any thing better and more forcibly written, or

supported by more imposing and ingenious arguments. This appeal to all the crowned heads of Europe, is calculated to produce an irresistible conviction in every breast. It is fraught with more danger in its consequences, than any writing which has ever before appeared in any language, against the monarch of France."

It will readily be supposed that Bonaparte would not fail immediately to set all his secret agents and emissaries at work.—Mons. de M——, who was the principal employed on this important occasion, very soon succeeded in taking the unfortunate Hollander in the snare which he had laid for him.

But what was the disappointment of the French inquisitors! They stripped the unfortunate Hollander, searched his clothes, ransacked and broke in pieces his furniture, unripped his beds and mattresses, and even destroyed a plaister Venus. But after all, no discovery was made—the manuscript could no where be found. Their rage and vexation exceeded all bounds. None but an eye witness could describe their violence. He was roughly asked what had become of the manuscript which he had intended to publish?

"I have neither written, nor intended to publish any thing," was the answer.

"Sir, you are to know that my government is not to be imposed on. It is a well known fact; but I readily inform you that I have no orders to deprive you of your liberty. My commission is limited to ascertain whether poverty has compelled you to write—If that is the case, put what price you please upon your work. I have bills with me to a large amount, and will immediately pay you the sum you may require for it. Or if you are in want of employment, and are discontented from having been neglected by the new government of Holland, be assured you shall have justice done you. Kings, you see, are not able to discern all objects at the same time."

"Your offers," replied the unfortunate Hollander, "are very generous, and I regret extremely that it is not in my power to accept of them. But I again declare to you that I have never written any thing against the French government.—Some one has certainly deceived you."

Mons. de M—— finding that he was inflexible, and that it

was impossible to bribe him, had him conducted into France, where he was thrown into a state-prison; which it was, I know not, for I never afterwards heard any thing more concerning this unfortunate Batavian. The Port Folio from which I procured these particulars, makes no further mention of him.

But where was this dreaded memorial? By what means had it escaped the search of these zealous agents of the ministry? This is the explanation.

Some days before his arrest, the author conceived suspicions of a man to whom, in confidence, he had revealed his projects. Impressed with this belief, he deemed it the most advisable measure, to confide his precious manuscript to a particular friend who usually resided near Prague, but who happened, at this time, to be in Leipsick.

This circumstance alone prevented the discovery of the manuscript by Mons. de M—— and his creatures. But the affair was far from resting here. The emperor was determined, at all events, and by any means, to get possession of the manuscript, and the obstacles he met with served only the more strongly to fix his determination.

“Take what measures you please—the manuscript must be had.” As he said this, he turned on his heel, and abruptly quitted de M——, who, compelled to set all his wits at work, immediately made a second journey to Leipsick. He visited the person who had betrayed the Hollander. This wretch had received only five hundred crowns as the reward of his treachery. A thousand had been promised him in case of his succeeding; but the scheme having failed, nothing more was to be had.

Whilst endeavouring to account for the disappearance of the manuscript, they both at length concluded that it must have been entrusted by the author to the care of some confidential friend.

“A lucky thought has just struck me;” said the German. “A few days before the arrest of the Hollander, an intimate friend came to visit him—I know that they entertain the same sentiments of the emperor—I will stake my life that the manuscript is in his possession.”

This hint was enough for the wily agent. “Where is this man to be found?” he eagerly inquired.—“He lives in the environs

of Prague, in Bohemia—his name is Schustler.” “What is his rank in life?” “He is only a private citizen, but rich—a man of about forty—a little above the common size, but well shaped—he has been a widower about two years; and has an only child, a daughter about four years old.”

“What are his pursuits, and his predominant passions?”

“He is fond of study, and of the fine arts; and particularly attached to women.”

“If he is remarkable for his fondness for women, *I am sure of him*,” said de M——, with exultation. “If I succeed you shall yet receive your thousand crowns; in the meantime, here are five hundred francs, as a reward for this information.”

De M—— immediately returned to Paris. Nothing could be more desirable, and nothing more easy, to a widower in the vigour of life, and strongly attached to the fair sex, than to introduce him to the acquaintance of a young and beautiful woman, possessed of the most fascinating charms and accomplishments. His plan was quickly conceived, and his measures immediately taken.

Among the nymphs of the *Cytherian Cohort*, the young and beautiful Mademoiselle D——s, was particularly distinguished.

In early youth she had lost her parents, who were very respectable. They left her in possession of a fortune, which, had her desires been moderate, would have been amply sufficient to have satisfied them: but an unrestrained passion for pleasure and expensive luxury, and an excessive love of play, produced her ruin. Nature had lavished on this female all her bounties; her attractions whether of person, or taste, or talents, were perfectly irresistible. She was too beautiful and too interesting, to hear with much exultation, the praises of her own charms. On seeing her I experienced the full force of this sentiment, for I found it utterly impossible to bestow praises on her various accomplishments—for the ecstasy itself which we feel in the presence of female beauty, accompanied by mental embellishments, is alone sufficient to paralyse our faculties, and to restrain the freedom of expression. What added greatly to the value and force of her attractions, was her seeming unconsciousness of possessing them. To her personal charms and seductive manners, was superadded an intimate

knowledge of all the intrigues of high life, and refined society. To obtain the means of gratifying her extravagance and her passion for expensive living, she became for some time the mistress of a German nobleman, whom she would at last have ruined, had he not been able to get rid of her by a draft on the banker *Reccamier*, for no less a sum than fifteen thousand francs. Thus the German bade her an everlasting farewell.

Mademoiselle D—s, after her separation from the German nobleman, remained a considerable time without a new lover. In the meantime she contrived to make herself the idol of the new *madè* noblesse of the imperial court. So far from being avaricious in her disposition, she was passionately devoted to expensive pleasures. Her lover, whose means would not permit him to maintain for a long time so expensive a conquest, like an honest and gallant lover, determined that she should not be left unprovided for, after his abandonment. If the wife of her lover may be believed, she had cost him, in the course of fifteen months, no less than one hundred and thirty thousand francs.

He contrived to place her at the head of those artful syrens, who had sold themselves to the secret police. This post was not the least lucrative in the power of the government to bestow.

As the part to be acted on the present occasion, was one which required superior adroitness, and the exercise of much skill and cunning; she was promised that her salary should be increased to an hundred times its stated amount, in case she should secure the important manuscript.

No person in the world could be found better fitted for this undertaking than Mademoiselle D—s. Besides her other accomplishments, she possessed a perfect knowledge of the German language, which she spoke with great ease and fluency.

After receiving her instructions from de M—, she took a passport in the name of Bridget Adelaide Saulnier, representing herself to be a young widow travelling into Germany for her health.

Her secret instructions were as follows:—

“ You will, immediately proceed to Prague in Bohemia. On your arrival, you will secretly obtain a knowledge of the residence of M. Schustler, and all the information in your power respecting

him. Under the pretext of enjoying a pure air necessary to your health, you will express a wish to live in the country, and take your measures so as to obtain lodgings as near as possible to his residence. To effect this object you may pursue any means in your power—spare no expense. The management of the rest is left to your own sagacity and discretion.”

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D——s had no difficulty in obtaining all the information she wished for—and as for obtaining lodgings in the neighbourhood of M. Schustler, accident befriended her beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Within a short distance from the house of M. Schustler, was one, the owner of which had long been desirous to dispose of it. The bargain was soon concluded, and for thirty-two thousand francs, she found herself very comfortably accommodated, and hard by the residence of the man whom it was her business to ensnare and seduce. I will here take occasion to observe, that the detail which follows, was partly obtained from her letters to a confidential female friend, who at present resides with her.

Scarcely was the lovely spy established in the neighbourhood, before an opportunity occurred to commence her operations. Amongst other things she found out, that he was in the habit of going very often to Prague, and she took her measures accordingly. All her domestics consisted of one man and a woman. She bought for her own use, two beautiful horses: and few riders were more dexterous or more skilful than herself, in all the arts of horsemanship.

One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was gone to town, she mounted her horse, and accompanied by her servant, set out with the view of meeting her neighbour, as he should be returning home. As she descried him at a distance, pretending to be overcome with the heat of the weather, she alighted; and reclined on the grassy turf by the road side, with the bridle of her horse dangling on her arm, and her veil artfully drawn over her face. As if alarmed at the noise of the approaching carriage, she suddenly sprung up like one terrified by some unexpected danger. Her horse was actually affrighted, and started back some paces, when the gallant M. Schustler, alarmed for the lady, threw himself from his carriage and ran to her assistance. At this mo-

ment the fair enchantress withdrew her veil, and displayed to the wondering eyes of the German, the most captivating charms. At the sight of so much beauty, he gazed in silent admiration. For some moments he was unable to speak. At length recovering from his surprise—"Pardon me Madam," said he, "If I have undesignedly disturbed your repose. I should regret the accident most sincerely, had it not afforded me the opportunity of beholding your charms, than which, heaven itself, has never produced any thing more lovely."

"What you call disturbing my repose," said the fascinating beauty, "is of no sort of consequence. As to the very civil expressions you have been pleased to use, permit me to observe that you are still young, and that I very well know how to estimate them."

As she said this, she very gracefully re-mounted her horse. The German, afraid of losing sight of her, seized the reins of her horse, and exclaimed:—

"Why will you be so cruel, as thus suddenly, to deprive me of the pleasure of gazing on your charms? If my intrusion is disagreeable to you, I will instantly withdraw: but if you are not reluctant to oblige me, have the goodness to inform me who is the angel whom I have the honour of addressing."

"The *real gentleman*," she replied, "can never permit himself, in any way, to offend an unprotected female. It is very natural you should wish to know who I am. Know then, sir, that I am a French widow, who have occupied for the last two days a mansion in this neighbourhood."

"What, Madam! are you then the purchaser of Mons. J——'s house?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name of the person from whom I bought it."

"Thank heaven! we are near neighbours. From my window I can enjoy the view of your residence. How unfortunate, Madam, that I have not yet had the happiness to visit you!"

"In truth, sir," she replied with a fascinating smile, "the loss of time is not a matter of regret to either of us—for my house is hardly yet furnished. But I will candidly confess that, as in a country residence, nothing is so desirable as respectable society,



and good neighbours, I am gratified by the hope of becoming better acquainted with you." She then saluted her enraptured victim with an enchanting smile, and disappeared.

M. Schustler, was in a transport of joy. He was half frantic with the excess of pleasure, this accident had afforded him, and his confident anticipations of the future happiness he might enjoy in the society of the lovely Saulnier. This was the name contained in her passport, and under this assumed appellation, she was destined in a short time, to make dreadful ravages in the heart of the unsuspecting M. Schustler.

Early the next day, he paid a visit to his captivating neighbour. On seeing him leave his house, she placed herself at her piano; resolved to make use of every stratagem, and all the means of seduction, to secure her prey.

"Madam," said he on entering, "I have once already disturbed your slumbers; do not suffer me now to interrupt your amusements. Yesterday, I was charmed with your beauty, and now the delightful tones which I hear, thrill me with ecstasy."

"Have done with your flattery, neighbour, the manners of the country should be as simple as nature, whose images they should always reflect."

"Nay, madam, do not mistake my honesty for deceit—my soul is unsullied by artifice or falsehood. I always frankly speak what I think, without any disguise; and therefore I cannot now refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart. A few words more, and you shall judge whether an impostor would have acted as I have done. Scarcely four and twenty hours have passed, since I first beheld you; and if any cause whatever should compel me to relinquish the favourable sentiments with which you have inspired me, I hardly know whether I should have fortitude enough to survive the disappointment. And yet I am a father—yes! I am a tender and affectionate father."

As he said this, tears gushed from his eyes. Madam Saulnier, who was resting on her piano, experienced a feeling which was undefinable; for till now, her heart had been a stranger to such emotions. In her perturbation, she knew not how to reply. The language she had heard, and the unaffected sincerity with which it was uttered, produced an agitation in her bosom which

it had never felt before. Her eyes were intently fixed on Mons. Schustler. Never had she seen a man whom she so much admired. Her heart already confessed him the most engaging, and the most accomplished of his sex.

"Come, sir," said she, in a tone of captivating sweetness, "you shall remain and breakfast with me—you have delighted me to an excess, amounting almost to pain. How much do I regret that our acquaintance had not been formed at an earlier period!"

Encouraged by these tender expressions, M. Schustler replied—"Lovely Saulnier! the passion I feel for you needs not to boast of its duration—it is enough that it is irresistibly and for ever fixed in my bosom."

During breakfast, the conversation turned on the delights of friendship. On taking his leave, M. Schustler said to her—"If you are not displeased with the acquaintance of one who feels for you more than a common interest, I will presume, madam, to solicit the happiness of receiving you at my house, at this hour to-morrow."

"Your invitation, sir, is so flattering, and its manner so persuasive, that I cannot refuse to accept it."

Left alone to herself, madam Saulnier began to examine the state of her heart, as regarded her new lover. She did not pretend to resist or to dissemble her feelings. She often said to herself, as she has since acknowledged—"I came hither a treacherous seducer—and lo! I am myself seduced." The change she underwent in consequence of her new attachment, was no less sincere and permanent, than it was sudden. She became ashamed of the part she had been bribed to act, and of the odious commission with which she was charged. "I wish to be contented with myself—I will not, therefore, consent to be the instrument of deceiving this generous and noble-minded man. I will, to-morrow, disclose to him, who I am; and what I have been."

She was received by Mons. Schustler, as if she had been an angel sent from heaven. He presented to her his young daughter, and rapturously exclaimed: "Behold, madam, the child, which before I had seen you, was to me the dearest object on earth.—Hereafter, when I see you together, I shall consider that in you

two, all the blessings of this world are united." Madam Saulnier overwhelmed the child with caresses. It may be supposed they were sincere, for she fondly imagined in the delirium of her feelings, that she was lavishing them on the father. She had fully resolved to open her whole heart to her amiable neighbour, in the evening—but when the moment arrived, her heart failed her. In one of her letters to Paris, she thus expresses herself:

"In the absence of M. Schustler, I feel the courage and intrepidity of a lion, and as if I could freely disclose to him all my failings and all my various intrigues—but in his presence, I am no longer the same creature—my fortitude forsakes me—and I am unable to think of any thing but himself."

For two long months, did our lovers remain in this perplexing state of uncertainty. At length the importunity of Mr. Schustler, produced an *éclaircissement* to this distressing dilemma.—One day, after dinner, having expressed to her in the most animated terms, the sincerity of his passion, he continued—

"If my lovely friend be as free as myself—if her heart own no engagement—and if my person and my fortune are not despised—let her frankly avow her sentiments. If they be propitious to my wishes, she shall in two days become my wife, the mother of my child, and the author of my happiness."

"Before I reply to your generous and honourable proposal, permit me, my dear friend, to unfold to you my whole heart—Are you not afraid of regretting your choice? Do you know who I am?"

"Hold, madam; only suffer me to ask if you are free from any engagement."

"Most assuredly I am; as free as the winds."

"Have you no dislike to my person? May not my young daughter appear to you a troublesome charge?"

"Your daughter a charge! I will be to her the most affectionate of mothers. And as for you, my dear Schustler, I will no longer pretend to conceal my sentiments. I candidly confess that I love you."

"And I," rapturously exclaimed the transported lover, "I adore, I idolize you. In the mean time, I want no further confessions, no more acknowledgments. If what you are about to

say is intended to recommend yourself to my esteem, you may spare yourself the trouble—nothing can make me love you more sincerely than I now do—if, on the contrary, you have been guilty of indiscretions, it will be worse than useless for me now to know them. Nothing can lessen the ardent passion I feel for you.—Thou lovely object of all my wishes—I desired only the confession of one secret—that most precious one has escaped you. I am satisfied.”

Eight days after this, she received the hand of M. Schustler, at the foot of the altar. The commission with which she had been charged by the French government, remained as yet unexecuted. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his arrest, as of a circumstance which had come to her knowledge by mere accident.

“What!” said her husband,—“Have you then heard of my friend’s misfortune? I too, was exposed to the most imminent danger by that cursed business. It was to me he confided the fatal manuscript only a few days before his arrest, but on the first intimation of his seizure, I committed it to the flames.”

His wife made no further inquiries—she immediately wrote to the principal agent concerned in her mission, acquainting him with the circumstances, and assuring him that his imperial majesty might make himself perfectly easy in regard to this affair—she had ascertained that the memorial had been destroyed, and the emperor had nothing to fear.

Under various pretences, she excused herself to her employers for not returning to France; having found, as she said, in Bohemia, a degree of happiness which her own country could not afford her.

Her confidential friend in Paris, who is now blind, and residing with her, was directed to dispose of all the effects of madam Schustler; and she executed her orders with fidelity. It was from this friend that most of the particulars of this singular adventure have been obtained.

Thus was happily terminated an affair, commenced under auspices not the most favourable to the parties concerned,—and thus, a lovely and accomplished woman, who had long regretted her aberrations from the paths of virtue, was restored to the enjoyment of respect and happiness.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—RURAL ECONOMY.

*Horse-rake.*—This is a valuable implement of recent invention. The construction of it is so simple, that any one who has the least mechanical turn, may make it. Into a piece of scantling three by four inches, and twelve feet in length, insert at equal distances, fourteen teeth longitudinally, each of one foot in length. Introduce eight or ten perpendicular pins into the scantling, and attach to it in the centre, two handles resembling those of a plough. The horse is connected by chains, or ropes, fastened to each end of the scantling, uniting at proper distance, by a clevis and swingle-tree. With this instrument, one man will perform, in half the time, the service which ordinarily requires six or eight to accomplish. It is also usefully employed in gleanings grain fields; an average of one bushel per acre, has been ascertained to be the saving, from the experience of several respectable farmers.

*Trench ploughing.* After the soil has been exhausted by several previous crops, the *trench plough* may be used with great success. Indian corn has been much improved by this mode of cultivation, as a substratum of fresh soil is thus introduced to its roots, which enables the smaller fibres to expand more widely.

*Stock.* We are gratified in observing an increased attention among our farmers to the improvement of their stock. It is, however, a subject by no means sufficiently attended to. In England, domestic animals have, by observation and experience, been divided into classes, highly advantageous to that country. Thus, for instance, the horse for the *draught*, and for *speed*—the ox for *labour*, or for the *market*—the varieties of the cow for the *dairy*, and the sheep, as valuable for the *fleece*, or for the *butcher*. With us, however, these niceties are considered as idle notions, and hence we exhibit in our barn-yards, upon our highways, and in our markets, a most incongruous mixture of animals, whether we regard their size, their uses, or their properties.

Our country, it is true, is in its infancy, compared with the nations of Europe; and necessity, that parent of invention, has not yet driven us to the expedients which various causes have conspired to produce in foreign climes. We nevertheless, aspire to become the greatest among the great communities of human

kind, and are pursuing a course that leads to the point, which, when attained, will require an adoption of similar means for support, as those resorted to in the overgrown population of Europe. Why not, then, improve by their experience in season?

*Domestic manufactures.* On this subject we wish to say a word or two. Old fashioned doctrines in this respect, have been elbowed out of sight, by new fangled notions. We are decidedly friendly to domestic manufactures, *strictly speaking*. That is to say, that our honest farmers' sons, should sow flax and shear wool, and prepare it for the wheel, and their innocent daughters make it fit for the loom; when the homespun fabric is brought from the weavers, let the whole family be clad with so honourable a badge of their own industry. We should rejoice to witness this in every farm-house in the union. But alas! what is the *modern meaning* of "*domestic manufactures?*" In a few plain words it is this—some half a dozen disinterested gentlemen lay their *heads* and their *furses* together, and get up a great scheme for making cloth, and *for making money*. In their own conceit,—and they would fain have every body believe it—they are the only real patriots in the nation, they have set about making the union completely independent. In consideration, however, of all this kindness, they call upon the government to "*protect them,*" by assessing such duties upon foreign fabrics, as will enable them to pocket a huge profit, at the expense of the community. But this is an atom only of the evil inflicted on society, when compared with the *moral* and *physical* mischiefs which manufacturing systems are calculated to visit upon the country. We shall not attempt to draw the picture\*—look at the manufactures of Birmingham and Manchester—behold her Leeds and Spitalfields! You will witness there the cemeteries of virtue and manly vigor. They are the depots of ignorance, and the hot-beds of rebellion.

To the husbandmen of this happy land, we would affectionately address the scriptural exhortation—"Come out from among them and be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing."

*Method of preserving wood from the effects of the weather.* Take three parts of air slacked lime, two parts of wood ashes, and one part of fine sand; sift the whole, and add as much linseed oil as is necessary to form a mass that can be laid on with a paint

\* See Espriella's Letters. Lett. xxxiii.

brush. To make this mixture perfect and more durable, it will be well to grind it on a marble. Two coats of it are all that are necessary; the first should be rather light, but the second must be put on as thick as the brush will permit. This composition well prepared is impenetrable to water; resists both the influence of the weather, and the action of the sun, which hardens it and makes it more durable. The government of France has ordered that all gun carriages should be washed with this composition.

*Annales des Arts, &c.*

*Wine prospects.* It is with much satisfaction that we communicate to our distant readers, that the vineyards in the vicinity have never offered brighter prospects of rewarding the labourers of the vine dressers than they do at this time, while the crops of corn are uncommonly promising. The vineyards offer to the view such profusion of fruit, as to nourish in us the hope of a most exuberant vintage this fall, which will handsomely compensate the vine dressers for the partial failure of that of the last year. Upon reflecting on the immense advantages that would result to society, as well as to the individuals who would engage in it, should this branch of agriculture become general on the banks and hillocks of the Ohio; we are astonished that the example set by the Swiss settlers in this neighbourhood, is not generally followed by the inhabitants of the borders of this beautiful river. The valley through which the Ohio runs, is capable of being made to produce as much wine as would suffice for the consumption of the United States. What a happy effect on the morals of society would not be produced, if wine could be substituted for the poisonous beverages which impair the health of, besot, and demoralise the American people? What immense numbers of families might, like these few sons of Helvetia who have planted the vine here, find "health and peace, and sweet content," on the shores of the great Ohio, if they would make it their business to cultivate the vine.

*Vevay Register.*

*Experiments in irrigation, by the help of a cotton or woollen syphon.*

Some years ago, during a dry summer in Virginia, I was led, from observations on the parching effect of the usual mode of watering plants with a watering pot, to consider the principle of its operation upon the earth and plants relatively in a vegeta-

tive state. I observed that, when this method was used about sunset, it had generally (but not always) a good effect in most kinds of soil, and produced a pleasant dew upon the leaves on the following morning; but, if the watering pot was too freely used during the mid-day heat, or even in the morning, it caused the earth to parch, and checked the progress of vegetation, until an annihilation of the vital principle was effected.

From an extension of this remark upon the larger scale of agriculture which is afforded in the process of cultivating *maize*, or Indian corn, I am persuaded that, after plants in general have attained to a permanent radification, it is best to work the ground frequently, whether the weather be wet or dry; and (except in the case of tobacco, and such other plants as we expect profit from through the curable condition of the leaf) I think a continual working of the ground will be found a better assurance for the corps than watering.

I was satisfied, however, that the best modes of supplying a deficiency of rain were not yet discovered. The difficulty is, how we may best be enabled to supply the regular demands of vegetative succession through a drouthy season, with a justly proportioned substitute for the evaporated moisture of the earth by which it would otherwise have been succoured.

Hence (water being the natural element assigned to this purpose in its simple state) I had recourse to the experiment of a syphon, as described in Fig. 1. of the plates annexed.

I selected two water melon vines near each other, in soil of the same appearance; one of them being considerably more flourishing than the other. I made my experiment upon the declining vine, by twisting gently a cotton syphon made of candlewick, proportioned to the stem of the plant; I then elevated a pot of water above the surface of the ground, covering it from the vehement heat of the sun with a piece of plank. Having then wetted my cotton syphon in order to communicate motion to the fluid upon the fountain principle, I tied a small stone to one end, as a weight to sink it when immersed in the water; and dropping this

Fig. 1.





into the pot, I passed the other end down into the earth, by scratching the mould gently away from the root, and giving the syphon a spiral direction round it covered lightly with the replaced mould.

In a short time the earth became moderately moistened a few inches round the root of the plant, in which condition it continued through the heat of the day without parching, or scalding; the syphon supplied the demand of the plant (and no more), a cool succession took place through the effects of evaporation; and in a few days the vine became flourishing, and outgrew its neighbour.

I have repeatedly tried this experiment with good effect, and think it at least capable of extension in a garden or nursery, by placing troughs the whole length of a bed, as represented in Fig 2.

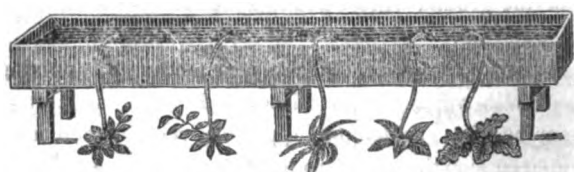


Fig. 2.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

Fig. 1. An earthen jar containing water, placed on a bench for the purpose of elevating the water, above the ground containing the plant, so as to obtain a fountain head. A twisted rope, made of wool or cotton, acts as a syphon conveying water to the plant in proportion to its demand.

Fig. 2 differs only from the above in the substitution of a trough proportioned to the length of the bed, in lieu of the jar used for a single syphon.

Having by this means persuaded myself that I am right in respect to the philosophical principle, it comes to be considered whether there are any, and by what means the best plans may be adopted for rendering this experiment more general, and obtaining a greater number and variety of results from divers soils and climates; and it seems to be an interesting point of inquiry (beyond a mere horticultural application) whether this auxiliary principle may not be extended, in some shape or other, to an ag-

ricultural benefit in the modification of harsh and thirsty lands on the more extensive scale of husbandry?

The scheme which has presented itself to my imagination, but which I have never had an opportunity of reducing to practice, is, to obtain, in the first place, a command of water upon the best elevated level which the ground presents; and, pursuing this level as far as possible with what may, perhaps, properly be termed a head-land ditch, which should be as nearly stagnant as the circulation of fluid will permit. I think one end of a straw rope, proportioned to the design, might be immersed in the water after the manner of my experiment, and the other be spun out to the length of the respective lands which they were intended to irrigate, being conducted along the ridge, or highest part thereof, by means of a ploughed trench, so that the moisture might spread itself each way by descent into the furrows, and without the risk of forming *gullies*, which frequently happens in red lands, as is too generally proved in America, where the lands are but partly coated with grass, and where they are subject to sudden heavy showers and washing torrents.

This method can, in any event, do no mischief; but it is sure to answer one good end in the quality of manure: for, when a straw rope is once intrenched for the purposes of irrigation, it cannot possibly be converted to a better use than to let it rot in the earth for a manure.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,  
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:  
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,  
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.  
And often where no real ills affright,  
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,  
Assail with equal or superior might,  
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,  
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain."

*Beattie.*

ONE of the most delightful moments, perhaps, that we are permitted to enjoy, is that in which we find ourselves, after an arduous pursuit, on the eve of possessing the object of our wish—

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es. The dangers, the difficulties, and the disappointments that we have experienced, appear to us then only as the impressions of a dream, and we smile at the apprehensions they have excited. It is not until then that we discover how much our former unhappiness has been magnified by fear, and distorted by fancy. We have been deprived for a short time of rest and refreshment, we have been agitated by a phantom of the brain, or exhausted by feverish visions, and we now enjoy, with double pleasure, a moment of repose.

There is an impatient spirit natural to the human heart, that spurns control, frets under misfortune, and despises alike the sober voice of reason, and the soothing accents of benevolence. The heart filled with indignation, or wrung with anguish, from a real or fancied evil, loses that charitable pulse which is its dearest ornament, and imbibes a bitterness that poisons and destroys its noblest feelings. The world and its vanities seem then but as a great show, where the buffoon is the most important character; or as a modern play, in which libertines and banditti are honourable men. If this spirit could be conquered—if we could investigate dispassionately our own situations, beat up the thickets around us and discover our companions in misery, few of us would find much cause of complaint.—But we are too apt to cherish illusions, and to look with distrust and jealousy upon facts and experience. Imagination, which, when properly controlled, is a most delightful and instructive companion, becomes thus a treacherous and insidious foe.

There is also a feeling of injured pride which disquiets the mind of the unfortunate. The man who sees the companions of his boyhood, his equals in rank, and perhaps his inferiors in talent, rising into opulence and distinction, while he is sinking to the opposite extreme, is apt to conceive that comparisons may be drawn injurious to himself; for if the chances of fate and fortune are thrown out of the question, why is one man raised above another, but because his faculties are better or more properly exerted.—Thus he continually fancies that he is blamed for the want of acuteness or energy; and dreads to meet the eye of a friend, lest he should find ridicule, reproach, or insolence, where he is entitled to kindness and encouragement. It is thus, by making a d-

versity a disgrace, that we clothe it in fictitious terrors a thousand times more hideous than its natural deformity. The opinion of the world, the fear of its censure, and the knowledge of its malignity, "makes countless thousands mourn." It is from this feeling that he who loses his fortune, or fails in a favourite speculation, often feels a keener anguish, than one who has been bereaved of his choicest friend or dearest relative. The first, is ever calling to mind the means by which his misfortune might have been averted; and fancies he sees in every smile that greets him, the triumph or the sneer, of a more successful rival. He may know his conduct to have been correct—but he believes himself to be the object of censure, or what is worse, of ridicule, from which there is no shield. The other, whose bereavement is much greater, feels a melancholy sentiment of regret;—but his pride is untouched, his honour or capacity is unimpeached, no bad passion is roused, no jealous feeling excited. The hand of Providence has afflicted him without his own agency, and there is a sacredness in his wo, that every good man honours, every bad one must respect.

But, while we deprecate the indulgence of useless regret, or fastidious suspicion, we must confess, that they are too often justified by the fashions and opinions of the world. The insolence of wealth, and the impertinence of wisdom, are too often severely felt by those, who, in losing the one, are supposed to have forfeited all claim to the other. All the world allows honesty to be a virtue when combined with opulence,—but how many are there who give it no praise when it is clad in the humble garb of poverty! Cunning is despised, and hypocrisy execrated, in theory, but the man who wants the one, or neglects to practise the other, is ridiculed as visionary and puritanical. When a man descends from opulence to poverty, it is seldom inquired how the change has been effected—he had money, and has lost it—therefore, he is called imprudent—or when a man has toiled for years without amassing wealth, his exertions are ridiculed, and his plain dealing is styled improvidence. Thus the merchant, whose honesty or munificence have reduced him to bankruptcy; the statesman who is ruined by his adherence to an independent policy; or the soldier who preserves his honour better than his purse, are placed exactly

on a level with the gambler, who stakes his fortune upon the turning of a card, the profligate who wastes, or the glutton who devours it.

Some author has said, "look at those whom the world call *unfortunate*, and you will find they were *unwise*." It is by such sayings, invented by cunning, and supported by ignorance and malice, that poverty has become a disgrace, and misfortune a dishonour. But this prudential maxim is far from being correct, for there are many, very many indeed, who, from the cradle to the grave, are pursued by the most rancorous ill-fortune, without having deserved the imputation of folly. Who is it that dispenses good and evil? Has not He declared, that whom he *loves* he chastens? But suppose them guilty of folly:—it is a venial sin. The follies that produce adversity, generally "lean to virtue's side;" while the arts which lead to prosperity, are too often closely allied with vice. It seems, however, to afford great satisfaction to those who have never felt the sting of disappointment, or the anguish of "hope deferred," to stigmatise, in others, with the name of indiscretion, that which is the effect of the unalterable decrees of Providence. If this apothegm was true, we should find the wise, the ingenious, and the virtuous prosper, and the knave and fool unthrifty—but the fact is not so,—and fools and knaves thrive where better men must beg.

But in the loss of wealth alone, there is nothing which should produce this keenness of disappointment, or malevolence of ridicule. In the change from affluence to poverty, we lose nothing to which we had an inherent right, but merely restore to society, that which we had appropriated from the common stock to our own exclusive advantage. It is to be valued and regretted merely as the means of subsistence, of benevolence, or of luxury, and not as the badge or criterion of superiority.

But adversity, however painful, is not without benefit—every difficulty that we experience, produces some ultimate advantage. Under every rose is a latent thorn, which only inflicts a pain when we grasp with too much eagerness the object of admiration.—The luxurious passions of youth, nourished by opulence and enjoyment, increase to a vigour and rankness, which renders depletion necessary. It is like the chastening of a fond parent,

which excites but little corporeal pain, while it imprints a deep impression on the mind. We are taught to love the hand that has afflicted us for a moment, to make us eventually happy. By misfortune, pride is humbled by showing its possessor that he is not exempt from the evils to which the highest as well as the lowest are subject; and self-love, by teaching him that his sagacity and foresight were not infallible. By adversity, the passions, though at first roused, are ultimately corrected, and they subside into dignity and firmness. In adversity we discover our enemies, and prove our pretended friends; the former, no longer fearful, exchange insidious policy for open malice; and the cringing hypocrisy of the latter, is replaced by cold civility, or courteous insolence. It is then that a man discovers that his enemies are "those of his own household," and finds that "his familiar friend hath lifted up his heel against him." It is then he learns to know his real friend;—when he finds a manly arm extended with generous enthusiasm to support the "weary laden,"—or a tender bosom glowing with unaltered affection, offering a pillow to the child of sorrow, and lulling his passions and his cares to rest.

ORLANDO.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF THE AMERICAN TERRITORIES.

IN our Journal, for September, 1816, we gave some general observations on the soil and climate of the United States, with remarks on the manners of the people. Political rancour fastened upon a few abstract speculations, incidentally introduced into that paper; and a certain writer, by a process of reasoning which he admitted to be "uncandid," endeavoured to impute to the editor, opinions which he had not maintained. It was the main object of our article to give information to foreigners, who wish to emigrate to this country. So far, this zealous patriot, suffered us to pass unquestioned, and, as we did not choose to submit our political creed to *his* inquisition, his animadversions received no attention from us.

The subsequent letters enable us to fill up some parts of our outline, and we should feel much obliged to gentlemen of practical

experience for any further information respecting the resources and strength of the country. Owners of soil who are endeavouring to procure settlers and purchasers for their wild lands, may be induced to regard this request with some attention; when we inform them that this journal is regularly published in London, shortly after its appearance in this city—and that an English gentleman who was about to emigrate to this country, and who saw our number for June, 1816, resolved not to decide upon any spot for an investment of his funds, until he had travelled through Tusquehannah county. It would afford us great satisfaction to be able to impart any information to the strangers, who are daily visiting our shores, in search of a resting place. Philanthropy points to the widows and orphans who have been deprived of the comforts of home by the quarrels of the world, and who now seek an asylum for distress, and a relief from oppression. Let us then prepare our fruitful fields and offer them the protection of a government of equal rights and equal laws.

*Dear Sir.*—In answer to your inquiries respecting the commercial towns already located in the territory of Alabama, as well as the most eligible sites for such as have not yet been established, I submit the following view, with such observations as appertain to the subject.

The town of Mobile is situated on a low sandy pine-plain on the west bank of the west mouth of Mobile river, within one mile of the bay. It was founded by the French upwards of one hundred years ago, and is older than New Orleans. Its population does not exceed eight hundred souls, inhabiting one hundred and twenty tenements, of very inferior size, and nearly all of an ancient Gothic appearance. The inhabitants of Mobile are of various descriptions:—About five hundred are people of colour, of every shade, who are generally free and possessed of real estate, &c. The balance are whites, of a heterogeneous character.

The manners and customs of the French and Spaniards at present appear to prevail. There is no house of public worship there, except a small Roman chapel, in which a Spanish priest, of a subordinate grade, occasionally says mass.

The trade of Mobile is very inconsiderable; but is increasing as the upper country settles. There are at present about fifteen dry-good stores, and a few groceries. The want of good fresh water in Mobile is a serious inconvenience and disadvantage to that place. Nearly all the potable water used there for six months in the year, is drawn by wagons, &c. in kegs and barrels from a creek three miles west of the town. During the winter the river affords wholesome water for every use. It is, however, I believe, in contemplation to have water conducted into town, by aqueducts, from a branch of the above named creek, whose fountain is said to admit of it, about four miles from Mobile. With respect to the facilities of ship navigation to Mobile, they are not so great as could be desired. Although Mobile bay admits vessels of twenty feet draught, and those of fifteen can as-

ceed within ten miles of its head; yet those over twelve feet cannot enter the mouths of Mobile river. Owing to the shoalness of the shores of the Bay, no town can be erected below the outlets of the river; consequently the seaport for the Alabama Territory must inevitably be on the river; and on account of the extreme crookedness of the rivers, and the impossibility of ascending them, with practical economy, with Atlantic shipping, the emporium of trade upon these waters will forever be confined to the head of Mobile bay. Whether the town of Mobile is to become the great commercial city, which appears to be about rising up at the outlet of the extensive and interesting waters of Tombigbee and Alabama, or some other place, time will soon determine. However *respectable* the town of Mobile has become by its great age, the Americans, who are emigrating to that country, seem generally to turn their attention to a new town laid out, in pursuance of an act of the Territorial Legislature, on the east channel of Mobile river. This place is styled in the law the "*Town of Blakeley*." It lies six miles north of Mobile bay on the east margin of the main direct ship channel of Mobile river; which, from near Fort Stoddert down to the bay, is denominated "Tensa." This channel sub-divides in front of Blakeley, and its principal mouth runs south-westerly to near the centre of the head of the bay, where it forms a junction with Spanish river, (which is the main channel into Mobile,) and both make one common channel over the bar, 12 feet deep at high water, and ten at low water—there being but two feet flow of tide ordinarily; and but one flood and one ebb in 24 hours in Mobile bay. The other four mouths of Mobile river have not more than 8 or 9 feet at high water on their bars. Vessels drawing more than 8 feet water must pass up Spanish river—which is the third mouth from the high land—and double an island six miles north of Mobile, and then, with a northerly wind, drop down to town. Vessels of the same draft pass *directly* from the sea into the port of Blakeley, without the least delay. The harbour of Blakeley is spacious, convenient, and secure; having bold shores on all sides, and entirely land-locked close in. The high lands on which the town stands, shield the shipping entirely from all easterly and southerly gales, which are the only dangerous winds in Mobile bay.

The town of Blakeley is regularly laid out, with streets 99 feet wide, running at right angles, east and west, north and south. It is situated upon two general benches of land;—the one in front on the river (300 feet from the margin) is 25 feet in height above tide-water; then about one quarter of a mile back the ground rises gradually for half a mile, till it gains an elevation above the level of the sea of one hundred feet—thence a beautiful plain for nearly a mile, when the land rises into a ridge of two hundred and fifty feet above high water mark.

No town in the United States is better supplied with fresh water, than Blakeley. A great multitude of never-failing copious springs of the purest water issue from the high table of land within the plat of the town, as well as from the high ridge in its rear. So that however extensive the town may become in process of time, all parts may, by means of aqueducts, be accommodated with a plenty of the best of water. Such a privilege is rarely to be realized in seaports, especially in so warm a climate as that on the coast of Florida. The numerous groves of majestic live oaks, interspersed over the site of Blakeley, will, with judicious reservations of such as fall within the streets, not only become a great ornament to the town, but be a source of much comfort to the inhabitants during the influence of an almost vertical sun. This promising town is rapidly improving. Some of the principal merchants at Mobile, and also several mercantile gentlemen from New-York, Boston, New-Orleans, and elsewhere, have recently purchased



lots of the original proprietors, and are now erecting suitable ware-houses, stores, and dwelling-houses in Blakeley, preparatory to extensive business there in the fall. There is, at present, a great competition between the proprietors of Blakeley and Mobile. Which town is to take the lead in trade is at present unknown. It will depend much upon the force of capital, and the description of people, who are not yet settled in either town. For the capital there now is very inconsiderable, and the population small. St. Stephens is a flourishing place, and promises to become a town of considerable importance. It is situated on the west bank of the river Tombigbee, about one hundred miles from Mobile by land, and much farther by water. Though this place is marked on many maps as the head of tide water, still the effect of the tide is never perceptible, except when the river is at its lowest stage, during dry weather. No river can, however, be better adapted to large barge and steam-boat navigation, not only to St. Stephens, but at least four hundred miles above there. This town has at present more trade than the town of Mobile. A few miles above St. Stephens there is a shoal across the bed of the river, when it is very low; but the obstruction is a soft chalky stone, which can, with a small expense, be shaped so as to turn all the water into one channel, and render it passable at all seasons with five feet water,

At the falls of the Blackwarrior, (the east branch of Tombigbee,) a very flourishing town, in all probability, will ere long be erected. This place being the natural head of boat navigation on that river, in the heart of a fertile country, and being already a village of some trade, no doubt can be entertained of its immediate prosperity. The lands, however, are not yet surveyed, and it is uncertain, therefore, when they will be in market. It may be remarked that merchandise destined to Huntsville in Madison county, (A. T.) passes from that place over land to Tennessee river. I think these falls are 300 miles by water from St. Stephens. On the main Tombigbee no place is yet located for a town as I recollect.

At fort Claiborne, on the Alabama river, 100 miles from Mobile by land, and 40 miles east of St. Stephens, a considerable village has been made since the war, where there is a brisk retail trade to the settlement in its vicinity. It lies on the east side of the river, on very elevated ground, called the Alabama heights.

The town of Jackson lies on the east side of the Tombigbee, ten miles below St. Stephens, near what is called Bassett's Creek. It is regularly laid out and incorporated; has 8 or 10 stores, and is a handsome place, and well watered.

At the falls of Cahaba river, which runs into Alabama, nearly 100 miles north of fort Claiborne from the north-west, and is a fellow to the Blackwarrior, a town of some importance will probably be established when the lands are sold. Boats ascend to this place with facility, except in dry times. Considerable settlements are making on this river.

At the mouth of this river, or in its vicinity, an important town will, undoubtedly, soon be located. The lands are now selling at Milledgeville in Georgia; and the most extensive body of good land lies east of Alabama and about this place of any part of the Creek cession.

It has been thought by many that a large town would forthwith spring up at fort Jackson in the fork of Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers; but, as the Indian boundary is within ten miles of that place, in my opinion it will not be the case, till the United States acquire the lands up those rivers. Fort Jackson is 500 miles from Mobile by the meanders of the river, and good barge navigation extends to that place at all seasons.

It is impossible to foresee where every flourishing inland town is to be permanent in a new country; so much depends on the effect of capital, and leading roads where head of navigation does not settle the question. Great speculations are constantly agitating the minds of the adventurers with regard to the location of towns, and every discerning prudent man will calculate for himself on this subject.

Huntsville, in Madison county, and now in the Alabama Territory, is a very prosperous inland town: it lies north of the Great Bend of Tennessee river, near the 35th degree of latitude, or south line of the state of Tennessee. The extensive bodies of land of the first quality, which surround it, will ensure its permanent prosperity. Its population was, according to a census taken last year, 14,200 souls, 10,000 of whom were whites. Madison county is twenty-three miles square, has been settled but ten or twelve years, and as I have been informed, raised last year 10,000 bales of cotton. Huntsville has upwards of thirty stores in it. The planters in the county have become wealthy by their own industry in a few years, in the worst of times. Though slavery is tolerated in the Alabama Territory, there are but few slaves in Madison county; their cotton is chiefly raised by the whites, which is a proof that this valuable staple of our country can be raised in abundance without the labour of slaves.

The purchase from the Chickasaw Indians, last fall, of territory sufficient for six counties as large as Madison, each, which lies on both sides of Tennessee river, about the Muscle Shoals, opens another great field for enterprising people of all descriptions. This extensive body of land lies within Alabama Territory. The trade, not only of the north part of our territory will pass into the waters of Mobile, but East Tennessee too will find it her interest to turn her trade into the same channel.

The navigation of the Muscle Shoals is dangerous, and New-Orleans too remote for reciprocal dealing, to advantage. Considerable merchandise has already passed into Huntsville, by way of Mobile, and the falls of the Blackwarrior, on much better terms than by the former routes.

Considering the great extent of the territory of Alabama—the vast bodies of fertile lands every few months coming into market, the principal part of which will be purchased at two dollars per acre, in a country too, which is congenial to the culture of one of the most valuable staples the planter can raise—privileged with three noble rivers, of extensive, easy and safe navigation—blessed also with one of the most delightful climates in the world—where the delicious products of the vine and olive are about to flow in abundance within its borders—I say, with all these privileges and luxurious bounties of nature, which are not mere creatures of fancy, but substantial realities, who is not ready to exclaim that the Alabama is an American Canaan!

Respectfully, your most obedient.

SAMUEL HAINES.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM AN ENLIGHTENED FRENCH EMIGRANT.

*The Arkansas Post, 25th March, 1817.*

It would be too formidable a task to attempt to give you extracts from my notes on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the river Volt, the St. Francis, and the White river, which afford no position suitable for a large settlement; but from what I have myself seen here, and from every information which I receive, I feel assured that I shall find on the borders of this river all that we can desire. The higher you ascend the long river Arkansas, the

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more picturesque and fertile is the country, particularly that part of it lying on the right bank, which belongs to the Indians, who feel the greatest attachment for the French, and the strongest desire that they would form a settlement near them; styling them their Great Fathers, and characterising them by the remark that they are as good as Indians. It is confidently asserted that government is at this moment negotiating the purchase of a considerable portion of this immense territory, which has only two or three hundred families for sovereigns, legitimate proprietors of a country extending three hundred miles in length, and two hundred in breadth. If this purchase should be made, it might be practicable, after having obtained the left bank, to induce a cession of the right also, which would be very advantageous. I have been obliged to remain at the Post of the Arkansas, on account of the rising of the river, and the difficulty of procuring a light boat to ascend in; but this week's delay has not been lost. I have visited a great proportion of the lands situated between White river, the St. Francis and the Arkansas, and have seen immense prairies. The largest is nearly one hundred miles in circumference, its soil of middling quality. The smaller, which is a Spanish cession not yet confirmed, would be extremely desirable for any one who could stock it with two thousand head of cattle, but would not be suitable for a colony. Nearly all the inhabitants of the Arkansas post and its environs, are French; many of them very amiable and sociable. All unite in wishing for us as neighbours, unless it be a few who live by hunting and trading; but the greater part have given up this mode of life for the cultivation of the land. More than one hundred families have within very few years, established themselves here as *squatters* at one hundred and fifty, two hundred, and even three hundred miles from this post, on the beautiful banks of the Arkansas. There the lands are of an admirable fertility for the production of cotton, tobacco, indigo, rice, maize, vines, fruits, and vegetables. This is, without doubt, the most beautiful and agreeable part of the United States, both in point of temperature of climate and fertility of soil. Nothing is wanting in this delightful portion of your happy country, but useful and industrious hands, and intelligent heads to render it the most flourishing of your immense possessions. All the riches of nature abound in profusion. The mountains contain nitre, allum, salt, vitriol, lead, copper, iron, silver, limestone, mill stone quarries, fuller's earth, chrystal, good clay for delft ware, and sand for glassware.

Vegetation is gigantic; the cypress, the cedar, the white oak, the plum tree, the cherry, the sassafras, the mulberry for silk worm, and above all, the *indigenous olive* flourish here. I do not know if this beautiful tree, which rises to the height of one hundred feet, and whose fruit I have seen, will produce oil equal to that of Provence; but I am confident it will answer well for the manufacturing of soap, the tanning of leather, for burning, &c. &c. I believe this discovery is my own, and that it will be a valuable acquisition to the country. I think, also, that the olive of Europe would most assuredly succeed here. Madder, indigo, peacock, fit for dying red, the yellow tree, the gum tree, which yields a rosin highly aromatic, the lemon tree, which produces an excellent lemon, &c. all flourish here with care or culture. I cannot enumerate all the varieties of the vine, among which are the prune grape, which the Indians call Focco, the mountain grape, ripe in June, the red, the black, the white, the violet, &c.—This, my dear sir, is the vast and natural nursery of *Bacchus*.

I have devised a very simple and economical mode of speedily obtaining good grapes from the wild vines. It is to cut down an adjacent tree, on which I incline the vine, taking care not to injure its stem, removing

all unnecessary foilage from around it to free it from shade, and pruning it on the prostrate tree, which serves as a prop for it. There are large districts in which almost every tree supports two or three enormous vines. Your northern country is the Arabia Petrea of America; and your vegetation stunted when compared with this. Here are many trees growing more than two hundred feet high. What a beautiful country, if it could be secured from inundation! I tire every one I meet with my questions, and every day I learn something new and useful. My zeal and ardour do not abate; too happy if my privations and exertions prove beneficial to my companions in misfortune.

A manufactory of shamois leather, and a tannery establishment here, would speedily insure an independence. Fine buffalo skins, whose hair would make excellent matrasses, &c., could be purchased at seventy-five cents each. A cruel war is carried on against these poor animals, solely for their fat. The flesh is more delicate than that of our best oxen. Fish are caught, game killed, and wild fruits procured without difficulty: and vegetables of every kind succeed well.

I have left the advance guard of the colony on the banks of the Ohio. The patriarch \*\*\*\*\*, abandons his retreat to accompany us. The inhabitants of New Madrid and those of this post, wish to sit down beside us; but I do not think that we ought to make a very extensive purchase, unless we were assured of obtaining from government a protracted term for payment. Good cultivation will afford greater profits than speculating on the re-sale of the land, on account of the great extent of country to be sold on the borders of the Arkansas, when the surveying of it shall be completed.

A mail has been established this year between this post and St. Louis, and another is much wished for from hence to Washita: but it is absolutely necessary that there should be a warehouse at the mouth of the river, on the banks of the Mississippi, for the loading and unloading of steam boats and sloops, and the housing of merchandize, &c. A Frenchman, resident here, who is warmly attached to the interests of the Arkansas settlement, has in contemplation to undertake this establishment on the Indian territory. You may go down from this to New Orleans in ten or twelve days; thirty-five or forty are necessary for the ascent in a keel boat. I have never seen any river whose navigation is equal to that of the Arkansas. It can be ascended in a loaded boat at the rate of three hundred miles in twelve days. With scarcely any other expense than that of horses, there might be relays established on the banks, by which means boats might be drawn up as fast as the mail travels. The shallows are hard bottom, wide, and naturally kept clear by the current. There are neither rapids nor dangerous rocks. The river is as beautiful as the Seine, and only wants a Rouen or a Paris in miniature. I find myself left to complete my operation alone. Five months have I been wandering in the woods, and do not think I shall have completed my researches before the middle of May. It is not enough merely to cast the eye over a vast territory; it is necessary to explore and examine it; to compare one part with another, and note all its advantages. The society have required of me a salubrious climate, a fertile soil, and navigable water. This desirable union is not easily found assembled; but I feel, however, confident of meeting with them on the banks of this river, if my health and strength do but continue. I assure you that I encounter much fatigue and many thorns. I have just written to general \*\*\*\*\* to urge him to come and pass the summer on the delightful Arkansas mountains, and escape from mosquitoes and the yellow fever. Every one enjoys health here.

There are already fourteen or fifteen hundred squatters on the borders of this river; the greater part of whom have given up hunting and trading for the cultivation of rich lands whose products are certain, and the necessary labour peaceful and without danger. The wise man who wishes to live independent and tranquil, free from the shackles of sophisticated society, may enjoy here full and complete satisfaction. Agriculture, the chase, fishing, and the pleasures of a well provided table will amply compensate him for the absence of the too often perfidious attentions of the shining cit. Those who have played a distinguished part in life retain their greatness in solitude, but lose it on the pavements. Adieu, my dear friend. I could write you a full volume; but I dread the task, and fear you will be scarcely able to read my scrawl. My hands are only suited to the plough, and to it I destine them for the remainder of my life. "*Ubi libertas, ibi Patria.*" My best respects to the illustrious exiles. Tell them, I beg you, that they cannot better place the wreck of their fortunes than here. With five or six thousand dollars and discretion, a respectable beginning can be made, life be enjoyed, and independence secured. With courage and perseverance, we shall speedily attain a fortune, rely upon it. Tell our friend Anacreon \*\*\*\*\* not to bury himself in the snows of the St. Lawrence; let him transport his talents and chemical apparatus here, and we will keep a continued jubilee. Here is a country ignorant of arts, and rather one that calls out aloud for them. Did I not dread writing, I could sketch him scenes, in blooming colours. Be kind enough to communicate to him my long epistle. Apropos; there is scarcely any winter in this country. We are already in the midst of spring. Frost is seen but five or six times during winter, and the heat is said not to be so great as at Philadelphia. The cultivation of cotton, the manufacturing of oil and soap, and attention to the vine, are sure of obtaining independence here. One man can cultivate six acres of land—when cleared, the acre yields one thousand to twelve hundred pounds of cotton in the pod, and three hundred pounds picked. The nett produce of the acre may be estimated at \$50. Children can be employed to gather it, and men be very profitably engaged in making oil, soap, brandy and staves, which sell for \$50 the thousand at New Orleans. Sufficient for their support may be easily raised, and the food for the cattle costs nothing, which is a very great advantage.

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### CONDITION OF THE POOR.

THOSE who have been engaged in large manufactories, have, probably, had the best opportunities of observing the poor in gross. Individual benevolence is applied only in detail, and more particularly to the meritorious poor; to those who have habits of cleanliness, order and probity; to those who acquired such habits under the roof or protection of independent families; to those who are, to a certain degree, civilized, and who look forward with something like ambition to the improvement of their own situation. But the manufacturer has to deal with the average poor; with the spendthrift and the sparethrift, with the young and the

old, with the single and the married, with the jobber and the journeyman, with the libertine and the drunkard, the ignorant and the religious, the ill paid and the well paid. If to local observation, and to inquiry not negligent, some weight may be assigned, the manufacturers find that the poorest of the poor are in all their habits the least prudent, and the least virtuous. Cleanliness requires time, which those, whose earnings are small, cannot afford. Honesty is superinduced by appropriating early to children their playthings and their clothes individually, and by enforcing from each a rigid respect for the little appurtenances of the brother and the sister. Extreme poverty compels frequent encroachment. The father's watch, or the mother's cloak, must be carried to the pawn-broker; and this is done by stealth, and in their absence. The clothes of two must be employed upon the one, who is this Sunday to be led to church. The gift of a week of plenty, must be sold in a week of scarcity, for bread for the little ones. Hence all learn to enjoy and consume what they have, while it lasts, without forethought; and when they want, learn to encroach, without remorse, on the right of another. Instruction is purchased when work is plentiful; and the children are sent to those evening schools, where reading, writing, and cyphering are taught for sixpence a week; but instruction ceases with income, and poverty's inexorable bar shuts out even the chance of advancement. Religious instruction again is pursued when work is plentiful; when a decent appearance can be made at church, when a mite can be thrown in the bag, which solicits the contribution of charity. Frugality, providing against the morrow, or the impending morrow and winter of sickness and of age, can only be practised where more is earned than is sufficient for to day. Enrich then the poor. Their virtues usually follow in the exact order and degree of their habitual earnings. Be it observed, however, that profuse uncertain earnings do not produce so beneficial an effect on the character, as less considerable regular earnings. He who undertakes task-work, who contracts for a whole job, or works by the piece, although he will work harder, is seldom a man of so provident a character, as he who is paid by the day, or the week, or the month, or the year. In proportion to the reliance on the continuance of the prosperity is the care to enjoy it with modera-

tion. Sailors and soldiers are improvident for the same reasons as jobbers in a manufactory: providers, clerks, house-servants, are orderly, cleanly, provident. Almost every man will gladly forego a great many pleasures of the senses, such as intoxication and the like, in order to come at the pleasures of opinion, which a neat room and a neat garment confer. But to be decently dressed and lodged is only valuable if it can be continual: the mortification incurred by the cessation prevents those from beginning who cannot hope to grow: so that the preference of debauch to respectability is itself only the prudence of misery, the calculated choice of despairing penury, the natural behaviour of the poorest of the poor.

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### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL MORGAN.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN looking over the life of general Morgan, published in the Port Folio in the year 1814, I found the following observations, relating to a medal presented to that officer:

"We would merely observe, that in our opinion, those honoured by their country by such testimonials of national gratitude, would do well to deposit them in the archives of some public institution. The testimonial is there preserved, not liable to casualty, or to fall into the hands of some ignorant administrator or executor, who is insensible of its value, and would willingly exchange it for an eagle."

"We would ask, what has now become of the medal granted to Morgan?"

For the information of the writer of that article, I take the liberty of stating that the medal which was granted to general Morgan is now in the possession of his grandson Morgan Neville, Esq. of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; a gentleman capable of appreciating its *real* value, and of transmitting it unsullied to his posterity. In reply to another part of these remarks, I would ask what are the objects of these "testimonials of public gratitude?" To reward merit and to excite emulation. Who then so proper to cherish and preserve them as the descendents of those whose worth has gained them! Who so likely to be affected by the example as the possessor of those laurels which were gained by the gallantry of his ancestor! To deposit such a memorial in the archives of a public institution would be to consign it to oblivion. Buried in a crowd, it would be seen only by the amateur who would value the execution more than the occasion that produced it, while those who could *feel* its value would be deprived of the precious inheritance.

The biographer of general Morgan probably did not consider how delicate a string he struck—if he had, he would not, I presume, have touched it with so careless a hand. The descendents of the brave are the rightful heirs to all their honours—and there are few among us so degenerate as to be willing to barter a “testimonial of national gratitude” for an “eagle.”

A SUBSCRIBER.

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### THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but, as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault: whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my theory of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents, in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in jail for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, *The Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and those dreadful hysterical disorders which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been



averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

*Symptoms.*—The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and, as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too, is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably, in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

*Predisposing Causes.*—In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exaltation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

*Occasional Causes.*—The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated, the throwing down of a china bason, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

*Cure.*—Various remedies have been thought of for this disorder, but all, hitherto, of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, leaves a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be, in some degree, prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons

who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was, to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure: because, the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered:

Take—Of *Common Sense*, thirty grains,  
*Decent Behaviour*, one scruple,  
*Due Consideration*, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and, indeed, has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes: and, I trust, I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the predisposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. \* Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should, in all respects; imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places, they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates

in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

### TRANSLATION OF A TEXT IN SCRIPTURE.

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

SIR—The late Dr. Campbell, Principal of Marischall College, Aberdeen, who published a new Translation of the four Gospels, with notes, &c. has the following note on chap. x. v. 30, of the Gospel of St. John:

“30. *I and the Father are one, ἕν καὶ ὁ πατὴρ ἡ ἐμὴν.* The word is not *is one person*, but *is one thing*, or the same thing. It might have been so rendered here; but the expression is too homely, in the opinion of some excellent critics, to suit the dignity of the subject. The greater part of foreign interpreters have thought otherwise. Vulg. Erasm. Zuric, Castalio, Beza, have *Ego et Pater unum sumus*, Luther, *Ich und der Vater sind eins*. Diodati, *Io ed il Padre siamo una istessa Cosa*. Le Clerc, *Mon Pere et moi sommes une seule Chose*. Port Royal, Simon and Saci, *Une meme Chose*.

“What is distinguished in the original, we ought, if possible, to distinguish. Yet no English translator known to me has, in this, chosen to desert the common translation.”

These reasons appear to have influenced Dr. Campbell in retaining the old translation, but it may perhaps be worth recording, that the true rendering of the word was adopted more than forty years ago by an anonymous translator, who published a new version of the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in the year 1761, under the following title.

“Divers Parts of the Holy Scriptures, done into English, chiefly from Dr. J. Mill’s printed Greek copy. With Notes and Maps. London, printed for T. Piety, at the Rose and Crown, Paternoster Row.”

This translator gives the words “I and the Father are one Thing;” and it should seem as if this was the first English translation in which the true rendering was given.

The translation in question is probably very little known, at least neither Dr. Campbell nor the Archbishop of Armagh (Dr. Newcome) who gives a long catalogue of translations of the Scriptures, take any notice of this. From a manuscript note of the author in the copy which I possess, there is reason to believe that it was the work of a dissenting minister: respecting the merits of the translation I pretend not to judge; it renders some passages much clearer than they are in the commonly received translation, and the arrangement of the letter-press is calculated to make the whole extremely perspicuous to the reader; in this respect it is superior to any other which it has fallen to my lot to see.

Ἰλαριθέουρος.

M. F. March 4, 1807.

### MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON was born at Belfast, in Ireland; and the affection for her country, which she constantly expressed, proved that she had a true Irish heart. She was well-known to the public as the author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," "The Modern Philosophers," "Letters on Female Education," and various other works. She has obtained in different departments of literature, just celebrity, and has established a reputation that will strengthen and consolidate from the duration of time—that destroyer of all that is false or superficial.

The most popular of her lesser works is the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," a lively and humorous picture of the slovenly habits, the indolent *winna-be-fashed* temper, the baneful content which prevails among some of the lower class of people in Scotland. It is a proof of the great merit of this book, that it has, in spite of the Scottish dialect with which it abounds, been universally read in England and Ireland, as well as in Scotland. It is a faithful representation of human nature in general, as well as of local manners and customs; the maxims of economy and industry, the principles of truth, justice, family affection and religion, which it inculcates by striking examples, and by exquisite strokes of pathos, mixed with humour, are independent of all local peculiarity of manner or language, and operate upon the feelings of every class of readers, in all countries. In Ireland in particular, the history of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie" has been read with peculiar avidity; and it has probably done as much good to the Irish as to the Scotch. While the Irish have seized and enjoyed the opportunity it afforded of a good humoured laugh at their Scotch neighbours, they have secretly seen, through shades of difference, a resemblance to themselves; and are conscious that, changing the names, the tale might be told of them. In this tale, both the difference and the resemblance between Scottish and Hibernian faults or foibles are advantageous to its popularity in Ireland. The

difference is sufficient to give an air of novelty that awakens curiosity; while the resemblance fixes attention, and creates a new species of interest. Besides this, the self-love of the Hibernian reader being happily relieved from all apprehension that the lesson was intended for him, his good sense takes and profits by the advice that is offered to another. The humour in this book is peculiarly suited to the Irish, because it is, in every sense of the word, *good humour*. The satire, if satire it can be called, is benevolent; its object is to mend, and not to wound, the heart. Even the Scotch themselves, however national they are supposed to be, can bear the "Cottagers of Glenburnie." Nations, like individuals, can with decent patience endure to be told of their faults, if those faults, instead of being represented as forming their established unchangeable character, are considered as arising, as in fact they usually do arise, from those passing circumstances which characterise rather a certain period of civilization than any particular people. If our national faults are pointed out as indelible stains, inherent in the texture of the character, from which it cannot by art or time be bleached or purified, we are justly provoked and offended; but, if a friend warn us of some little accidental spots, which we had, perhaps, overlooked, and which we can, at a moment's notice, efface, we smile, and are grateful.

In "The Modern Philosophers," where the spirit of system and party interfered with the design of the work, it was difficult to preserve throughout the tone of good-humoured raillery and candour; this could scarcely have been accomplished by any talents or prudence, had not the habitual temper and real disposition of the writer been candid and benevolent. Though this work is a professed satire upon a system, yet it avoids all satire of individuals; and it shows none of that cynical contempt of the human race which some satirists seem to feel, or affect, in order to give poignancy to their wit.

Our author has none of that misanthropy which derides the infirmities of human nature, and which laughs while it cauterises. There appears always some adequate object for any pain that she inflicts; it is done with a steady view to future good, and with a humane and tender, as well as with a skilful and courageous, hand.

The object of "The Modern Philosophers" was to expose those whose theory and practice differ; to point out the difficulty of applying high-flown principles to the ordinary, but necessary, concerns of human life; and to show the danger of trusting every man to become his own moralist and legislator. When this novel first appeared, it was, perhaps, more read, and more admired, than any of Mrs. Hamilton's works; the name and character of Brigettina Botherain passed into every company, and became a standing jest—a proverbial point in conversation. The ridicule answered its purpose; it reduced to measure and reason those who, in the novelty and zeal of system, had overleaped the bounds of common sense.

"The Modern Philosophers," "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and, "The Letters of the Hindoo Rajah," the first book, we believe, that our author published, have all been highly and steadily approved by the public. These works, alike in principle and in benevolence of design, yet with each a different grace of style and invention, have established Mrs. Hamilton's character as an original, agreeable, and successful writer of fiction. But her claims to literary reputation, as a useful, philosophic, moral, and religious author, are of a higher sort, and rest upon works of a more solid and durable nature; upon her works on education, especially her "Letters on Female Education." In these she not only shows that she has studied the history of the human mind, and that she has made herself acquainted with what has been written on this subject by the best moral and metaphysical writers, but she adds new value to their knowledge by rendering it practically useful. She has thrown open to all classes of readers those metaphysical discoveries or observations, which had been confined chiefly to the learned. To a sort of knowledge, which had been considered more as a matter of curiosity than of use, she has given real value and actual currency; she has shown how the knowledge of metaphysics can be made serviceable to the art of education; she has shown, for instance, how the doctrine of the association of ideas may be applied, in early education to the formation of the habits of temper, and of the principles of taste and morals; she has considered how all that metaphysicians know of sensation, abstraction, &c. can be applied to the cultivation of the judgment and the imaginations of children. No matter how little is actually ascertained on these subjects, she has done much in wakening the attention of parents, and of mothers especially, to future inquiry; she has done much by directing their inquiries rightly; much by exciting them to reflect upon their own minds, and to observe what passes in the minds of their children. She has opened a new field of investigation to women, a field fitted to their domestic habits, to their duties as mothers, and to their business as preceptors of youth; to whom it belongs to give the minds of children those first impressions and ideas, which remain the longest, and which influence them often the most powerfully, through the whole course of life. In recommending to her own sex the study of metaphysics, as far as it relates to education, Mrs. Hamilton has been judiciously careful to avoid all that can lead to that species of "vain debate," of which there is no end. She, knowing the limits of the human understanding, does not attempt to go beyond them into that which can be at best but a dispute about terms. She does not aim at making women expert in the "wordy war;" nor does she teach them to astonish the unlearned by their acquaintance with the various vocabularies of metaphysical system-makers.

Such jugglers' tricks she despised; but she has not, on the other hand, been deceived or overawed, by those who would represent the study of the human mind as a study that leads to no

practical purpose, and that is unfit and unsafe for her sex. Had Mrs. Hamilton set ladies on metaphysic ground merely to show their paces, she would have made herself and them ridiculous and troublesome; but she has shown how they may, by slow and certain steps, advance to a useful object. The dark, intricate, and dangerous labyrinth, she has converted into a clear, straight, practicable road, a road not only practicable, but pleasant. and not only pleasant but, what is of far more consequence to women, safe.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton is well known to be not only a moral, but a pious, writer; and in all her writings, as in all her conversation, religion appears in the most engaging point of view. Her religion was sincere, cheerful and tolerant; joining, in the happiest manner, faith, hope, and charity. All who had the happiness to know this amiable woman will, with one accord, bear testimony to the truth of that feeling of affection which her benevolence, kindness, and cheerfulness of temper inspired. She thought so little of herself, so much of others, that it was impossible she could, superior as she was, excite envy. She put every body at ease in her company, in good humour and good spirits with themselves. So far from being a restraint on the young and lively, she encouraged, by her sympathy, their openness and gayety. She never flattered, but she always formed the most favourable opinion, that truth and good sense would permit, of every individual who came near her; therefore all, instead of fearing and shunning her penetration, loved and courted her society.

Much as Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton has served and honoured the cause of female literature by her writings, she has done still higher and more essential benefit to that cause by her life, by setting the example, through the whole of that uniform propriety of conduct, and of all those virtues which ought to characterize her sex, which form the charm and happiness of domestic life, and which in her united gracefully with that superiority of talent and knowledge that commanded the admiration of the public. E.

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### BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

*Copy of a Letter from JOHN LEWIS, a private in the 95th Regiment of Rifle Corps to his Parents at Axminster.*

*France, and not only that but in Paris, thank God.*

*July 8, 1815.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I make no doubt but you have heard of the glorious news, and I suppose you thought I was killed or wounded, but yesterday is the first day we have halted since the beginning of the battle on the 18th of June, and my hands are swelled so with walking day and night, that I scarce can hold my pen. I do not know what the English Newspapers say about the battle, but, thank God, I am living; and was an eye-witness to the beginning of the battle—to the ending of it; but my pen cannot explain to you, ~~nor~~

twenty sheets of paper would not contain, what I could say about it; for, thank God, I had my strength and health more on the days we were engaged than I had in my life; so what I am going to tell you is the real truth; but I think my brother Tom, as he is such a scholar, if he was to look in the Newspapers, he might see what officers was killed and wounded of the 95th regiment; we have but six companies in the country, and after the battle we were only 255 privates; two colonels, 1 major, 15 officers, 11 sergants, and 1 bugler, were killed; my first-rank man was wounded by part of a shell through his foot, and he dropt as we was advancing; I covered the next man I saw, and had not walked twenty steps before a musket-shot came side-ways and took his nose clean off; and then I covered another man, which was the third; just after that the man that stood next to me on my left hand had his left arm shot off by a nine-pound shot, just above his elbow, and he turned round and caught hold of me with his right hand, and the blood run all over my trowsers; we was advancing, and he dropt directly. After this, was ordered to extend in front of all our large guns, and small arms was firing at the British lines in our rear; and I declare to God, with our guns and the French guns firing over our heads, my pen cannot explain any thing like it; it was not 400 yards from the French lines to our British lines, and we was about 150 yards in front of our's, so we was about 250 yards from the French, and sometimes not 100 yards; so I leave you to judge if I had not a narrow escape of my life: as I just said, we now extended in front; Bony's imperial horse guards, all clothed in armour, made a charge at us; we saw them coming, and we all closed in and formed a square just as they came within ten yards of us, and they found they could do no good with us; they fired with their carbines on us, and came to the right about directly, and at that moment the man on my right hand was shot through the body, and the blood run out at his belly and back like a pig stuck in the throat; he dropt on his side; I spoke to him, he just said, "Lewis I am done!" and died directly. All this time we kept up a constant fire at the imperial guards as they retreated, but they often came to the right-about and fired; and, as I was loading my rifle, one of their shots came and struck my rifle, not two inches above my left hand, as I was ramming down the ball with my right hand, and broke the stock, and bent the barrel in such a manner that I could not get the ball down; just at that time we extended again, and my rifle was no use to me; a nine-pound shot came and cut the sergeant of our company right in two, he was not above three file from me, so I threw down my rifle and went and took his rifle, as it was not hurt at the time. We had lost both our colonels, major, and two eldest captains, and only a young captain to take command of us; as for Colonel Wade he was sent to England about three weeks before the battle. Seeing we had lost so many men and all our commanding officers, my heart began



to fail; and Bonny's guards made another charge on us; but we made them retreat as before, and, while we was in square the second time, the Duke of Wellington and his staff came up to us in all the fire, and saw we had lost all our commanding officers; he, himself, gave the word of command; the words he said to our regiment were this—95th, unfix your swords, left face and extend yourselves once more, we shall soon have them over the other hill;—and then he rode away on our right, and how he escaped being shot God only knows, for at that time the shot was flying like hail-stones. This was about 4 o'clock on the 18th of June, when Lord Wellington rode away from our regiment; and then we advanced like Britons, but we could not go five steps without walking over dead and wounded; and Bonny's horses of the imperial guards, that the men was killed, was running loose about in all directions. If our Tom had been a little behind in the rear, he might have catched horses enough to had a troop or two like Sir John Delapole. Lord Wellington declared to us this morning, that it was the hardest battle that he had ever seen fought in his life; but now, thank God, all is over, and we are very comfortable in Paris, and I hope we shall remain here and have our Christmas-dinner in Paris, for London cannot compare to it; I hardly know how to spare time to write this, for I want to go out about the city, for it is four o'clock, and the letters go off at five; but I must say a little more on the other side:—We was all very quiet in quarters till the 15th June, when the orders came all at once, at twelve o'clock at night, for every man to be ready in one hour, and march at one o'clock; there we was all in a bustle, and off we goes, and it was not light, there was no moon: the orders was, that the French was making different movements on our left, about twenty-two leagues from us; mind the days of the month,—I say this day, the 16th, we marched till eleven o'clock that night, which was twenty-two hours march for us the first day, and we walked thirteen leagues in that time, or thirty-nine English miles; being dark, General Clinton ordered us to lie down on the road-side for two hours; so we halted, and every man got half pint of real rum to keep up his spirits; we set off again at ten o'clock in the morning on the 17th June, and marched nine leagues, about four o'clock in the afternoon; then we was in front of the enemy, but the rain fell so hard that the oldest soldiers there never saw the like in their life, I really thought that heaven and earth was coming together. There was a few shots fired on both sides that night, but the guns would not go off. We was on one long high hill, and the French on another, facing us; there was a large wood behind us, and Lord Wellington told us to get wood, and make us large fires and dry ourselves, and get our guns fit by day, as the enemy could not hurt us. So we made large fires, and they was about four miles in length; and when the French saw it, they did the same, and it was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw; and the

next morning, as soon as it was light, we went at it ding dong, and drove all before us, till yesterday, the 7th July, that we entered Paris; but ever since the 15th June, till 7th July, we have only laid down on the ground with our clothes on; so leave you to judge if I am not fatigued out.

Blucher rode by the side of Lord Wellington yesterday, when we entered Paris. As we was on the advance after the French army, every town we came to the people was all fled to Paris, and had taken away what they could; and British, Prussian, and Russian army, broke their houses open and plundered what was most good, and set fire to some. Wine was more plentiful than water, for all their cellars were full of wine, the same as Tucker's is full of cyder, and that was the first place the soldiers broke open. I have often been in cellars, and what wine we could not drink or carry away, broke in the heads of the casks and let it run about. We marched through towns as large as Exeter, and not a person to be seen, but all locked up and window-shutters fastened. There is, at this time, upwards of 700,000 soldiers in Paris and the suburbs: but, as for Bony and his army, it is gone, God knows where; when I have my answer to this, shall write you again. Hope to sleep sound to-night, so no more from your affectionate son.

JOHN LEWIS.

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### A MILITIA-MAN'S EXCUSE.

The following is an exact copy of an application which was made, during our late war by a citizen of this state, to be released from standing his draft.

*Aprill the 11th day 1814*

En estate ment of me not being able to Stand my Draft where as i am troublet with an pain in my Right Side a lump apearingly as big as an agg, by times it apears as big twist often times i thing it is the Decay, i Can Stand no hevvy work that requiers Stuping, and have been troublet with this paines severels years, i Can not Stand Riding with out i have my Self bound to kip it from Shaking, i Can stand no wet nor Lying out a home he at night, i implide to Doctor Franch and he told me that he Could not cure me and no othere Doctor, because it is too Long Sence it took place and the Doctor, alout then that it was or woulde turne to the decay perhaps he said if you take good Care of your Self perhaps it wood grow over with a little Skin, but i find my Self giting worse, and if i git wet and Colt about home i am Sure to taking my bet for Some days, and besides this i greatly Troubled with Rumatisem painse, and if it Should Cost all my Estate, i would to the best of my knoledge not be able to stand one tower of duty where as the law Requiers Stout able men

Gentleman this what i have to Say

VOL. IV.

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## POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE DEATH OF TASSO.

AFTER a long series of misfortunes, Tasso was invited to Rome, by pope Clement VIII, to be crowned with laurels at a convocation of cardinals. He arrived in the *eternal* city, but died on the morning of the day appropriated to this memorable ceremony. The subject was selected, recently, by the Royal Institute of France, for the grand prize for musical composition, and M. Dejouy, was the successful candidate. We have not seen the music, but the words are very beautiful. We transcribe them into the Port Folio, with the hope that some of our correspondents may furnish a translation.

## CANTATE.

Réveille-toi, mon ame; encor cette victoire!  
 Oppose à la douleur un genereux effort;  
 Et que pour un moment les rayons de la gloire  
     Percent les ombres de la mort.  
 Quels chants frappent les airs! Quel éclat m'environne!  
 De la pompe des rois mes yeux sont éblouis.  
 Pour qui ce char, cette couronne!  
 A qui destinez-vous ces honneurs inouis!  
     Eh quoi! d' une palme immortelle  
     J' obtiens en ce jour le renom;  
     Un peuple entier m' appalle,  
     Et la ville éternelle  
 Prépare mon triomphe et consacre mon nom.

## CAVATINE.

O toi, ma lumière, ma vie,  
 Toi l' arbitre de mon destin,  
 Qui de l' amour et du génie  
 Allumas la flamme, en mon sein;  
 Auguste et tendre Eléonore\*  
 Souris à ce glorieux jour:

\* Eleonora, sister of the duke of Ferrara. The passion which the poet cherished for this princess, was the cause of that profound melancholy in which twenty years of his life were consumed.

Le triomphe dont on m' honore  
 Me rend digne de ton amour.  
 Modèle de malheur, jouet du sort perfide,  
 Celui dont les travaux ont charmé l' univers,  
 Le chantre de Renaud, d' Armide,  
 A vécu dans les pleurs, a languï dans les fers!  
 Des maux qui furent votre ouvrage,  
 Vous voulez expier l' outrage;  
 Hâtez-vous, injustes mortels!  
 L'oubli, l' opprobre, la misère,  
 Ont marqué mes pas sur la terre:  
 Je meurs, et j' obtins des autels.

## AIR.

Qu' aux derniers accords de ma lyre  
 Réponde la postérité!  
 Pour moi, le moment où j' expire,  
 Commence l' immortalité!  
 Sans regrets du temps qui s'envole  
 Je vois disparoitre le cours;  
 Il est beau de finir ses jours  
 Sur les degrés du capitolé;

## CHŒUR.

Chantez, muses! pleurer, amours!  
 Le Tasse est tombé sur sa lyre  
 L' amant d' Eléonore expire,  
 Le poète vivra toujours.

## THE A. B. C.

Tune—" *The Chapter of Kings.*"

The following Song was composed at the time of Bonaparte's exile to Elba in 1814, and was sung with great enthusiasm at convivial meetings in England. We transcribe it for its ingenuity and drollery, without any disposition to be merry on the signal fate of this scourge of Europe.

The downfall of Boney has made a great noise,  
 Men, women and children, together rejoice;

And little boys learning to spell a-p-ap,  
The alphabet ransack in lampooning, Nap—

*Chorus.*

So now you shall see,  
How with A, B, and C,  
They sing his disasters in turn.

A, stands for *Alexander*, the brave;  
B, the great *Blucher*, who conquered to save;  
C, for the *crown*, to which Louis has claim;  
And D, for *dethronement* and *death* to Nap's fame.  
And thus 'tis you see, &c.

E, stands for *Elba*, poor Boney's retreat;  
F, for his *farewell*, and *fatal* defeat;  
G, for the *gladness* proclaimed through the land;  
And H, for the *heroes* who have gone *hand-in-hand*.  
And thus 'tis you see, &c.

I, stands for *ille* Nap sustained to his cost;  
K, *keeps* in mind his *keen* friend Jacky Frost;  
L, stands for *Leipsic*, from whence Boney fled,  
And M, for the *Mounseers*, who died with hot lead.  
And thus 'tis you see, &c.

N, stands for *Nap*, whose *nine-pounders* ran short:  
O! cried the French, as retreating they fought;  
P, *proves* how *pretty* the bridge went to *pot*;  
And Q, what a *quiz* of a Corporal they'd got.  
And thus 'tis you see, &c.

R, stands for *run-away*—*ruins* last touch;  
S, for the *sober sound* *sense* of the Dutch;  
T, for the *tyrant*, who had long been their bane;  
And V, for *Verheuil*, who resisted in vain.  
And thus 'tis you see, &c.

Now W, *Wellington's* name must disclose;  
And X, Y, and Z, his brave mens', we suppose;

Then this alphabet surely, now Boney's undone,  
Will do well to teach to his darling young son.  
And if he can spell,  
He will see very well,  
All his Daddy's disasters in turn.

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## ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT BOY WITH A SMALL TOY-WATCH.

By the late Mr. Alsop.

SWEETLY smiling cherub child,  
Blooming in this infant spring;  
In whose breast no care resides,  
Nor grief has fixed its bitter sting.  
From one by tender ties affin'd,  
One, who holds thy welfare dear,  
This small pledge of love receive,  
Present of the opening year.  
Emblem of thy little day,  
Scarce past *one*, it points the hour;  
Yet a little, and will pass  
Childhood's sweetly blooming flower.  
To thy artless, fond caress,  
Infant play, and painted toys;  
Of youths the herald, will succeed  
Boyhood's sports, and ruder joys.  
Swift the sportive years have flown,  
'Neath the feathered foot of time;  
Lo! the youth, a boy no more,  
Glows elate in manhood's prime.  
Other objects now engage,  
Loftier views the mind employ;  
Ill exchanged, the happy sports  
Of the once contented boy.  
May this little mark of love,  
Thy dark eyes with pleasure light;

## POETRY.

And when older grown, no more  
 Infant plays and toys invite.

Not unsuccessful may it prove,  
 But impress the important truth;  
 The golden moments not to lose,  
 That deck the brilliant morn of youth.

May improvement stamp each hour,  
 Well employed each day be found;  
 Each month new store of knowledge yield,  
 With added worth each year be crowned.

For oh! too soon, with course unmarked,  
 The fleeting hours away will glide,  
 'Till days, and months, and years have past  
 In time's forever ebbing tide.

## A FRAGMENT.

Hush'd is the hollow wind, and night, old night,  
 Assumes her silent solitary sway.  
 The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the hill—  
 Plays through the quivering umbrage of the trees  
 With beam capricious—on the rolling wave,  
 And sheds a lustre o'er the tranquil scene.  
 Now nought is heard, save Philomela's strain.  
 Melodious mourner! she from yonder thorn,  
 Warbles such soft, such solemn-breathing sounds,  
 So querulously sweet, so sadly wild,  
 That all but treason, stratagem and spoil,  
 Delighted listen, for 'tis heaven to hear.  
 Is there not magic in the love-lorn notes,  
 'These thrilling strains of agony supreme?  
 Yes there is magic—sympathy of wo:  
 And more than sympathy, alas! is mine—  
 I mourn alike the death and life of love,  
 I mourn a blessing lost—a blessing gained.



ELIDURUS.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

*Cooper's Willich.*—We were mistaken in announcing that Judge Cooper intended to revive his "Emporium;" that task having been undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Allison. Mr. Cooper is at present engaged in preparing for the press a second American edition of WILLICH's *Domestic Encyclopedia*. We should suppose that no person in this country is better qualified for this office than Mr. C. A correct knowledge of trades, manufactures, and domestic economy, is very difficult to be attained; because, in addition to the caprices of fashion, the innovations of experiment, and the discoveries of ingenuity, the student has to contend with various obstacles which jealousy or self-interest may throw in the way. In the natural history, chemistry, mineralogy, and mechanics, many gross errors have been remarked in this work; and the articles steam-engine, stocking-frame, mill, lock, pump, are characterised as careless performances. The extensive reading of Mr. C. and frequent opportunities of information which he has enjoyed, warrant us in the expectation of an edition which shall do credit to the American press.

*Emigration.*—Between the 14th May and 8th September, the emigrations to this port were as follows: From London 44; Liverpool 506; Belfast 95; Bordeaux 90; Londonderry 108; Rochelle 8; Greenock 100; Amsterdam 3267; Newcastle 18; Antwerp 15; Dublin 79; Hull 40; Leghorn 12; Cork 45; Lubec 87; Carnaervon 98; Halifax 56; Bristol 22.

An extensive mine of *Arsenic* has been discovered in the town of Warwick, New York. Samples have been deposited in Columbia College.

A valuable bed of *Pluister of Paris*, has been discovered in Elsworth, Trumbull county, Ohio.

*President Monroe.*—The following is given as the true account of the dates at which President Monroe appears in the history of our country. Born in Virginia in 1759, he was in the army in 1776, and was wounded at the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1776. General Washington then gave him a captaincy, and he was aid to general lord Sterling, and soon after colonel of a regiment. In 1782, he was in the legislature of Virginia, and in 1783 a member of the old congress. In 1787 he was again in the legislature of Virginia, and in 1788, in the convention which ratified the constitution. In 1790 he was a senator of the United States. In 1794 he was minister of the United States in France, from which place he was recalled by general Washington. He published a "Vindication" of his conduct, and was not long afterwards elected governor of Virginia, and continued as long as the constitution of the state allowed. In 1802 he was sent by Mr. Jefferson to France, on the negotiation for Louisiana. In 1803 he was appointed minister at London, and in 1805 he went on a special mission to Madrid. On his return he was again in the legislature of Virginia, and in 1810 was governor. In 1811 he was secretary of state, and in 1814 secretary of war. He is now president of the United States.

*The difference between Gould and Gold.*—An old gentleman of the name of Gould lately married a girl scarcely nineteen years of age—After the wedding the *juvenile* bridegroom addressed to his friend Dr. G——, the following couplet to inform him of the happy event:

"So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,  
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

To which the doctor replied—



"A girl of nineteen may love GOULD it is true,  
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without U."

**A valuable Man.**—David Wilson, of Port William, Gallatin County, Ken. is 78 years of age. He has had FOUR WIVES, and by them FORTY-TWO CHILDREN. His oldest child is but 16 years younger than himself. His second wife had five children at two births in eleven months. Mr. Wilson is a native of Pennsylvania; converses with ease and affability, and supports his family by labour. He has worn a hat twenty years, which is still passably decent.

*London, April 11.*—On Friday, an exhibition of the sale of a wife took place at Dartmouth. A brute dragged his wife to the public quay for sale. She had been married a twelvemonth, is not yet twenty, and could scarcely be sustained from fainting, as her husband dragged her along. She was purchased for two guineas by her first sweetheart.

*Paris, March 28.*—A mathematician of Milan, M. Locatelli, propels boats on rivers by means of a piece of machinery of his own invention, without any other aid; he will even move a vessel of war against the current, which the machine secures from wreck besides. The power of one man, or at most that of a horse, is sufficient to put it in motion. A trial made with a small boat has succeeded admirably.

**Animal Magnetism.**—*Berlin, March 22.*—By a Cabinet Order respecting magnetism, it is ordered, that in order to prevent abuses as far as possible, only authorized physicians shall be allowed to attempt cures by magnetism. Those physicians who employ this means are bound to deliver to their superior authorities, every three months, an exact account of the disorders they have treated, and of the facts which they have observed.

A wire Bridge for foot passengers, after the models of those constructed in America, which are so serviceable in crossing ravines, small lakes, &c. in that country, has just been erected across the Gala, at Galashiels, North Britain, and is found to answer the purpose extremely well, and to every appearance may last many years at little or no expense. The span, which is 111 feet, and the breadth, three feet, makes it very light and neat in appearance, though with safety, 20 or 30 people may be upon it at a time. The whole expense of this useful little bridge is only 20*l*.

In a small yew tree in the garden of Mr. Samuel Warburton, of Suffolk, a wren, a linnet, and a black bird, have all built their respective nests. These little musical tenants of the tree live in perfect harmony together, and according to the *fashion of the times*, pay their rent to Mr. W. in notes.

**Snuff.**—Every professed, inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, says lord Chesterfield, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half out of every ten, which allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and 24 minutes out of every natural day, and one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to 36 days and a 1-2 in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in 40 years, two entire years of a snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickle his nose, and two more to blowing it! If the expense of snuff taking, snuff boxes and handkerchiefs were considered, it would be found that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time.

**Punning.**—A punster, observing two sheriff's officers running after an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, that it was a new edition of the "*Pursuits of Literature*" unbound, but hot pressed.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1847.

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## PHILADELPHIA:

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The very interesting Memoir of Dr. Dwight, which appears in the present number, was offered to us some time ago; but it was declined in consequence of the promise of a communication on the same subject, from another gentleman to whom a previous application had been made. After a long delay, we are obliged to conclude that other avocations will prevent the execution of what was intended for us. We have, therefore, determined to preserve in our pages, an article,\* in which the author seems to have gratified the emotions of friendship and admiration, without any violation of truth. May we add that communications from this writer, will be very welcome at all times?

Many poetical favours are omitted this month, in order that Mr. Moore's Persian tale might be inserted entire. If poetry be as a splendid orator defined it, the art of substantiating shadows and of lending existence to nothing, who can dispute the claims of our modern bard, to *the exalted title!*

The editor acknowledges his obligations to a friend who favoured him with certain "Recollections." The subject of this communication has however, been amply treated in our Journal; and it is respectfully suggested that a further prosecution of the design, while it could do no good, might revive recollections of a nature, very different from those which are so laudably cherished by our correspondent. Our pledge to the public and our private feelings, combine to exclude such discussions from these pages. They place us, *inter sacrum saxumque*; or, as the old saying runs—between the Devil and the Dead sea.

*Investigator* should have drawn a lesson from our silence. We were completely gavelled in his first essay, and shrink from a second adventure.

I would sooner

Keep fleas within a circle, and be accomptant

A thousand year, which of 'em, and how far,

Out-leap'd the other,

than endure such writing.

\* \* GENTLEMEN, who are willing to cherish a literary journal, but who, distant from Philadelphia, and occupied with higher cares, forget, or procrastinate our trifling claims, are respectfully reminded, that the great expense of this establishment requires a strict punctuality of payment.—Remote subscribers are requested to correspond with the publisher, and let the topics be CASH and increasing patronage. A literary paper, without the gainful aid of advertisements, relies for its support upon distant subscribers, a general circulation, and regular receipts. Our patrons will please to reflect that, in a few weeks, we shall begin another round of annual toil, and must pledge ourselves, not only for an assiduous employment of time in this literary enterprise, but for a very heavy expense in the execution of it. PAYMENT IN ADVANCE was the original stipulation of Mr. OLDSCHOOL in the year 1800, when this journal commenced, and he hopes it will not be forgotten.

\* \* Those who do not wish the Port Folio to be sent to them next year, must apprise the publisher of their determination before Christmas; otherwise it will be transmitted as usual.

\* From the Connecticut Journal.

# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1817.

No. V.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S. T. D. L. L. D.

THE strong feelings excited throughout the United States, by the death of President Dwight, evince the high estimation in which he was held by his countrymen. Rarely have they united so generally, and with so strong manifestations of sympathy, in deploring the loss of an individual: rarely has an individual been removed from a station of greater usefulness.

Although a sketch of his life and character has been ably exhibited, both by the divine who addressed the assembly, that met to weep over his ashes, and by the orator who pronounced his Eulogy to the Academic body; yet the writer has waited long, with the hope that some abler hand than his own, would furnish a sketch adapted to the columns of a public paper. While the feelings of so many are awakened by this mournful event, it is hoped that the delay of others will excuse him for undertaking, with abilities so unequal to the subject, to supply a Memoir of this great and good man.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1752. He was the eldest son of Timothy Dwight, Esquire, a man distinguished for his piety, as a long line of venerable ancestors had been before him. His mother was daughter of the great President Edwards, and she is said to have inherited a large portion of the uncommon powers of her father. 'To teach the young idea how to shoot,' was a task which she executed with uncommon care and delight; and it is not improbable that a mother so able and vigilant, contributed much to bring to early maturity those powers, which were destined to shine with so resplendent a lustre.

He entered Yale College at the early age of thirteen. His tutor was the Honourable Stephen Mix Mitchell, late chief judge of the superior court of Connecticut. It is said that young Dwight, while he exhibited the lineaments of a very uncommon character, alarmed the fears of his instructor, lest his ardent mind and impetuous feelings, should receive a wrong bias, and prove his ruin. At this important period, that gentleman is said to have set before him, in a plain and affectionate manner, the capacity of his mind, and to have directed his aspiring views to the lofty eminence of learning and virtue, which he was capable of attaining. To the abilities and fidelity of this excellent instructor, Doctor Dwight ever expressed himself under the strongest obligations, and ascribed in a great measure to his influence, the bent of his mind, and the formation of his character. He left college in 1769, with a very high reputation for classical attainments.

Two years afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he returned to the same place and entered on the office of Tutor. In this station, few if any ever surpassed him in abilities, either for government or instruction. Youthful as he was, he was regarded with the utmost deference by all the students; and by his own class in particular, he was eminently beloved and admired. The opportunities which this situation afforded for the cultivation of polite literature, were not neglected. Indeed, that period was to our country a new era in the department of letters and taste. The pre-

\* Professor Silliman's Funeral Oration; to which excellent performance, the writer has been much indebted in delineating this imperfect sketch.

judices that were current against the studies of rhetoric and belles lettres, even at our most distinguished Universities, were disregarded, and Dwight, Trumbull, Humphreys and Barlow, rose all at once, a new constellation, to cheer and adorn their native skies. When the subject of our remarks took his Master's degree, at the age of twenty, he pronounced at the public Commencement, an Oration, on the History, Eloquence and Poetry of the Scriptures. It was received with great applause, and speedily published; and it remains a monument of the valuable acquisitions which he had already made, the maturity of his judgment, and the correctness of his taste. It proves also the early formation of the style which he carried through life. Soon after he entered on the office of tutor, he commenced the poem which he afterwards published under the title of "The Conquest of Canaan." This occupied a considerable portion of his leisure hours during the six years he remained at College.

It appears that he had directed his views towards the profession of law. Had he fulfilled these intentions, there can be little doubt that his extraordinary powers of gaining influence in popular assemblies, would have conducted him to the highest eminence in a political career. But Providence had destined him for a sphere of action, which, if less alluring to ambition and avarice, was probably far more useful to mankind. In his twenty-third year, he made a public profession of religion, and soon after commenced the preaching of the gospel.

The immoralities and vices incident to a state of internal war began, at this time to display themselves in alarming features. At this period it was his lot, not only to be consecrated to the defence of religion and virtue, but to be transferred to the very scene of danger. He entered the army in 1777, as chaplain in the brigade of General Parsons. The opportunity which was here offered for the promotion of the great ends of his office, was duly improved. Mr. Dwight spent much time in instructing the soldiers more than was required by his specified duties; and many who knew him at this commencement of his ministerial functions, are ready to testify to the fidelity with which he discharged them, and to the respect and affection with which he was regarded. Admitted also to a near intimacy with the Father of his Country,

and witnessing the glorious struggle for Independence, he felt all the fire of patriotism, and, employed, in aid of the great cause the martial song as well as the fervent prayer. It was his talent, in a peculiar degree, to draw instruction from every new situation of life; and those who have been his pupils will remember, how often he dispensed the lessons of wisdom, which he had permanently treasured up during the year that he had spent in the army.

The melancholy tidings of his father's death, summoned him home to aid a widowed mother in the education of a young and numerous family. A new theatre now opened itself for the display of his virtues; and if the brilliant portrait of his public life exhibits this good man in more shining colours, none presents him in a more interesting light, than that which shows the dutiful son and affectionate brother, bursting the charms of ambition, and retiring to the vale of private life, to alleviate a mother's cares, and to watch over the tender years of fatherless brothers and sisters. But his usefulness was not confined to the discharge of these offices of filial duty, and fraternal tenderness. He commenced a grammar school, which he taught with his usual celebrity, and preached every sabbath in one of the adjoining towns.

While residing at Northampton, he was twice elected a Representative from that town to the Legislature of Massachusetts. We have before alluded to his peculiar qualifications for shining in popular assemblies. These occasions developed those powers, and brought into action all that ardour of soul, that firmness of principle, that dignity of address, and that force of language which enabled him to delight, astonish, and carry captive a legislative body.

In 1783, when the situation of his mother's family rendered his presence no longer indispensable, an invitation from the people of Greenfield, in Connecticut, induced him to fix his residence, as their pastor, in that beautiful village. Here, among many other peculiar enjoyments, his taste for horticulture had ample gratification; and in a little time a garden bloomed around him, filled with a rich variety of plants and fruit trees, which were reared by his own hands. This delightful scenery added to the lustre of his name, and the charms of elegant literature, conferred on

Greenfield Hill a splendour and beauty, which attracted, in great numbers, men of taste and letters, who resorted to this favourite retreat of the Muses, as ancient poets and sages to the groves of Academus. Here he opened a school, in which were taught the various branches of English and classical literature. It speedily acquired and uniformly maintained, a reputation probably unparalleled by any similar institution in our country. The manner in which he discharged his pastoral office, will be estimated from observations to be made hereafter:

At an early period of his residence at Greenfield, Dr. Dwight gave to the world "The Conquest of Canaan." At the close of the Revolutionary War, he had issued proposals for publishing the same work, and obtained a list of three thousand subscribers. But special reasons induced him to delay until the period under review, when he had the work printed at his own risk.—The public patronage was not as great as had been anticipated, either because the voice of melody was drowned amid the tumults of political contests, or because the work itself did not satisfy public expectation. It was shortly after republished in England, where it was commended by some of the critics, and severely censured by others, though it was noticed with marked approbation by Darwin and Cowper. It would carry us beyond our limits to enter into a particular discussion of its merits. We shall only add that, in our opinion it contains many fine examples of beauty and sublimity, particularly with respect to objects presented to the eye; and that, if it falls below *Paradise Lost*, it is still an extraordinary production for a youth of twenty-two. We cannot but coincide, however, with the opinion the author is said to have expressed late in life, that "it was too great an undertaking for inexperienced years." After an interval of nine years, the *Conquest of Canaan* was followed by a poem written in a more familiar style, which he named, after his beautiful residence, "Greenfield Hill." Concerning this work, we have only room to say, briefly, that it contains much fine description, some striking delineations of life and manners, and many excellent moral precepts.

It will be the part of his biographer to paint the various interesting scenes which Dr. Dwight, after his removal from this delightful village, ever associated with the name of Greenfield



Hill. But we profess only to give a brief outline, and hasten to attend him to that high and responsible station in which he found an ample theatre for the display of his vast powers, attained the summit of his usefulness, and closed his mortal career. Dr. Dwight was now in the meridian of life. The extensiveness of his acquisitions, the weight of his character, his well known talents for educating youth, and the celebrity of his name, combined to fix on him, with one consent, the public eye, to supply the vacancy occasioned at Yale College, by the lamented death of the Reverend President Stiles. To this station he was transferred in 1795.

As was universally anticipated, the Institution rose immediately to a degree of reputation quite unprecedented in former times. He altered so far as he thought necessary, and consistent with prudence, the whole tone of government. It was his aim to found it on the basis of affection—a source of influence which he deemed more consonant with the pursuits of learning and virtue, more salutary in its effects on the youthful disposition, and more effectual to the promotion of its object, than that distance of deportment, and severity of treatment which academical usages had previously sanctioned. How well he succeeded, the uninterrupted tranquillity of his administration during a period of twenty-one years, the numbers he was instrumental in reclaiming from vice, and the indelible impressions that are still left on the minds of hundreds of his pupils, testify in a manner which no words can express.

But from the commencement of his Presidency, Dr. Dwight had great difficulties to contend with. The funds of the College were small, and the views of the public were not sufficiently elevated to correspond with his own, or to second his exertions. He succeeded however, after many fruitless trials, in procuring means to extend the library and philosophical apparatus, and to establish two new professorships, one of Chemistry and Mineralogy, the other of Languages and Ecclesiastical History. Beside the advantages accruing from these new sources, the whole tone of education, has been, under his direction, greatly elevated; the sciences have been studied more systematically and extensively, the ancient classics have been perused more thoroughly, and rhe-

toric and polite literature have imparted to the academical course, accomplishments unknown to former times.

As a relaxation from the arduous duties of the presidency, Dr. Dwight spent many of his vacations in making repeated tours through New-England and New-York. The peculiar interest he felt in the labours of the husbandman,—his taste for mingling in the active scenes of life,—his desire to know the world from observation as well as from books,—his extensive acquaintance with the most intelligent part of the community,—and his uncommon qualifications for enjoying social happiness, conspired to render these excursions peculiarly salutary, profitable and delightful. He looked at nature also with the eye of a poet, a philosopher, and a Christian. The majestic mountain and roaring cataract, the morning twilight and evening cloud, the shady grove and flowery meadow, were objects which raised his soul to ecstasy, or filled him with ever new delight. Nor were his views of nature limited to scenes of beauty and grandeur; he loved also to mark the laws that regulate the various works of God, from the minutest insect to the starry heavens. In them all, he saw proofs of His existence, power, and wisdom; and, with grateful praise recognised His goodness in the morning sun and falling shower and springing herb.

With such qualifications and such opportunities, it is difficult to conceive how he could have possessed more advantages for making a delineation of the regions through which he passed; and it gives us peculiar pleasure to reflect that what he could perform so well, he has actually done. A copious journal of these travels was just completed, which will soon be given probably to the public.

Advancing in this happy and useful career, he seemed like the sun, rolling indeed in his western orbit, but still with undiminished brightness, and far from "the dark mountains." The uncommon vigour of his constitution, the salutary habits of living which he had established, and his exemption from the least mark of the infirmities of old age, seemed to furnish a strong security that he would long be continued in his important station, a blessing to his country and the world. But God, who 'seeth not as

man seeth,' hath shown, how vain is our trust when we forget, that diseases and death await His holy pleasure.

Nearly two years have now elapsed since the disease first made its appearance, which terminated his life. He was immediately impressed with a sense of his danger, and apparently looked forward to a speedy dissolution, or to a long period of hopeless anguish. We must leave to his biographer to trace its progress, and to describe the alternations of fear and hope that for a long time alarmed or animated his friends.

From the late public Commencement until his death, he was affected with severe pain, which, for the last six weeks of his life, confined him to the house. He continued, however, writing a number of Theological Dissertations, which he had long had in view, and completed a Poem, which served to divert him from those sufferings that unfitted him for severer studies. He also heard the recitations of a Theological class, once a-week during his confinement. They recited, for the last time, a week before his death. One of their number read a dissertation on the doctrine of the Trinity. Although, when the discussion commenced, the President seemed exhausted with pain, and hardly able to speak, yet as it proceeded, all present were astonished to see him kindle, forget his agony, and carry on an argument of great length, in an animated strain of eloquence.

*Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio.*

Monday and Tuesday, he employed his amanuensis in writing several letters in answer to communications respecting the death of President Backus. It is worthy of remark, that these were his last compositions. Tuesday afternoon he sewed the leaves of a manuscript, which completed his Theological Dissertations, (a work in which he had been engaged for several months,) and observed to his family, as he laid it down, "I have now finished."

Wednesday morning soon after he rose, he was seized with a tremor, which severely shook his whole frame. It was no new disease that produced this sudden change; but his constitution, unable longer to sustain the load of anguish which pressed upon it, broke all at once, and was born away, like a mighty mound that had long withstood the gathering flood. During the remainder of

his life, his mind was either so much occupied by intense suffering, or clouded by approaching delirium, that we are to learn his death-bed views, not from the closing scene, but from a most interesting discourse which he preached last summer, on his recovery from an attack, which threatened his life with immediate extinction. Thursday was a day of extreme distress. Friday, his pains were considerably allayed; a circumstance which increased the apprehension of his friends, but diminished his own. At 3 o'clock, Saturday morning, his eyes were sealed in death.

The panegyric that is vainly wasted to dignify and exalt an unworthy name, is only the breath of some partial friend, or welcome dissembler, and never transcends his native hills; but when the same note returns from the north, and is re-echoed from the distant regions of the south,\* surely this is the voice of well earned praise.

In approaching this great character, I feel like the traveller, who draws near to some stupendous temple or palace, whose loftiness makes him giddy, and whose amplitude bewilders. He would fain convey the image to his friend, wide, towering and splendid, as he beheld it; but where shall he begin the description—where shall he end it? Elevated as he may feel by the magnificence of his theme, and warmed as he may be by the glowing image stamped on his mind, yet at last he leaves the picture in despair, conscious that many a column is wanting that nobly supported the original, and many an arch that contributed to its grandeur.

But how mutilated soever may appear the character we are contemplating, when the several parts are detached from the fabric in which they were united in so much harmony, still I should be conscious of executing no unwelcome task, should I be successful in exhibiting each of these in its own proper dimensions.

With a mind of vast capacity, President Dwight grasped at universal knowledge. At an early age he had entered, with great

\* Had the Eulogy, which appeared in the Charleston Times, earlier met the eye of the writer, such is his opinion of its merits, that it would probably have deterred him from the subsequent part of his undertaking. He thought indeed of omitting what remains; but he has at length consented, with some reluctance, to insert the whole.

avidity, the field of literary criticism and mathematical science; but he was soon arrested by a weakness of the eyes, from which he never recovered. For the greater part of his life, he was able neither to read nor write. In ancient learning therefore, he was not as great a proficient as Bentley, nor in science, as profound as Horsley. He was more like Bacon and Boyle; being distinguished for the same originality, the same thirst for knowledge, and the same partiality for inductive philosophy. No one who knew him, would hesitate to ascribe to him very superior intellectual faculties; yet it was his own opinion, that whatever success he had exhibited in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the power of communicating it to others, was owing chiefly to the exact method to which he had trained his understanding, and in which he had arranged all his ideas. To such perfection had he carried this art, that his mind resembled an ample and well regulated storehouse of various wares, so well assorted, and so systematically arranged, that the owner would lay his hand immediately on any article that might be inquired for. He availed himself in a wonderful degree of the advantages, which so perfect an arrangement was fitted to confer. A few moments of reflection would enable him to place in their proper cells, along with kindred articles, the acquisitions of a single day, as the printer, with surprising dexterity, restores his types to their several compartments.—Such skill in laying up his ideas, was attended with a corresponding facility in bringing them out again, whenever it was necessary to use them. Few men, I believe, ever had their acquisitions so completely at command, or could so readily bring them to illustrate a subject in debate. His memory was either remarkably retentive by nature, or had become so by art. It was stored with a prodigious variety of numbers, though it was in the power of retaining numbers, that Dr. Dwight considered it most defective. He has been heard to say, that he formerly made repeated efforts to remember a certain point of latitude, but was finally unsuccessful. His own thoughts, however, he could remember with the greatest ease and exactness, even to a distant period; a proof of the distinctness and force with which they were conceived. Facts also he collected with great assiduity, arranged with minute care, and retained with unflinching certainty.

But it will be useful to contemplate this great man in the several spheres in which his talents were developed, in order to form a fair estimate of their magnitude and variety.

As an instructor, such were his merits, that we can hardly believe that he was ever excelled by any who have gone before him. Where, among all the records of the many great and good, who have devoted themselves to the same dignified employment, can a man be found, who united in his own person a more wonderful assemblage of those qualities which fit one for forming the characters of youth? Who has ever united in a higher degree, the dignity that commands respect, the accuracy that inspires confidence, the ardour that kindles animation, the kindness that wins affection, and has been able at the same time, to exhibit before his pupils the fruits of long and profound research, of an extensive and profitable intercourse with the world, and of great experience in the business of instruction? These powers, rare as they may seem in the same individual, are still but a part of those which so eminently qualified President Dwight for the station he filled. He taught much also by example. He exhibited a vast memory, and showed the pupil how it might be acquired. He urged the importance of observing and retaining facts, explained the principles of association, and the various arts which would contribute to fix them in the mind, and also displayed in his various reasonings and illustrations, both the efficacy of his rules, and the utility of the practice which he so earnestly recommended. If he insisted on the importance of thinking in a train, and of adhering to an exact method in the arrangement of one's acquisitions, and in communicating his thoughts to others; the value of these directions he proved by the readiness with which he assembled his own thoughts to elucidate a point in discussion, and the clearness with which he unfolded them.

In his deportment towards the students, so well did he maintain the post of real dignity, that while the most timid approached him with confidence, the boldest were awed into profound respect. His feelings towards them all were truly parental. His counsels, his warnings, his solicitude, his sympathy, were entirely in unison with such feelings. The student who uniform-

ly merited approbation, was encouraged by his smiles; he who had only been surprised into some unaccustomed neglect or violation of duty, was reclaimed in a gentle and persuasive tone; but the incorrigible offender trembled at his voice.

If President Dwight has gained greater celebrity as an Instructor than as a Divine, it is because those talents which shone in the former sphere, are more rare than those which attach to eminence in theology. Amid cares so various, and with literary objects before him so attractive in their nature, and so alluring to ambition, it might be suspected, that he would be diverted from the studies of his sacred office. So far, however, was this from the truth, that theology was the one great subject that filled his mind, and constituted the business of his life. Providence had destined him to come upon the stage, when infidelity had already erected a standard, and was enticing, in rapid succession, the fashionable, and the philosophic, the wavering veteran, and the adventurous youth. For many following years, the evil genius, animated by a vast succession of numbers; and aided by a universal spirit of innovation, which had been engendered by many political vicissitudes, stalked through our land, threatening to erase every vestige of Christianity. At a crisis so portentous, the divine, whose character we are contemplating, remained not an idle spectator. He surveyed the bulwarks of Christianity; he rallied the slumbering soldiers of the cross; and clad in impenetrable armour, he led the way to the field of combat. The enemy, so feeble were his weapons, spent them idly on the victors, deserted the ground, and returned no more. Our champion was now ready to thwart the covert attacks of infidelity, by showing that religion was not invested with gloom, but arrayed in majesty and loveliness. He dispelled the delusion that blinded men of taste, by exhibiting the narrow views of infidelity, and the lofty and ennobling ideas that characterise the very genius of Christianity. He broke the charms which infidels, by the splendour of talents, had thrown around them, by displaying in glowing, but real colours, the fatal tendency of their principles, and the deformity of their lives.

But his thoughts were not all expended in establishing the evidences of his faith, and defending it against the assaults of its

enemies. Accustomed for many years to direct the studies, and hear the recitations of students in theology, he became familiar with the various difficulties that lie in their way. By extensive reading, with the aid of a very retentive memory, he had made himself acquainted with the different views of theologians; and by the daily and attentive perusal of the Holy Scriptures, he had imbibed truth at the fountain. Thus furnished, after many years of reflection, he matured in one hundred and seventy-three discourses, a system of theology, probably more copious and more replete with instruction, than any which the present age has seen.

His manner of preaching was distinct, forcible, and free from any appearance of affectation, either in action or utterance. It will not be difficult to discriminate the peculiar features of his pulpit eloquence. His voice was unusually heavy and sonorous. Its inflexions were highly musical and agreeable, but limited to a comparatively small number. A very strong and frequent emphasis, though it imparted dignity, conspired with some uniformity of tones, occasionally to tire the ear, and to lull attention. When every thing is emphatic and elevated, it is not easy to surprise by those sudden flashes, "which, like heaven's artillery, dazzle while they strike" At times, however, President Dwight rose to an almost unequalled height, and exhibited the finest examples of oratory. Whenever his soul was filled with peculiar transport, as in contemplating the capacities and employments of the holy angels, and glorified saints, his eloquence resembled a mighty stream, flowing majestically through meadows of living verdure, or groves of spices and golden fruits; whenever he was roused by viewing the awful nature and consequences of the infidel philosophy, it resembled the same stream, augmented to a mighty flood, and hurrying its way onward in an overwhelming torrent.

We purposed here to descant on the fidelity with which Dr. Dwight discharged the duties of the pastoral office;—on his sympathy for the afflicted, which often denied him utterance;—on the zeal with which he promoted works of benevolence;—on the fervency of his prayers at the sacramental table, by the bed of sickness, and in the court of justice: but, borne along in a delightful current, we have already been carried far beyond our limits.



It only remains, therefore, to attend him into the retirement of private life, and to take a transient view of him in his various social and domestic relations.

The transition from the writings of authors, who are distinguished for the excellency of their moral and religious instructions, to their private fire-sides, is compared, in the eloquent Rambler, to our entrance into a large city after a distant prospect: "Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples, and towers of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke." A disappointment like this, is often felt on our introduction to men who have attained eminence for talents and piety. By habits of seclusion and abstraction, they have perhaps lost the ability to mingle with interest in the concerns of the passing day. It was not so with President Dwight. In his manners he was in the highest degree dignified, affable, and polite. Like Johnson, he shone, in no place, with more distinguished splendour, than in the circle of the friends he loved, when the glow of animation lighted up his countenance, and a perpetual stream of knowledge and wisdom flowed from his lips. As his had been a life of observation and reflection rather than of secluded study, his acquisitions were all practical, they were all at hand, ready to enrich and adorn his conversation. In Theology and Ethics, in Natural Philosophy and Geography, in History and Statistics, in Poetry and Philology, in Husbandry and Domestic Economy, his treasures were equally inexhaustible. Interesting narration, vivid description, and sallies of humour; anecdotes of the just, the good, the generous, the brave, the eccentric: these all were blended in fine proportions to form the bright and varied tissue of his discourse. Alive to all the sympathies of friendship, faithful to its claims, and sedulous in performing its duties, he was beloved by many from early life, with whom he entered on the stage, and whom, as Shakspeare says, he "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel." It is no small proof of his uncommon amiableness, that all who gained the most intimate access to him,

whether associates, or pupils, or amanuenses, admired, revered, and loved him most.

No love of study and abstraction, ever detached him long from his family, or prevented his taking the deepest interest in their welfare. The multiplicity of his engagements did not hinder his being to the partner of his bosom, with whom he had been united from early life, a tender and affectionate companion. His children approached him with reverence, but still with the utmost freedom. They daily shared his conversation, and received his counsels. Nothing which promoted their enjoyment, or which gave them pain, was too minute to affect his feelings. His brothers and sisters also, and more remote connexions, uniformly received the proofs and benefits of his strong attachment. Indeed the meanest domestic in his household, regarded him with an attachment almost filial, and received a correspondent return from his feeling and benevolent heart.

After a rehearsal of so many virtues, the reader may demand, what faults must be named, to shade this outline, to make it a picture of real life.

The imperfections of President Dwight were chiefly such as arose from that peculiar ardour of temper, which also imparted a mighty activity to his virtues. In his own view they were so heinous, that he has often been heard, in the confidence of friendship, to deplore them with tears. But he tried his own heart by a perfect law. To others, who compared him with his fellow men, they appeared in a different light. Even to the eye of prejudice, they were neither numerous, nor heinous. To the eye of friendship, they were hidden beneath his virtues, like the shades that are dimly descried beneath the brightness of the moon, shining with full orb in a cloudless sky.

Hard indeed is it for those who have long enjoyed his friendship, and listened to his counsels, to realize that those lips, on which dwelt, the law of kindness, are closed in long silence: that that tongue of eloquence is mute—that eye of fire quenched, to beam no more.

C.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF READING, IN PENNSYLVANIA.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

*Reading, August, 1817.*

WHOEVER takes a ramble round the borough of Reading, in the state of Pennsylvania, must be delighted with its situation, and the richness of the surrounding hills and country, all within a bird's eye view.

Its population, I believe, is upwards of 5000. The river Schuylkill runs north to south east, at the end of the town, where there has lately been erected a very handsome bridge upwards of six hundred feet long. On this river, in and about the neighbourhood of Reading, are several mill-dams, and many valuable seats for mills, and other water-works. It is well known that the Schuylkill river affords abundant of water-powers for mills, manufactories, and other purposes. Some few miles up this river, in the vicinity of Orwigsburg, are abundance of coal-pits in full work, which supply Reading. The families now commonly use the coal, and to such an extent within the last two years, as to reduce the price of wood two dollars in the cord. The coal is fit for burning bricks and lime, and is used by several malsters and brewers. Ten bushels of the coal (at 80 lbs. to the bushel) give as much heat, and are equal in the consumption, to one cord of wood.

The entrance into Reading from Philadelphia, is about a mile and a quarter long, in a gradual descent to the river; this is the main and largest street. There is a smaller one about the centre of the town, running north to south. In both of these streets, there are some very capital houses and spacious stores, some of which, I understand, supply many towns and small stores, to an extent of about one hundred miles; and although there is this considerable business and traffic carried on in Reading, still it possesses more commanding advantages for a considerable increase, on account of the river, which shortly will be navigable to a great extent; as also the turnpike roads, which lead to most of the capital places in the state. Indeed, from the great spirit and enterprise of its inhabitants and neighbourhood, who in general are very wealthy, the borough of Reading, I have no doubt, must in a very

few years, bid fair to be a great market for trade and commerce, and must become a splendid place. Most of the capital houses, and those now building, are of brick; some of them are very costly, and in a good and elegant style of architecture. Here are two banks in good repute.

The public buildings, containing the law offices, are of modern date, and are of brick. The court-house spacious, with various rooms, and apartments in the upper story; is situated in the centre of the town. On each side, east and west, are market-houses well supplied with the best of meat, vegetables, &c. and in great abundance. There are several churches and places of worship, viz:—Lutheran, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Quakers; but it is to be regretted that they have no steeples, which certainly gives great beauty to a town, as well as dignity to the picture. Here let me notice the city of Philadelphia; why not adorn that city with such innocent and almost universal embellishment as a lofty spire to a church? In my opinion it not only gives beauty to the sight, but also has some moral influence upon the heart.

I should have noticed, that there are several other streets beside the two former, but they are of less importance. The town is built chiefly on an inclined plain, which makes it peculiarly healthy, as on every shower, all the filth that might be in the streets, and foot pavements, are immediately washed and carried off into the river.

I had frequently heard, before I came to reside here, that the town of Reading was a charming healthy spot, and much noticed for the salubrity of its air; but I had no idea of its being so picturesque and beautiful; in truth, it was far beyond my expectation. The neighbouring grounds and pleasant walks, are a charming retreat for an evening ramble, and are very deservedly, much frequented by its inhabitants. The scenery around the town appears quite a terrestrial Paradise. The views are enchanting. I particularly noticed one from the south mountain, about a mile from the town—the meandering river Schuylkill, winding round its base. The view from the side of this hill towards the west and north is beautiful. The valley for many miles in extent, is charmingly variegated; and the windings of the river, all form

together, such an assemblage of noble scenery, as the eye rarely encounters; and the whole mostly encircled with distant mountains, the sides of which are well clothed with foliage from the forest and other trees; and the grounds all in a state of high cultivation. The windings of the fine river, with the boats and other craft frequently passing to and fro—the town and its elevated public buildings, all conspire to form the most agreeable and picturesque scenery that can well be imagined; in short, from this spot, and many others about the town, one notices the surrounding country so delightfully variegated and bold, as must ever be desirable for a painter to exercise his talents, as the boast of every species of scenery necessary to mark the sublimest subjects in nature. The variety of tints, and bold effects of the hills and mountains, are a school for the first landscape painter in this, or any other country.

I should also notice, that the town and its environs are fortunate in the possession of three very essential particulars conducive to the health and happiness of man, namely:—the extreme beauty of the situation—the salubrity and clearness of its general atmosphere, and the excellence of its waters.

Yours, &c.

EDWARD BARNET.

## NARRATIVE OF THE ESCAPE OF MR. KING FROM THE BRITISH.

ON the late visit of the President to the Independence 74, com. Bainbridge, with that attention to the interests of those under his command which so strongly characterises him, on presenting his officers, detained acting midshipman King, while he mentioned his escape alone in an open boat from Bermuda. The following is the statement in the words of midshipman King himself.

“I was taken in the U. S. brig Vixen, on the 22d of November, 1812, by his Britannic Majesty’s ship Southampton, commanded by Sir James Yeo. The Vixen and Southampton were wrecked on the 27th of November, on Little Island, one of the Bahamas. We were taken off Little Island, by his Majesty’s brig Rhodian, and taken to Jamaica, where we were kept prisoners until the 3rd of April, 1813, when a part of the Vixen’s

crew were paroled, myself among the number, and sent home in the Rebecca Syms, of Philadelphia. We entered the Delaware on the 2d of May, and were boarded by the Poictiers of 74 guns, commanded by Sir John P. Beresford, who ordered us to come to anchor, and took all the officers and men belonging to the Vixen on board the Poictiers, for the purpose of exchanging them for some of his crew, then prisoners at Philadelphia. The officers and men were released on the 10th of May, with the exception of James Stephens, carpenter of the Vixen, and myself; whom Sir John thought proper to detain on the supposition of our being British subjects. The Poictiers sailed for Bermuda on the 12th, and arrived on the 25th of May. Stephens and myself were sent on board the guard-ship Ruby, of 64 guns, then commanded by com. Evans. The Ruby had a fine boat, which sailed remarkably fast. I mentioned to some of my companions in captivity, that we might venture to cross the gulf in her without much danger, but could get none of them to join me, with the exception of a man by the name of John Black, who gave his assent, and gave his oath that he would join me in any scheme for our liberty. Thinking that I could put confidence in this man, I next day sold some shirts to some of the crew, and got one of the men belonging to the Ruby to buy me a pocket compass and four loaves of bread.—Being 6 or 8 days without getting any chance to make my escape, and our mess being short of provisions, I gave two of my loaves to the mess. The 24th of July being very stormy, and continuing so during the night, I thought it would be the best opportunity I could get of going off with the boat, and accordingly watched for the favouring moment. About 11 o'clock, P. M. a heavy squall of rain came on, and the sentry on the gang-way went under a shed that was built over the main hatchway, and the officer of the deck and quarter-master got under the forward part of the poop. Seeing the coast clear, I got my pocket compass and the remaining two loaves of bread, and called my companion. We got down on the lower deck, and unshipped one of the gratings of the lower deck port; I gave my bundle to my companion, and told him to remain there until I could get the boat along side; I got out on the swinging boom and cut the painter and hauled the boat close in the side; but what was my astonishment when my companion, after handing me the bundle, said he would not go! In vain did I state that we would have fair wind one half the way at least, owing to the trade winds prevailing in that latitude; he said it would be impossible to cross the gulf in an open boat, and mentioned the scantiness of our provisions; finding that I could not prevail on him to go, I shoved off, and let the boat drift astern of the ship. When about a hundred yards astern, they struck a bell, and the sentry cried all was well. I made sail as soon as possible, and at day light was 36 miles from the ship.—On missing the boat

they sent several vessels in chase of me, as I have since been informed by one of the prisoners on board.

I had several squalls between Bermuda and the gulf stream. I suffered a good deal for want of sleep, and did every thing I could think of to keep myself awake. My lips were parched with the sun; I used to irritate them with my fingers to try if the pain would keep me awake; but all proved ineffectual; I often got asleep, and sometimes when I awoke, would find the boat with her sails aback and steering a different course. After being out four days, I tried to steer by tying my hand to the tiller, which proved to be very useful to me the rest of the passage. I suffered a good deal in the gulf, owing to the continual motion of the boat. I saw a brig, but thinking that she was an Englishman, I was fearful of approaching her. I made Cape Henry on the 2nd of August, about 4 P. M. and on approaching the light house, discovered the British fleet lying in Lynnhaven bay. I hauled to the southward, and beached the boat about 12 o'clock at night, about 10 miles to the southward of the Cape. I unbent the boat's jib, and carried it about a quarter of a mile from the boat, and went to sleep. I got up about sun-rise next morning, and got to Mr. Whitehouse's dwelling, who treated me with every kindness that my situation required. I proceeded to Norfolk after remaining with Mr. Whitehouse two days, when I reported myself to capt. Cassin, who advanced me funds to go to Washington. I sold my boat for 30 dollars; the boat was about 22 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 3 deep, with a foresail, main-sail and jib.—She was ballasted with fresh water in breakers."

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### ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SUMMERS

*Which are adapted to give activity to the infection or seeds of the Yellow Fever, in the city of Philadelphia.*

ON the first day of August 1809, there was published in the American Daily Advertiser, and on the same day or within a few days after, in most of the other daily papers of this city, an account, which I had prepared, of the state of Farenheit's Thermometer taken in the shade at 3 P. M. during seventeen summers, 1793 to 1809, both inclusive. I shall now republish that account, and subjoin a state of the same instrument from 1810 to 1817, so as to comprehend in all twenty-five summers, 1793 to 1817. The intent of this publication is to exhibit to public view the mean heat at 3 P. M. of each and every of those summer months, and to draw an inference from thence, that the *Yellow Fever*, being a

native of hot climates, cannot probably prevail to any alarming extent here in any season, except the mean heat of the thermometer at that hour, during the summer, and especially during the two whole months of June and July shall be as high as seventy-nine degrees—if cooler, it will not spread, although some passengers and their clothing and bedding may arrive here, bringing the disease or the infection with them; but in hotter seasons it has prevailed and probably will again prevail more or less, and very much in proportion to the heat of the season.

This is not an inquiry prompted by idle curiosity, but an attempt to establish a knowledge very important in its consequences, not only to all our citizens concerned in naval or mercantile business, but to the whole population of this city and liberties: because, if well founded, as I believe it to be, it will serve as a rule to point out to every citizen when there is, or is not danger to be apprehended; when it may be necessary, or not, to provide retreats in the country. If well understood and established to be a truth founded in experience, it may also tend to disembarass the trade of this port, in some years, from detentions and quarantines, when they are useless.

By the following account of the mean heat at 3 P. M. of each month in the last twenty-five summers, it will appear evidently that the *Yellow Fever* has never within that period prevailed here at all, or so as to occasion alarm, when the mean heat at that hour of all June and July had been lower than 79° only a very little in 1802; and that in every summer when it has been above 79° it has prevailed more or less, and the mortality has been regulated very much by the heat being higher or lower. In 1793 and 1798, which were the hottest summers in all the twenty-five years, it prevailed most, and was attended by the most extreme mortality. In 1797, 1799, 1803 and 1805, when lower degrees of heat prevailed, the mortality was less. In all the other years (except a small mortality in 1802) when the mean heat of those two months was below 79° at the hour mentioned, we have had no alarm of the *Yellow Fever*.

I consider the two months of June and July as governing the summer season, insomuch that by the first day of August in any year, we may be pretty certain, whether we shall be afflicted with



*Yellow Fever* that year, or not, so that if we find the mean heat of the thermometer at 3 P. M. placed properly in the shade in a free current of air, at least 20 or 30 feet from any sunshine, and not exposed to the reflected heat of any building, to be below 79° we may rest easy, and conclude that we are not likely to be visited with that scourge during the summer or autumn then passing over our heads.

In 1793 the mean heat of June and July at 3 P. M. was 82 degrees—in 1798 it was 80 degrees 6, both of which indicated the calamity that followed; but August 1798 was so extremely hot, that it heightened the mortality, and made it nearly equal to what it was in 1793, when the two first summer months were hotter, but August not so hot as in 1798. The wetness or dryness of the summer may also have an effect, not yet well ascertained: it being remarkable that in 1805, when the mean heat of all June and July was 79 degrees and August 81 degrees 7, the two months of July and August were so very dry, that perhaps not so much as one quarter of an inch in depth, of rain fell till within three or four days of the end of the latter month, when it rained moderately; this rain appeared sufficient, coming after the preceding heat, to give activity to the dormant infection of the *Yellow Fever*, which immediately afterwards broke out, more especially in southwark, where it was very mortal in all September. The use of the Schuylkill water which is said to be much purer than the old pump water, may have had a very beneficial effect by way of prevention, within the last ten or twelve years; so may the regulations and care of the different boards of health, which to a certain degree should never be intermitted: still I am of opinion that the heat, not of a few days or weeks, but the mean heat of the summer season is the grand governing cause, under Providence, that excites or depresses this alarming and dreadful scourge when it appears in our city.

Here follows the state of the thermometer in each month, of those twenty-five summers as above referred to.

YEAR.	REMARKS.												
	NOTE—The <i>Yellow Fever</i> years are marked with an asterisk.												
	Mean heat of the whole three summer months, at 3, P. M.			Mean heat of August, at 3, P. M.			Average of the two months of June and July, at 3, P. M.			Mean heat of July, at 3, P. M.			
	Mean heat of June, at 3, P. M.												
*1793	79	7	84	3	82	82	7	82	2	} <i>Great mortality of yellow fever in Philad. 4000 died in Aug. Sep. and Oct.</i>			
1794	75	6	80	4	78	81	7	79	2				} <i>No alarm of yellow fever here.</i>
1795	75		82	2	78	6	80	3	79	2	} <i>Ditto—fever in N. York and Norfolk.</i>		
1796	76	5	81	5	79	80	3	79	4	} <i>No alarm here.</i>			
*1797	79		84	2	81	6	79		80	7	} <i>Yellow fever here—1250 died in 3 mos.</i>		
*1798	77		82		79	5	86	5	81	8	} <i>Great yel. fev. here, 3500 died in 3 mo.</i>		
*1799	77		84		80	5	82		81		} <i>Yellow fever here, 1000 died in 3 mos.</i>		
1800	75		78		76	5	78		77		} <i>No alarm here—fever in Baltimore.</i>		
1801	76		80		78		77		77	7	} <i>No alarm here.</i>		
*1802	75	7	78		76	3	78		77	2	} <i>Yellow fever spread a little—perhaps 200 adults died of it.</i>		
*1803	76	9	81	8	79	3	79	4	79	3	} <i>Yellow fever here—slightly.</i>		
1804	71		78		74	5	75		74	7	} <i>No alarm here.</i>		
*1805	75		83		79		81		79	7	} <i>Yel. fev. began about the 1st Sept. was very fatal in Southwark &amp; little out of it</i>		
1806	78	1	78	7	78	4	72	1	76	3	} <i>All these twelve years were cooler than 79 degrees, on a mean of all June and July, at 3 P. M. and there was no alarm of yellow fever in Philadelphia, in any one of them, I believe, or none that spread and continued.</i>		
1807	71	6	77	9	74	7	75	2	74	9			
1808	75	5	78	8	77	1	76	5	76	9			
1809	73	7	75	1	74	4	76	7	75	1			
1810	74	2	75	4	74	3	75	4	75				
1811	74	4	80	1	77	2	75	3	76	6			
1812	73	8	77	4	75	6	74	2	75	1			
1813	75	3	76	7	76		77	3	76	4			
1814	70	1	75	2	73	6	76	7	74				
1815	74	2	81	8	78		77	3	77	7			
1816	72	5	73	5	73		76	5	74	1			
1817	73	2	78		75	6	77	3	76	3			

The state of the thermometer as above noted, have been taken from 1793 to 1799, from the observations of David Rittenhouse, Esq. deceased, or some of his family, made at his place of residence, corner of Delaware Seventh and Mulberry streets; for the next fifteen years, chiefly by Dr. Samuel Duffield, deceased, in Chesnut near Front street, in a northern exposure, and since by myself in Delaware Eighth street, with an easterly exposure—all I believe tolerably correct.—Any man may keep such an account for himself, and a thermometer of the price of five or six

dollars, will answer the same purpose as a more expensive instrument.

C. E.

September 9th, 1817.

**CRITICISM.**—*Travels in Brazil.* By Henry Koster. With a Map and Plan, and eight coloured Engravings. 4to. pp. 500. Price 2l. 10s. Longman & Co. 1816. Philadelphia, reprinted by Carey & Son.—From the Eclectic Review.

**NARRATIVES** of travels in distant parts of the world, come, in the present times, with a recommendation derived from the state of things nearer home. A reflecting mind is quite sick at the recent history and actual condition of Europe. From ancient times this portion of the globe has been distinguished from the rest, as the peculiar scene of the unfolding and activity of human reason. For the greater part of two thousand years, the Christian Religion, under one mode and another—but accompanied with the sacred documents adapted to exclude all modes but the true—has been generally accepted and prevalent among its nations. During many generations, in the latter part of this long period, there has been a powerful excitement of mental energy in the pursuit of knowledge of all kinds; a various and wonderful fertility of literary productions; and a grand progress in sciences and arts. In several of the nations, and especially in our own, there has been an earnest speculation, accompanied with a multiplicity of experiments, on every thing relating to the social economy, on the principles of morals, politics, and legislation. And what has been the result of all this, at the close of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century? It has been that, for a space of time nearly approaching the average term of human life, the ambitious and malignant passions have raged with an unparalleled intensity, through the civilized and Christian world, and deluged the wide field of Europe with blood. In contempt of all deprecation, remonstrance, prediction and experience of suffering, the fury for destruction has driven on, accompanied with, and stimulated by, all kinds of crimes, irreligion, and delusion; and at its suspension at length, by a peace without the spirit or expected benefits of peace, it has left the nations in a state of internal agitation, and poverty, and aggravated depravity, which depravity is punished by a continuance of despotism, the establishments of superstition, and the omens of still more miseries to come. From such a state of things it is some little relief to look away to those remote parts of the world, to which the narratives of travellers enable us to carry our imagination.

Not, indeed, that those distant regions present to view scenes of innocence and felicity, on the great scale: travellers no longer

venture to offer pictures of society, in exception to the known moral condition of human nature. But we have the pleasure (for it is itself a pleasure) of going very far off; we are presented with novelties of modification; the evil may in some regions, be in less complicated and systematic forms; it may be less atrocious in the sense that it does not prevail in defiance of direct illuminations from heaven, and by perverting to its aid all the resources of knowledge; and, at any rate, the described aspects of physical Nature delight us by images of novelty, and often of beauty and sublimity. It may be, besides, that the state of the people has an augmented and peculiar interest from their being in such a progress, or crisis, or revolution, as to give cause for large and hopeful speculation, and appear like the commencement of an era in the history of the world.

From the revolutions, counter-revolutions, and present humiliated state of Europe, a large share of inquisitive attention is passing to those parts of America, which are the scene of so much that is strange and stupendous in physical Nature, and of so much that is now beginning to be important in the history of mankind. It is a striking and gratifying spectacle, to see a race, or rather a diversity of races, fantastically mingled and confused, rising from an inveterate state of oppression, degradation, and insignificance, into energy, and invincibly working their way to independence, even though it be through a wide tumult of disorders and calamities—the only course through which it appears to be the destiny of man, in any part of the world, to attain the ultimate state of freedom and peace. Melancholy as this medium is through which alone we can look forward to the happier condition of those awakening tribes, there is the stimulating prospect of many great events in the passage through it, of an advancement and unfolding of mind, of rapid changes, surprising incidents, and signal interpositions of Providence. If it should be asked—‘And wherein will this course of calamities, changes, and wonders, have any such essential difference from the analogous trains of events resulting, hitherto, in so little good in our own part of the world, as to authorise any pleasure in the prospect?’—we may at least reply, with no small delight, that there are religious grounds for hoping that the series of errors, crimes, and miseries, will be of much shorter duration in this new region, than it has been in Europe. We firmly maintain, in spite of the actual state of things, the hope, that the better age, which inspired men have predictively celebrated, is not very far off; and we may well assure ourselves that when it shall arrive to bless one part of the world, the other portions will not be left to work through a long protracted process of failure and misery.

We have adverted to the local character of the scenes where the great train of events in question is commencing. Nature has furnished a theatre in superb correspondence and rivalry with

whatever there can be of great and magnificent in the human drama. The images of its grand scenery will be in a measure associated with the men and their proceedings, in the minds contemplating their rise to independence and importance; so that a certain adventitious lustre will seem to be reflected on the transactions of a people, vanquishing the tyrants, constituting their politics, extending their plantations, opening their schools of literature and science, and at length dashing to the ground their systems and institutions of superstition, amid the magnificence of the most stupendous mountains, volcanoes, and torrents, and the riches of a mighty fertility of vegetable and vital forms. It must be a spirit very little imaginative, and very little prone to enthusiastic and poetic feeling, that would not be sensible of a greater captivation in contemplating such a course of events as displayed on such a field, than if the local scene were like the Netherlands, or the Steppes of Tartary. At the same time it is to be acknowledged, that this fine illusion of association will have a greater effect on contemplative minds in Europe, and on cultivated travellers that visit these tracts of the New World, than on the people themselves, the mass of whom will not, at least for a long time to come, be refined and elated into any ambitious sympathy with the sublimity which predominates over their territory.

The attention and interest now attracted, and which will be progressively more attracted, to the southern, and what was till lately the Spanish part of the northern division of the American continent, as the scenes of momentous changes in the state of the nations, and of wonderful phenomena in nature, will ensure a favourable reception to every authentic work which brings from those quarters any considerable share of new information. Within the last comparatively few years, a number of travellers have adventured and have brought us their contributions: far above all others, Humboldt, who has accomplished more, (aided indeed by a very able associate,) than it would be reasonable to expect from any future individual zealot for novelty and knowledge. When we reflect on the extent of the tracts surveyed by him, on their quality, with respect to the difficulty and toil of traversing them, and the diversity of their appearances, and on the various distinct classes of the traveller's observations and researches, it is truly wonderful to behold such an exemplification of what is practicable to a mind shut up in a frame of heavy matter, slow of movement, soon fatigued, and liable to innumerable maladies and mischiefs.

But inferior explorers may be confident of receiving their share of attention, even though they decline all greatness of enterprise, not venturing toward the central depths of the continent, nor approaching the summits, nor even bases, of snowy mountains. Brazil, besides, is not as yet within the sweep of that grand political tempest which is at once ravaging, and clearing of foreign tyranny, so wide a portion of that western world.

The Author of this present volume went to Brazil for the sake of health; and made his excursions, observations, and notes, without any thought of publication.

He had a pleasant voyage, of thirty-five days, from Liverpool to Pernambuco, at the latter end of the year 1809; and he has shown good sense and a good example in telling this in a single sentence. He very properly gives a rather minute description of the singularly formed American port, accompanied with a neat plan, furnished, he says, by an English gentleman resident there, 'who is indefatigable in the search of whatever may contribute to the increase of knowledge.' It seems to be by something very like a caprice, that Nature has left there any harbour at all. At Recife, (for that is the name of the town, 'Pernambuco being properly the name of the captaincy,') the stranger instantly found himself in pleasant society, native and imported, and entered with vivacity into their convivialities. He took a cottage at a beautiful place where the better sort of people go to reside during the summer months, at a short distance in the country. The society he acknowledges was very frivolous, and not always very temperate. At many of the houses of the Portuguese, he found the 'card-tables occupied at nine o'clock in the morning; when one person rose another took his place;' and thus excepting an interval for dinner, the battle would be gallantly fought the live-long day, against the old invading enemy, Time. There were other auxiliary resources, 'music, dancing, playing at forfeits,' dinner parties, and rides to Recife. The habits indeed, he remarks, were very much the same, at this place of summer adjournment, as at the English watering places. In the town, however, which consists of three compartments, and contains 25,000 inhabitants, the state of society is more reserved and ceremonious. The native Portuguese merchants, especially, maintain a style of stately retirement, in their mansions; into some of which, nevertheless, our author made his way; but he will not own that he is much the wiser for the privilege.

There are a multitude of occasions for observing what a mighty power of ingenuity, or we may say genius, is exercised by the depravity of the human mind. The most striking of the exemplifications is, that Religion, even the Christian Religion, the grand heaven-descended opponent of all evil, can be perverted by this genius, to subserve absolutely *every* purpose of iniquity and vanity, every passion and taste, from the most frivolous to the most infernal. In the place of our author's transatlantic sojourn, as indeed in some of the countries of Europe, Religion is one of the most stimulant and favourite *diversions*. He witnessed all the gayeties, shows, frolics, and riotous indulgences of The Easter Season; of which the zest was heightened by the mummery of a more solemn cast on Good Friday.

‘On the following day, Good Friday, the decorations of the churches, the dress of the women, and even the manner of both sexes were changed, (from the flare of gay finery on Holy Thursday;) all was dismal. In the morning I went to the church of the Sacramento, to witness a representation of our Saviour’s descent from the Cross. The church was much crowded. An enormous curtain hung from the ceiling, excluding from sight the whole of the principal chapel. An Italian Missionary Friar of the Penha convent, with a long beard, and dressed in a thick dark brown cloth habit, was in the pulpit, and about to commence an extempore sermon. After an exordium of some length, adapted to the day, he cried out, “Behold him;” the curtain immediately dropped, and discovered an enormous cross; with a full-sized wooden image of our Saviour, exceedingly well carved and painted, and around it a number of angels represented by young persons, all finely decked out, and each bearing a large pair of outstretched wings, made of gauze; a man dressed in a bob-wig, and a pea-green robe, as St. John, and a female kneeling at the foot of the Cross, as the Magdalen; whose character, as I was informed, seemingly that nothing might be wanting, was not the most pure. The friar continued with much vehemence, and much action, his narrative of the crucifixion; and after some minutes again cried out, “Behold they take him down;” when four men, habited in imitation of Roman soldiers, stepped forward. The countenances of these persons were in part concealed by black crape. Two of them ascended ladders placed on each side against the Cross, and one took down the board, bearing the letters I. N. R. I. Then was removed the crown of thorns, and a white cloth was put over, and pressed down upon the head; which was soon taken off, and shown to the people, stained with the circular mark of the crown in blood. This done, the nails which transfixed the hands, were by degrees knocked out, and this produced a violent beating of breasts among the female part of the congregation. A long white linen bandage was next passed under each arm-pit of the image; the nail which secured the feet was removed: the figure was let down very gently, and was carefully wrapped up in a white sheet. All this was done by word of command by the preacher. The sermon was then quickly brought to a conclusion, and we left the church.’

The entrance of a novice into the Order of St. Francis, an occurrence now very uncommon, attracted Mr. K. and a multitude of other persons, to a town at considerable distance. ‘Formerly,’ he says, ‘of every family at least one member was a friar; but now this is not the custom; children are brought up to trade, to the army, to any thing rather than a monastic life, which is fast losing its reputation. None of the convents are full, and some are nearly without inhabitants.’ This is attributed to the scandalous conduct of these gentry. The utmost levity appeared in the behaviour of the fraternity, during the ceremony, and it was followed by ‘much eating, much drinking, and much confusion,’ appropriately concluded in the evening with hubbub and fire-works. The secular priests are represented as much more respectable, and some of them considerably cultivated. Their great politeness to Mr. K. and the various other English heretics then at Pernambuco, would seem to evince, from what cause soever arising, a degree of liberality for which they would probably be little ap-

plauded by their sacerdotal brethren of the mother country and the contiguous kingdom, whom we have enabled to resume their ecclesiastical tyranny.

Our author seems to have been more pleased with the society of the Brazilians, (the denomination by which he distinguishes the white *natives* of the country,) than with any thing he was admitted to see or hear among the Portuguese at Pernambuco. A chief cause was the interest and vivacity with which the ladies take part in the conversation: 'they would allow,' he says, of no 'subject into which they could not enter;' they asserted in every way, their just claims to social rank and consequence; and they did not, as among us, retire after dinner, to leave the gentlemen perfectly free for ribaldry. It is, however, to be acknowledged, that instances are mentioned of festive parties, in which their presence did not restrain the high and rational lords from some excess of potation and noise.

He agrees with other reporters in asserting the superiority of the women of colour to the Brazilian ladies, in the graces of form and in activity of mind. The mixed race, he says, seems more congenial with the climate.

'Their features are often good, and even the colour, which in European climates is disagreeable, appears to appertain to that in which it more naturally exists: but this bar to European ideas of beauty set aside, finer specimens of the human form cannot be found than among the mulatto females whom I have seen.'

Among some of the families of Brazilian planters removed from the interior to reside at Recife, there are customs brought from the woods, which will soon vanish in the refining process of the town. For instance, at a dinner party at one of their houses, our author 'was complimented with pieces of meat from the 'plates of various persons at the table.' The manners and habits of the city population had as yet no settled standard; but they will probably not be long in attaining the enviable subjection to an authoritative mode, by the amalgamation of the varieties, under the ascendancy and prescription, possibly, of some deputed models of dignity and grace from the Brazil Court. At present the chief operator of changes is growing wealth, which inspires the competition in luxuries and splendour,—accompanied, according to our author, with some little increase of mental cultivation, which may throw a slight grace of literature and taste over the heterogeneous elements, while they are mixing and moulding into form,—and by an incipient sense of somewhat more of political consequence, since the acquisition of royalty and a court on the Brazil shores.

He notices two inconveniences which Englishmen had to encounter, at their influx, a few years back, into Pernambuco. The established custom required them to take off the hat in passing a sentinel, or meeting in the streets a military guard; and to fall on



their knees on meeting the procession of the Sacrament, carried to dying persons, and so to remain till it went out of sight. The first was intolerable, and was uniformly and firmly refused, as an improper submission, we suppose for *freemen*: but as to the *religious* affair, the act of idolatrous homage, that was far too trifling a matter to be worth a scruple or an effort of spirit in *Protestants*: 'here Englishmen,' says Mr. K. 'in some degree conformed, in proper deference to the 'religion of the country.' In plain terms, they repelled the one demand because it was insulting to *themselves*; they acquiesced in the other, because it was *insulting only to God*. Has this unhappy nation, at this late and calamitous period, yet to learn, that the worst of all omens for a people's liberties, is a prevailing contempt of the claims of the Most High? To a religious man, deeply sharing in the zeal for freedom and political melioration, it affords but a melancholy presage to see so little hold of religion on the national mind, so little recognition of the Governor of the world, so little perception, in many of the advocates of a righteous cause, that the oppressive evils of which bad men are the immediate inflictors, are, all the while, the afflictions of his justice; and that something more is required in order to the effectual vindication of rights, than the mere energy of re-action against the instruments of oppression.

When 'growing wealth' is mentioned among the circumstances of the settlement, it is not to be understood that the mass of the people partake in any such privilege. No; in striking contrast with the social economy in Europe, there is a large privileged and official class enriched at the expense of the general body. It is not often that so brief a description as the following, will suffice to explain perfectly a state of things in no one respect similar to any thing within the previous knowledge of those who read it.

'The number of civil and military offices is enormous: inspectors innumerable—colonels without end, devoid of any objects to inspect, without any regiments to command: judges to manage each trifling department, of which all the duties might be done by two or three persons: their salaries are augmented, the people are oppressed, but the state is not benefited.

'Taxes are laid where they fall heavy on the lower classes, and none are levied where they could well be borne. A tenth is raised in kind upon cattle, poultry, agriculture, and even salt. All the taxes are farmed to the highest bidders, and this among the rest. They are parcelled out in extensive districts, and are contracted for at a reasonable rate, but the contractors again dispose of their shares in small portions: these are again retailed to other persons: and as a profit is obtained by each transfer, the people must be oppressed that these men may satisfy those above them and enrich themselves. The system is in itself bad, but is rendered still heavier by this division of the spoil.' p. 31.

The account ends with a curious fact, that 'a tax is paid at 'Pernambuco, for lighting the streets of Rio de Janeiro, while

‘those of Recife remain in total darkness.’ As to the multitude of persons enriched by offices, it is remarked, that many of them would remain poor enough if they had only the regular and authorised receipts, but that *other ways* are found of making these offices productive. The conduct of the governor, at the time of our author's visit, is pronounced an honourable exception; he stood unimpeached in every part of his administration; the more is it to be regretted that his power should not have been competent to the punishment and reformation of all the inferior tribe of functionaries.

There is little other manufacture at Recife, than that of gold and silver trinkets, and gold and thread lace. The public institutions are stated to be excellent, though rather few. At the neighbouring city of Olinda, once the more important station, but now in a great degree deserted for Recife, is a college for the education, chiefly, of young ecclesiastics, of which the professors are praised for ‘knowledge and liberality.’ ‘Free schools are ‘also established in most of the small towns in the country,’ principally for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. In both these and the college, the instruction is free of expense to the pupils. ‘It will appear surprising to English persons,’ as Mr. K. justly says, ‘that in a place so large as Recife there ‘should be no printing press or bookseller.’ That branch of the polity which respects the punishment of criminals, is represented as emphatically bad, especially in the article of transportation: the small island of Fernando de Noronha, where a crowd of criminals are kept under a military force, for a term of years, or for life, being a den of most flagrant and execrable depravity.—On the whole, our author pronounces a strong condemnation on the government of this portion of the Brazilian states, as administered down to the period of the removal to America of the chief government, and not as yet corrected by that transfer; but he ventures or professes to hope that the measure must have its good effects in due time.

After enjoying for the greatest part of the year, at Recife, the convivialities, the amusements, the pleasant alternation of sea and land breezes, which attemper the climate of a spot so near the equator, to the constitution and almost the ease of an Englishman, Mr. K. set off upon a northward journey, into the captaincy of Seara. The progress and incidents are minutely related, indeed a little too much in detail; but many of the particulars are entertaining, and they give a long and disagreeable picture of the physical quality of the country. Large tracts of it are an absolute eternal sand, only not quite so burning and volatile as in the African deserts. Other parts are covered with thickets, completely impervious but by some narrow path which has been cut through the dense substance with bill hooks and hatchets. We transcribe the description of one of the vegetable productions which contribute to render them so.

'The *cipo* is a plant consisting of long and flexible shoots, which twist themselves around the trees, and as some of the sprouts which have not yet fixed upon any branch, are moved to and fro by the wind, they catch upon a neighbouring tree, and as the operation continues for many years undisturbed, a kind of net-work is made, of irregular form, but difficult to pass through. Several kinds of *cipo* are used as cordage in making fences, and for many other purposes.'

Animal nuisances were furnished in quite the due proportion. With one of them he made an early acquaintance.

'I laid down in my clothes, but soon started up, finding myself uneasy. The guide saw me, and called out, "O Sir, you are covered with *carapatos*." I then perceived them, and felt still more their bites. Instantly throwing off part of my clothes, but with the remainder upon me, I ran into the water, and there began to take them off. The *carapato*, or tick, is a small flat insect of a dark brown colour, about the size of four pins heads placed together; it fastens upon the skin, and will in time eat its way into it. It is dangerous to pull it out quickly, when already fixed; for if the head remains, inflammation is not unfrequently the consequence. The point of a heated fork or penknife applied to the insect, when it is too far advanced into the skin to be taken out with the hand, will succeed in loosening it. There is another species of tick of much larger size, and of a lead colour; this is principally troublesome to horses and horned cattle, that are allowed to run loose in lands which have been only partially cleared. I have seen horses that have had such vast numbers upon them, as to have been weakened by the loss of blood which they have occasioned.'

The face of the country is so 'partially cleared,' that in an extensive landscape, seen from the city of Paraiba, through which his route was directed, he says, 'the cultivated specks were so 'small as to be scarcely perceptible:' the general expanse was nearly a continuity of 'evergreen woods.' But this he expressly distinguishes as 'the best kind of Brazilian scenery;' wider spaces of the vast tract denominated *Sertam*, the Desert, presenting the dreary view of a sterile waste; with just here and there, perhaps in the vicinity of a marsh, a spot which has permitted the kinder operations of nature. In the wet season these marshes are pools of very brackish water. Salt was often visible in the muddy places, and was offensively perceptible to the taste in some of the very few springs that were found. After being parched with thirst for a whole day and night, the delight with which the travellers came to the long desired well, was liable to pass off in some such manner as the following:

'The next morning, about nine o'clock, we reached a well to our great joy, but, fortunately for us, the water was so bad that we could not drink much; it was as usual dirty and brackish, but of the first draught I shall never forget the delight;—when I tried a second, I could not take it, the taste was so very nauseous.'

The horses suffered so severely, that several times there was some cause to fear they might sink, and leave their loads and their riders immovable in the desert. The destitution of water was also necessarily that of grass; and they had sometimes to la-

bour through several successive long stages, sustained by only a small quantity of maize from their own loads, and this it required some management to make them eat. In consequence of a very great and extraordinary failure of rain in the preceding winter, if it might be so named, this dreary region was inhospitable in an unusual degree at the time of our author's adventure. The 'cattle estates,' some large and some small, formed in the more productive spots, were found in great distress; many of the cattle were poor and perishing, and the occupiers in dread of famine. Their residences, instead of meeting our notions of a farm establishment, were wretched cottages, some of them raised for only a temporary abode, and several were found deserted and in ruin. These insulated families, however, were in general friendly to the travellers, and ready to furnish what little accommodations were in their power. But many a day was passed without bringing the party to one of these lodgements against the evening, and the night encampment was made in the open air, without any shelter except a few trees or bushes, or, in a few instances, the side of a rock, from the wind which would sometimes scatter away the fires made of sticks and brushwood. In several of the places, a nightly visit was made by mosquitoes, which were invincible by any thing but the thick and pungent smoke of a fire made of the ordure of cattle, which was to be received at the same time by the lungs and eyes of the travellers, in lieu of the myriads of insects. Of serpents or wild beasts there was but little apprehension; though instances had been known of the *jaguar*, the American tiger, presenting himself at a small nightly encampment of travellers. In the thick woodlands there would be need of great precaution.

The description is given, in a variety of little particulars, of the character, condition, habits, and appearance, of the herdsmen of the desert. In better years some of them bring down droves of cattle for sale at Recife, and one or two other points of the coast. But their families, at least the females, pass their whole lives in this total seclusion from the social and civilized world. And their knowledge of even the very existence of such a world, does not extend, with any force of curiosity, beyond the chief towns of the captaincies. The inquiries for news related chiefly to matters at Recife. Englishmen, as heretics, had indeed been heard of; and the name was associated, in the imagination of the men as well as of the women, with a vague idea of something brutish or monstrous. At one of the stations the travelling attendants having given information to a number of men, who were milking the goats, that an Englishman was in the party, they eagerly came to see the '*bicho*,' that is, 'animal;' and 'their countenances showed much disappointment' when the 'strange beast' that was pointed out to them, was so much like what they had seen before.

It would appear that they are in a tolerable degree an inoffensive class. As to religion, it may reasonably be wondered and inquired, how they can have any knowledge of the subject at all. Would it ever be surmised there should be in full activity among them, a method of religious ministration analogous to what is as yet a novelty and innovation in England—Itinerant Preaching?—with the material difference, however, that the itinerants among us do not make money by their journeys, and are not accompanied with a *portable altar*: we are forced to add to these negatives, *Episcopal appointment*.

‘Certain priests obtain a licence from the bishop of Pernambuco, and travel through these regions with a small altar constructed for the purpose, of a size to be placed on one side of a pack-saddle; and they have with them all their apparatus for saying mass. Thus with a horse conveying the necessary paraphernalia, and a boy to drive it, who likewise assists in saying mass, and another horse on which the priest himself rides, and carries his own small portmanteau, these men make in the course of the year between 150 and 200*l*.—a large income in Brazil, but hardly earned, if the inconveniences and privations which they must undergo to obtain it are taken into consideration. They stop and erect the altar wherever a sufficient number of persons, who are willing to pay for the mass, is collected. This will sometimes be said for three or four shillings: but at other times, if a rich man takes a fancy to a priest, or has a fit of extreme devotion upon him, he will give eight or ten *mil reis*, two or three pounds; and it does happen, that one hundred *mil reis* are received for saying a mass, but this is very rare;—at times, an ox, or a horse, or two or three are given. These men have their use in the world; if this custom did not exist, all form of worship would be completely out of the reach of the inhabitants of many districts, or at any rate they would not be able to attend more than once or twice in the course of the year, for it must be remembered that there is no church within twenty or thirty leagues of some parts.’

No thanks, it seems, to the judicature in this wilderness, if its forlorn inhabitants do not lose all discernment of right and wrong.

‘The administration of justice in the Sertam is generally spoken of as most wretchedly bad, every crime obtains impunity by the payment of a sum of money. An innocent person is sometimes punished through the interest of a great man, whom he may have offended; and the murderer escapes who has the good fortune to be under the protection of a powerful patron. This proceeds still more from the feudal state of the country than from the corruption of the magistrates, who might often be inclined to do their duty, and yet be aware that their exertions would be of no avail, and would possibly prove fatal to themselves.’

Our author, however, distinguishes several governors, as men of justice and spirit, particularly Amaro Joaquim, who had recently been governor of Paraiba, whom Mr. K. saw at Recife, and who died of a fever on his passage to another captaincy to which he had been removed. There is a pleasant story of one of the acts of his government.

'A man of the name of Nogueira, the son of a black or mulatto woman, and of one of the first men in the captaincy, had made himself much dreaded by his outrageous proceedings; he had carried from their parents' houses the daughters of some persons of respectability in the captaincy, murdering the friends and relatives who opposed his entrance. The man was at last taken; Amaro Joaquim would have had him executed, but he found this was not to be done, from the interest which the family made for him, and therefore ordered him to be flogged. Noguera said, that being half a *fidalgo* (a nobleman) this mode of punishment could not be practised on him. The governor then ordered that he should be flogged on only one side of his body, that his *fidalgo* side might not suffer, desiring Noguera to say which was his *fidalgo* side. He was accordingly punished in this manner, and after remaining some time in prison, was sent to Angola for life.'

There is a considerable length of rather interesting description of the character and habits of the descendants of the aborigines, the Indians, with a great number of whom Mr. K. has conversed. They appear wonderfully inferior in many points to some of the tribes of the northern part of the continent; but they are beyond comparison less inconvenient and formidable as neighbours.—They are not brave, but neither are they ferocious or revengeful. They have little respect for the principles and regulations of property; but they violate them rather in the humble way of pilfering than in the bolder style of robbery. They can be treacherous, but it seems rather from capricious fickle lightness of disposition, than from deep design or malignant feeling. They are little capable of affection, or any lively interest for any one's welfare, even that of their immediate relatives; but they seldom wish to do any body any harm. They are unambitious and indolent, but capable of a wonderful perseverance of physical exertion when they have occasion to travel, or are employed in hunting and fishing. They have the same instinct, or faculty of observation, which enables the northern Indians to take a direct course through the wilderness to the remotest places, and to descry the traces of men or beasts, where other men would be utterly baffled. They have also the same invincible love of freedom: it is absolutely impossible, Mr. K. says, to reduce them to a systematic slavery: they do not *fight* for independence, but they are continually endeavouring to escape from situations in which it is denied them.—They have many disgusting habits; and have a voracious appetite, with little nicety of choice. Some of them are believed to practise their ancient pagan rites in secret; but in general they have accepted the sort of Christianity that the lords of the country have conferred on them. Those lords treat them with little equity, and much contempt.

The narrative of the return, with Indian guides, to Pernambuco, is more brief, and contains a number of notices and incidents which are entertaining, without being particularly striking. The rainy season overtook the traveller, and he suffered an attack of

the ague, and considerable inconveniences from temporary torrents and inundations; but these, he says, were far less intimidating grievances than the former dread of perishing for want of water. It was pleasing to observe, in the sudden effect of the rain, the wonderfully sensitive state of a soil in all appearance utterly burnt up.

‘The rapidity of vegetation in Brazil is truly astonishing. Rain in the evening upon good soil will, by sun-rise, have given a greenish tinge to the earth, which is increased, if the rain continues on the second day, to sprouts of grass of an inch in length, and these on the third day are sufficiently long to be picked up by the half-starved cattle.’

The ordinary course of seasons brings pretty constant rain from May or June to the end of August; but there are not many days of absolutely incessant rain. From August or September there is not usually any rain till the beginning of the year, when it is expected, for a continuance of only two or three weeks.

A more comprehensive description is given, in this part of the work, of the *Sertanejos*, as the inhabitants of the *Sertam* or desert are denominated. Some of these are the proprietors of the cattle-estates on which they reside; but the greater number are *Vaguetiros* or cow-herds, who manage the estates for rich owners who reside in the towns upon the coast, and are at the same time sugar-planters, denominated *Senhores de Engenho*. Between the large share of the animal stock and produce assigned by regulation to these resident-managers, and the unavoidable indefiniteness of the whole account of the numbers, the situation is a very advantageous one; but it requires ‘considerable courage, and great bodily strength and activity;’ the necessity for which is partly shown in a very amusing description of the half-yearly collecting of the cattle, some of them not unfrequently from a distance of twenty leagues from the residence. There is a curious account of the modes of mastering with impunity the violence and wildness of the cows and oxen, the way of breaking in horses, the distinctions of quality in horses, and the sort of economy preserved by each separate party or ‘lot’ of these animals. The divisions of property in the *Sertam*, will require ages to bring them to any approach to precision. The size of the *fazenda* is estimated by a mere computation of leagues, or, in some instances, by the yearly number of hundreds of calves. ‘Few persons take the trouble of making themselves acquainted with the exact extent of their own property; and perhaps could not ascertain it if they made the attempt.’

The *Sertanejos* are of various colours, from what would be white but for the heat of the climate, down through the mulatto mixtures and gradations. Being ‘courageous, generous, sincere, and hospitable,’ they would, our author says, be a very good sort of people, were it not for their wretched condition with respect to government, their scanty portion of which is of such a quality,

as to make it doubtful which would be the greater evil—the mischief it would do by a more effectual interference, or the crimes which, in its non-interference, are committed by a people abandoned to their own passions and their own means in maintaining and avenging their rights against one another. Their ignorance is extreme, ‘few of them possessing even the commonest rudiments of knowledge.’ Their religion is confined to a few ceremonies, relics, and charms; some of which last are the resource of persons bitten by serpents; and as all serpents are believed by these people to be venomous, while in fact many of them are not, there will be plenty of reputed proofs of the efficacy of the charm. There was an amusing instance of fantastic credulity, at a house where the travellers were answered by a man from within the door, but who did not open it, nor in any way venture to look out.

‘This I thought strange, and began to suppose he might be afflicted with some contagious disorder, and had been forsaken by his friends, or rather, that his family had been advised to remove to some neighbouring cottage. But the guide explained, that the man had been bitten by a snake, and that the bite of this species only became fatal if the man who had received it saw any female animal, and particularly a woman, for thirty days after the misfortune.’ p. 160.

A voyage from Pernambuco to Maranhham, a position on the coast still further to the north-west than Seara, was made within sight of land nearly all the way. The account of the people there, includes some anecdotes of slaves, one of which we transcribe.

‘I heard of a mulatto slave who ran away from his master, and in the course of years had become a wealthy man, by the purchase of lands which were overrun with cattle. He had, on one occasion, collected in pens great numbers of oxen which he was arranging with his herdsmen to dispatch to different parts for sale, when a stranger, who came quite alone, made his appearance, and rode up and spoke to him, saying, that he wished to have some private conversation with him. After a little while they retired together, and when they were alone the owner of the estate said, “I thank you for not mentioning the connexion between us, while my “people were present.” It was his master, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, and had now made this visit in hopes of obtaining some trifle from him. He said that he should be grateful for any thing his slave chose to give him. To reclaim him, he well knew, was out of the question; he was in the man’s power, who might order him to be assassinated immediately. The slave gave his master several hundred oxen, and directed some of his men to accompany him with them to a market, giving out among his herdsmen that he had thus paid a debt of old standing for which he had only now been called upon. A man who could act in this manner, well deserved the freedom which he had resolved to obtain.’

From St. Luiz, the port of the island of Maranhham, where the blessings of despotism, slavery, and bigotry are enjoyed in a high degree, Mr. K. had a fancy to take a little trip to see his English friends, and landed at Falmouth, in May, 1811. In the last week of that same year he was again in the full gayeties of Pernambuco;



where a period of less than twelve months had sufficed to produce a very visible alteration in the style of dress, and even in the manners of the people, in the exterior and interior appearance of the houses, in the sedan chairs, and in the equipment of the horses.—The impulse of this change is represented as mainly given by a few families newly imported from Lisbon and England. It seems a pity that a people so easily rendered dissatisfied with themselves and their customs, should not have had the good fortune to obtain from abroad exemplars that would have prompted and attracted them to changes in much more important matters. How many diversities of the cut of their clothes, and the colour of their house fronts, and the shape of their furniture, and the regulations of their promenading, will they be manœuvred through, at the caprice of the adventitious dictators of fashion, before any detachment of the European community will disturb them into innovation, by examples of judicious education, extensive and useful reading, genuine religion, and an adjustment of manners at once liberal and systematically moral?

Our author amused himself with an excursion among the sugar plantations, with a particular attention to the economy of slave employment, and observant also of the characters and habits of the proprietors, and the free labourers. He was struck with the contrast between the almost solitary appearance of the country, on a general view, and the large assemblages of people drawn together at the churches at particular times, and at the planters' residences on occasions of sport or festivity. Frolic and riot are quite as necessary against the tedium of existence to the superior people, as to the meaner tribe; and on some of the days before Ash-Wednesday, Mr. K. and an accompanying friend were regaled quite to satiety, and something further, with a sport called *intrudo*. Before a meal is well ended, the partakers, the family, (that is, the men of it) guests and all, fall to pelting and bespattering one another with the eatables remaining on the table, commonly no small quantity. At one house, even the blackened pots and pans from 'the kitchen were introduced,' for the purpose of a mutual besmearing of the gentlefolks' faces. Here, even the ladies were induced to join in the war, and the slaves were delighted to be admitted to a share. It is all taken in perfect good humour; or the utmost contempt assails any one that becomes angry and resentful.

Among the various plantations the author visited, he distinguishes one, but without giving either local or personal name, as horribly infamous for cruelties perpetrated on the slaves, with 'a systematic, continued, wanton enormity.'

'The estate was inherited by the person in question, with sixty good slaves upon it; fifteen years have elapsed since that time to the period of which I speak, and there were then remaining only four or five individuals who were able to work. Some have fled, and have escaped; others

have died, God knows how; and others again have committed suicide in sight of their masters' residence.'

Mr. K. says he did not hear any other of the planters charged with a conduct so systematic and atrocious:—might it not be expected then, that the miscreant in question would often have to encounter the most unequivocal and intentional signs of detestation from what is accounted the respectable part of the society of the country? No such thing:

'The conduct of the owner toward his slaves is often spoken of with abhorrence, but yet he is visited and treated with the same respect which is paid to an individual of unblemished character.'

So base a betrayer can politeness be to the cause of justice! Yet it perhaps never occurs to the thoughts of these civil gentry, that they will stand accountable, and will be joined in retribution, for so much of the wickedness as the honest manifestation of their opinion might have prevented. And our author's delicacy, too, in so carefully suppressing the name,—was it in return for being 'regaled with pine-apples and oranges,' at the plantation? If so, we wish that, however hot the day might have been, he had declined swallowing so sweet a bribe to protect the entertainer's name from infamy by concealing it.

This tour among the plantations, was preparatory to our Author's becoming, in connexion with a friend a sugar-planter himself, by renting, in 1812, an estate called Jaguaribe, with the slaves, cattle, and other requisites upon it, four leagues from Recife, and one league from the coast. He relinquished it, however, towards the end of the following year, and became a resident and co-planter on the island of Itamaraca, where he remained till some time in the year 1815, when he abandoned, for reasons not assigned, the planter's vocation, to which he confesses he was become partial, and returned, perhaps finally to Europe: perhaps finally, for he seems willing to contemplate a possibility that he may be destined to accomplish, what he earnestly and vainly wished while in South America, a journey of discovery quite across that continent.

The proceedings and incidents in the course of these planting speculations, furnish a considerably lively and diversified narration, which is followed, toward the close of the volume, by a large assemblage of descriptions and observations of a more general kind. The natural appearance of the country, so different from the *Sertam* or desert, is largely displayed, with all its diversity of landscape, vegetation, and soil. The description of the whole economy of the plantations, is 'enlivened by a very great number of anecdotes and little personal adventures, for the most part illustrative of the state of the country, and the characters and habits of its heterogeneous population. The distinctive characteristics of each class and race, are marked; their moral effect

on one another is rendered apparent; and the fantastic spectacle formed by the jumbling of so many sorts of human beings together, is brought out in a striking light.

The picture of a planter's life, is perhaps less repulsive in our Author's work, than in any former representation given on respectable authority; and it is so because he constrains us to believe, even though we should make some allowance for the circumstance of his being a native of Portugal, that the great majority of the Brazilian planters, have a much less oppressive and cruel system of management, than that which has loaded with so much infamy the slave-owners of the Dutch, Spanish, and English colonies. He deliberately and constantly declares, that, in the tracts of Pernambuco, at least, the condition of the slaves is not generally severe, and that any savage infliction, or systematic intolerable oppression, would render a planter infamous even among his class, notwithstanding the polite attention with which, as in the instance above quoted, he might be hypocritically treated among them.

Nevertheless, Mr. K. is a most decided enemy to the whole of the slave-system; and this, not because it would be disgraceful or unfashionable to be its advocate, but because, together with a conviction of its intrinsic iniquity, he perceived, in observation and experiment, the many practicable evils inseparable from its operation. These he has pointed out; and at the same time he has shown the advantages attending the employment of freemen;—advantages on the mere trade account, besides all the satisfactions of a moral kind. Happily, the various rules and modes of manumission, have rendered this class of negroes and mulattoes sufficiently numerous for an extensive diffusion of the practical evidence of the benefits of freedom.

An extended account is given of the methods of cultivation, with the annoyances and disasters to which it is liable, and of the process of preparing the sugar. Mr. K. judges the Brazilian planters to be quite a century behind those of the West Indies, or, to use his phrase, 'the Columbian Islands,' in all the mechanical expedients for saving the labour of men and cattle. He anticipates that this incuriousness or dread of innovation cannot continue among them very long; but thus far, nothing can exceed the stupidity with which they have retained all the clumsy, tedious, toilsome, and unthrifty methods of their forefathers. A gross ignorance, indeed, on all subjects beyond the most contracted routine of accustomed practice, is quite general among the inferior order of planters. Some of the richest class are beginning to come in contact, in their visits or residence at Recife, with the knowledge of Europeans.

With respect to religion, if it may be so called, all classes seem nearly alike the slaves (or rather the dupes, for as a burden, it is tolerably light upon their consciences) of the most ridi-

culous superstitions, of which a great number of curious illustrative instances are related.

The chief fault of this work is prolixity, occasioned by a uniform minuteness of detail. On some subjects great minuteness may be essential to the requisite precision; but in many of the matters of a book of travels, the writer should make an earnest effort to put himself in the reader's place, and subject his work to a severe process of selection and exclusion. The work is, nevertheless, of very considerable merit for the information it brings, and for the principles of justice and humanity it serves to confirm.

The eight coloured plates, combining costume with scenery, are well executed, and contribute materially to the purpose of information.

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## MILITIA MUSTER.

### IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

*Dear Fugey,*

I happened not long since to be present at the muster of a captain's company in a remote part of one of the counties, and as no general description could convey an accurate idea of the achievements of that day, I must be permitted to go a little into the detail, as well as my recollection will serve me.

The men had been notified to meet at nine o'clock, 'armed and equipped as the law directs,' that is to say, with a gun and cartridge box at least, but, as directed by a law of the United States, 'with a good firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, and a pouch with a box to contain not less than twenty-four sufficient cartridges of powder and ball.' At twelve, about one-third, perhaps one half, of the men had collected, and an inspector's return of the number present, and of their arms would have stood nearly thus; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant; ensign, none; fifiers none; privates, present, 23; ditto absent, 50; guns, 15; gunlocks, 12; ramrods, 10; rifle pouches 3; bayonets, none; horsewhips, walking canes, and umbrellas, 22. A little before one, the captain, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Clodpole, gave directions for forming the line of parade. In obedience to this order, one of the sergeants, whose lungs had long supplied the place of a drum and fife, placed himself in front of the house, and began to bawl with great vehemence, 'All captain Clodpole's company to parade here! come GENTLEMEN, parade here! and all you that hasn't guns fall into the lower end.' He might have bawled till this time with as little success as the Syrens sung to Ulysses, had he not changed his post to a neighbouring shade. There he was immediately joined by all who were then at leisure; the others were at that time engaged, either as parties or spectators, at a game of fives, and could not just then attend. However,

in less than half an hour the game was finished, and the captain enabled to form his company and proceed in the duties of the day.

*Look to the right, and dress!*

They were soon, by the help of the non-commissioned officers, placed in a strait line, but as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for the purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.

'Why look at 'em,' says the captain—'why gentlemen you are all a crooking here at both *ends*, so that you will get on to me by and by—come gentlemen, *dress! dress!*'

This was accordingly done; but impelled by the same motive as before, they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were permitted to remain.

Now gentlemen, says the captain, I am going to carry you through the *revolutions* of the manual exercise, and I want you gentlemen, to pay particular attention to the word of command, *just* exactly as I give it out to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentlemen, if you please, and I'll be as short as possible, and if I be a going wrong, I will be much obliged to any of you gentlemen, to put me right again, for I mean all for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please. And one thing, gentlemen, I must caution you against, in particular, and that is this, not to make any mistakes if you can possibly help it; and the best way to do this, will be to do all the motions right at first and that will also help us to get along so much the faster, and we'll try to have it over as soon as possible. Come, boys, come to the shoulder.

*Poise, foolk!*

*Cock, foolk!* Very handsomely done.

*Take, aim!*

*Ram down catridge!* No! no! *Fire!* I recollect now that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Steuben; but with your permission gentlemen, I'll *read* the words just exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be right. 'O yes! read it captain, read it (exclaimed twenty voices at once) that will save time.'

'Tention the whole then; please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word of *fire!* you must fire, that is, if any of your guns are *loaden'd*, you must not shoot in *year'nest*, but only make pretence like, and you gentlemen fellow-soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and corn-stalks, need'nt go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

*Half cock, foolk!* Very well done.

*S, h, u, t,* (spelling) *Shet pan!* That too would have been very handsomely done, if you had'nt handled cartridge instead of shettin pan, but I suppose you want noticing. Now 'tention one and all gentlemen, and do that motion again.

*Shet pan!* Very good, very well indeed, you did that motion equal to any old soldier—you improve 'stonishingly.

*Handle catridge!* Pretty well, considering you did it wrong end foremost, as if you took the catridge out of your mouth and bit off the twist with the catridge-box.

*Draw rammer!* Those that havn't no rammer to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion; it will do just as well, and save a great deal of time.

*Return rammer!* Very well again! But that would have been done, I think, with greater expertness, if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity.

*S, h, o, u, l,—Shoulder foolk!* Very handsomely done indeed! Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

*Order foolk!* Not quite so well, gentlemen—not quite altogether, but perhaps I did not speak loud enough for you to hear me all at once. Try once more if you please; I hope you will be patient gentlemen, we will soon be through.

*Order, foolk!* Handsomely done, gentlemen! very handsomely done! and altogether too, except that a few of you were a *leetle* too soon, and some others a *leetle* too late.

In laying down your guns, gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up and the other sides down.

'Tention the whole! *Ground foolk!* Very well.

*Charge, bayonet! (some of the men)*—That can't be right, captain; pray look again, for how can we charge bayonet without our guns?

(*Captain.*) I don't know as to that, but I know I'm right, for here 'tis printed in the book—c, h, a, r, yes, *charge bayonet*, that's right, that's the word, if I know how to read; come gentlemen, do pray charge bayonet! Charge, I say! Why don't you charge? Do you think it an't so? Do you think I have lived to this time o'day and don't know what charge bayonet is? Here, come and see for yourselves; it's plane as the nose on your fa—stop—stay—no! halt! no! no! Faith I'm wrong! I turned over two leaves at once, but I beg your pardon; gentlemen we will not stay out long, and we'll have something to drink as soon as we have done. Come boys, get up off the stumps and logs and take up your guns, we'll soon be done; excuse me if you please.

*Fix bayonet!*

*Advance, arms!* Very well done, turn the stocks of your guns in front gentleman, and that will bring the barrels behind; and hold them strait up and down if you please. Let go with your left hand and take hold with your right just below the guard. Steuben says the gun must be held p, e, r, *partic'lar*—yes, you must always mind and hold your guns very pertic'lar. Now boys—'tention the whole!

*Present, arms!* Very handsomely done! hold the guns over t'other knee; t'other hand up—turn your hands round a little, and raise them up higher—draw the other foot back! Now you are nearly right—very well done, GENTLEMEN; you have improved

vastly since I first saw you; you are getting too *slick for taller!* What a charming thing it is to see men under good discipline! Now, GENTLEMEN, we come to the *revolutions*—but, lord, men, you have got all in a sort of a snarl, as I may say: how did you get all into such a higglety pigglety?

The fact was, the shade had moved considerably to the eastward and had exposed the right wing of these hardy veterans to a galling fire of the sun. Being but poorly provided with umbrellas at this end of the line, they found it convenient to follow the shade and in huddling to the left for this purpose, they had changed the figure of their line from that of a crescent to one which more nearly resembled a pair of pot-hooks.

“Come gentlemen,” (says the captain) “spread yourselves out again into a straight line, and let us get into the wheelings and other matters as soon as possible.”

But this was strenuously opposed by the soldiers. They objected to going into these *revolutions* at all, inasmuch as the weather was extremely hot, and they already had been kept in the field upwards of three quarters of an hour. They reminded the captain of his repeated promise to be as short as he possibly could, and it was clear he could dispense with all this same wheeling and flourishing if he chose. They were already very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them, they declared they would go off without dismissal and get something to drink, and he might fine them if that would do him any good; they were able to pay their fine, but could not go without drink to please any body; and they swore they would never vote for another captain who wished to be so unreasonably strict. One of the men was so insolent as to exclaim, “I’ll not be dragged about here any longer. You know I’m as good as you any day. I can buy two of you.”

The captain behaved with great spirit on this occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued; when at length becoming exasperated to the last degree, he roundly asserted that no soldier ought never to think *hard* of the orders of his officer; and finally he went so far as to say that he did not think any gentleman on that ground had any just cause to be offended with him:—The dispute was finally settled by the captain’s sending for some grog for their present accommodation, and agreeing to omit reading the military law, as directed by a late act, and also all the military manœuvres, except two or three such easy and simple ones as could be performed within the compass of the shade. After they had drank their grog, and had spread themselves, they were divided into platoons.

‘Tention the whole! *To the right wheel!* Each man faced to the right about.

Why, Gentlemen! I didn’t mean for every man to stand still and turn himself *nayturally* right round; but when I told you to the right I intended for you to wheel round to the right as it were.—Please to try that again, gentleman; every right hand must stand fast, and only the others turn round.

In a previous part of the exercise, it had, for the purpose of sizing, been necessary to denominate every second person a right hand man. A very natural consequence was, that on the present occasion those right hand men maintained their position, all the intermediate ones facing about as before.

Why look at'em now! exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation; I'll be darned if you can understand a word I say. Excuse me gentlemen, but it *rayly* seems as if you could not come at it exactly. In wheeling to the right, the right hand *end* of the platoon stand fast, and the other *end* comes round like a swingletree; them on the outside, must march faster than them on the inside, and them on the inside not near so fast as them on the outside. You *sartanly* must understand me now gentlemen, and now please to try *onst* more.

In this, they were somewhat more successful.

'Tention the whole! *To the left—left, no—right—that is, the left—I mean the right—left wheel! march!*

In this he was strictly obeyed some wheeled to the right, left, or both ways.

"Stop! halt! let us try again! I could not jist then tell my right hand from my left! you must excuse me gentlemen, if you please, experience makes perfect, as the saying is; long as I have served, I find something new to learn every day: but all's one for that. Now gentlemen, do that motion once more."

By the help of a non-commissioned officer in front of each platoon, they wheeled this time with tolerable regularity.

"Now boys you must try to wheel by divisions; and there is one thing in perticular which I have to request of you gentlemen, and it is this, not to make any blunder in your wheeling. You must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not talk in the ranks nor get out of size again; for I want you to do this motion well, and not to make any blunder now.

'Tention the whole! *By divisions to the right wheel! march!*

In doing this it seemed as if bedlam had broke loose; every man took the command. Not so fast on the right! Slow now, slow now! Haul down them umbrellurs! Faster on the left! Keep back a little there! Don't crowd so! Hold up your gun Sam! Go faster there! faster! Who trod on my—d—your *huffs*! Keep back, keep back! Stop us captain, do stop us! Go faster there! I've lost my shoe! Get up again, Ned! halt! halt! halt! stop gentlemen! stop, stop! d—n it, I say can't you stop!

By this time they got into utter and inexplicable confusion, and so I left them.

TIMOTHY CRABSHAW.



**CRITICISM.**—*Tales of my Landlord, collected and arranged by* JEBEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM, *Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh.* Edinburgh, for Wm. Blackwood; and London, for John Murray, 1816. 4 vols. 12 mo. and New York, for J. Eastburn, 1817. 2 vols. 12 mo. \$ 2.

It is impossible to read the first sheet of this production without a conviction that it is by the author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*, though the title-page gives us no such information. It is not difficult to conjecture why it should have been omitted when we recollect the concluding sentence of the preface to *The Antiquary*, in which the writer took leave of the public "as One not likely soon to trouble it again." Eight months, however, are scarcely elapsed before he once more introduces himself to our notice in four volumes of *Tales of my Landlord*.

Besides the reason above given, several others may have induced Mr. Forbes (or whoever the writer in reality be) to persevere in his anonymous system of authorship; in the first place, the volumes on our table are by no means equal to his other productions; and although an indication on the title-page would greatly have assisted the tale, and enhanced the price of the copy-right, he may have been unwilling to risk his nameless fame in this new experiment; or, in the next place, he may have been desirous of ascertaining whether the popularity of his novels have hitherto acquired, ought in any large proportion to be attributed to the often-repeated, and as often-refuted report, that Mr. Walter Scott, at least, had "a main finger in their composition." It is, however, not very material to settle these questions, nor to indulge in further fruitless conjecture as to the author's motives for persevering in a provoking concealment (as most of his female readers term it,) which appears to answer no purpose but that of exciting curiosity by withholding its gratification, as appetite is created by the refusal of sustenance.

The tales before us are two in number, and are called "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality:" the scenes of both lie in Scotland, and the design of the author is declared to be, to portray the manners of his countrymen; and they are to be followed by others of the same character at a future period. They are both compounded of fiction and history, the latter being ingeniously made to assist the former in the development of the characters, and the production of the events. There is, however, a defect in their arrangement, for "The Black Dwarf" refers to the state of Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, while "Old Mortality" speaks of its condition during the struggles by the Presbyterians in favour of the "solemn league and covenant," in the latter end of the reign of Charles II. For this reason, we wish that the order had been reversed—that as far as any difference exists, not only the historical transactions, but the manners and habits of the people, might have been displayed chronologically. In another respect

also, this change might have been advantageous; for although the first story, according to the present arrangement, bears the more tempting title, it is much inferior to that which follows in most of the respects in which this author's novels are excellent.

The general title of "Tales of my Landlord" is derived from the circumstance, that they are supposed to have been collected from the relations of different persons at the Wallace Inn at Gandercleugh: this is rather a clumsy expedient, for they are the tales of any body but the landlord, and "Old Mortality" does not profess to have its origin even in that source. It is a little surprising that an individual who has shown so much skill in interweaving facts with fiction, and heightening the one by the other, should have so completely failed in his endeavours to give an appropriate introduction to these entertaining relations. Mr. Peter Pattieson is supposed to have been the writer and compiler of the tales, who, dying young, left them to the care of Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster, to whom he had been usher and assistant. The clumsiness of this contrivance, and the awkward manner in which it is executed, have nothing, however, to do with the merits of the novels themselves.

In speaking of these separate productions, we shall take them in the order of time and of comparative merit and importance, beginning therefore with "Old Morality," which occupies the three last of the four volumes. It is not to be supposed, that in the limits to which we are compelled to restrict ourselves, we can enter even into a brief detail of the story, which is somewhat complicated, and the less necessary, because the historical matters introduced and contributing to the unwinding of the plot, are generally known to all readers but those who would read this story as a mere novel for the amusement the fable will afford.

"Old Morality" is a sort of nick-name given by the people of Scotland to an antiquated Presbyterian, who having engaged and suffered in the struggles of 1679, preserved his unshaken zeal for his party, and in his declining years, journeyed from burial-ground to burial-ground with his hammer and chissel, renewing the decaying names on the tomb stones of those who had fought and fallen in the cause he revered: from the details he supplied, Peter Pattieson is supposed to have framed the novel which bears his title.

There is considerable bustle and business in the story, not merely from the numerous conflicts in which the covenanters are engaged with their enemies, in which the hero and some of the principal characters are concerned; but from the great number of personages introduced; they are not less than sixteen or eighteen in number, to nearly all of whom parts of importance are assigned; and in the space of the whole three volumes, the author has not room completely to develop any of their characters; some are killed off earlier and some later, according to convenience; so that

at the end they are reduced to three or four individuals, who, according to custom, are dismissed as happy as love, matrimony, and money can make them. The man who forms the principal feature, and who first excites and afterwards heads the Covenanters in the battles of London Hill and Bothwell Bridge, is John Balfour, of Burley, who assassinated Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of St. Andrew's and whose temper and dispositions are described, and kept up with great consistency throughout. He is a Highlander, or "one of the hill-folk," of uncommonly sturdy proportions, and of a mind corresponding with his make—undaunted, fierce, and zealous to the last degree in the holy cause he had espoused. He has fled from the murder he has committed, and is sheltered as a distressed traveller merely by Henry Morton, the hero of the tale, a young man of benevolence, courage, and of handsome proportions, who is in love with Miss Edith Bellenger, the grand-daughter of Lady Margaret Bellenger, and niece to Major Bellenger, who are both well supported characters, though the idea of the latter is evidently derived from *My Uncle Toby*. The rival of Morton is Lord Evandale, who, though unsuccessful with the lady, is, we apprehend, too successful with the reader, for he attracts even more interest than Morton, and he is not disposed of until the novel is nearly concluded.

Henry Morton unites himself to the Covenanters, and becomes one of their leaders, his associates besides Balfour being the fanatical preachers, who put themselves at the head of the rebels to vindicate the cause against the Prelatists, upon whom they denounce, and often execute the most bloody vengeance. To these persons are assigned various ridiculous names, such as Poundtext, Kettle-drummle, &c. which are employed, we understand, as a sort of short-hand to save the trouble of entering into the detail of their conduct and objects; in various parts, however, we have a little too much of their incoherent scrutinising.

On the other side; at the head of the Royalists, is Colonel Grahame, of Claverhouse, afterwards created for his services Viscount Dundee, who subsequently commanded the Highlanders in their resistance to the revolution, and the expulsion of the Stuarts. At the period embraced by this story, he is the enterprising, courageous, and skilful antagonist of Balfour and his zeal-blinded friends, and is supported principally by Lord Evandale, Ensign Grahame, Bothwell, Inglis, and others, who all contribute their share to the advancement of the plot. It is an excellence of modern novelists, almost peculiar to the author before us, that instead of occupying a great number of pages in dull and trite description of the various persons who constitute the machinery of the work, detailing first their personal advantages in the usual style of disgusting hyperbole, and afterwards their intellectual endowments and accomplishments in a strain equally extravagant and absurd, he leaves the reader to form his own notions by hints as the story proceeds, or

by the actions in which the parties are severally engaged. For this reason we can seldom extract any particular passages which at one view will afford a portrait of any one of the characters: there is, however, one little exception to this remark in the person of the heroine, Edith Bellenger, who is thus spoken of: the author first mentions her grand-mother Lady Margaret, and then proceeds.

"Near to the enormous leathern vehicle\* which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

"Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring plac'd close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity; sometimes brought against *blondes* and *blue-eyed beauties*,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipments, or the figure of her palfrey." p. 38—39. vol. ii.

We shall now, without further preface, extract some parts of these volumes, noticing so much of the story as is necessary to render them intelligible, and to enable the reader to appreciate their merit: some passages may stand by themselves as separate pictures, which require little or no illustration from surrounding objects. Such is the case with the following humorous account of an old penurious Scotch Laird's table and family party dinner about the year 1680.

"The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were\* connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom of his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, Old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal house-keeping; but at that period it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required

\* The antique coach of the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth: but the Mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included, and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbok (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

"To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table, the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sat old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a house-maid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exertitions which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson; a barn-man, a white headed cow-headed boy, and Cuddie, the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party.—The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described; they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of the dependants swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant"—p. 172, vol. ii.

Henry Morton, the hero, joined the Calvinistical Covenanters, and one defect, and no inconsiderable defect of this story is, that he is made, almost without motive, to desert the side on which his love, his relatives, and his interest all lay: this inconsistency might have been remedied, had the author described him with a little more enthusiasm than he appears to have possessed, more justifiable hatred of the tyranny and cruelty of the royal party, and warmer admiration of the principles, however perverted, of the cause which he espoused. This, however, is not done, and the only inducement he appears to have had, consists in revenge for ill treatment he received from a party of life-guards. After he had declared his intention to Balfour of Burley, the latter introduces him to the council of the Covenanters: the manner in which business was conducted at these assemblies, may be judged of from the subsequent extract.

" 'We will not, with my consent,' said Burley, 'engage in a siege which may consume time. We must forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming.'

" 'Howbeit,' said Poundtext, 'we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place unto our mercy, though they be a rebel-

lieus people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"'Who talks of safe conduct and peace?' said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

"'Peace, brother Habbakuk,' said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

"'I will not hold my peace,' reiterated this strange and unnatural voice; 'is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?'

'While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"'In the name of heaven! who is he?' said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"'It is Habbakuk Mucklewrath,' answered Poundtext, in the same tone, 'whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth.' p. 183—186. vol. iii.

The insurgents, as most of our readers will recollect, after taking Glasgow were defeated with great slaughter at Bothwell-bridge; a great number of prisoners are made, and among them, Morton and Macbriar, a young firm misguided zealot, who had vehemently and unceasingly preached up the doctrine of cutting the throats of the prelates for the glory of God. The latter is brought before the privy council, and the torture of *the boots* is inflicted upon him, which he bears with unshrinking firmness, proclaiming his principles to his latest gasp. In his description of this punishment, the author seems to be a little misinformed as to the mode in which this torture was inflicted; an accurate account of it will be found in Douce's Illustration of Shakspeare. Morton, at the instance of Col. Grahame, of Claverhouse, and Lord

Evandale, is banished, instead of suffering death like the other prisoners.

Much of the interest of the tale depends upon the mutual obligations of the hero and Lord Evandale; who, though rivals in love, and fighting on contrary sides, behave with the most disinterested generosity towards each other. This part of the story is well invented and well supported. Henry Morton returns to his native country with the Prince of Orange, and discovers the retreat of Balfour, who had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the Highlands, and who afterwards breaks from his retreat to prosecute revenge against Lord Evandale, who had been a successful opponent of the Covenanters: he is shot by Balfour, who is pursued by some troopers to a river, into which he plunges on horseback: the description of his death is very powerful, and well suited to the character and temper of the man.

"A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had, in the meanwhile, laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tyger seizes his prey, and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that shewed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph."—p. 331—333. vol. iv.

Morton and Edith Bellenger, are, of course, afterwards happily united.

The other story called "The Black Dwarf," only occupies one volume, and neither in point of interest nor execution, is to be compared with "Old Mortality." The individual, who gives a name to the piece, is a deformed misanthrope: who having been

betrayed in a love affair by his bosom friend, retires in disgust to a wild waste, called Mucklestone Muir, where he builds himself a hut, and from the singularity of his person, dress, and deportment, is taken by the ignorant country-people for a supernatural being, who holds converse with the devil and familiar spirits, and has unlimited power over the fortunes and fates of all who live in his neighbourhood. Indeed, there are several parts of his conduct that bear a very ambiguous appearance, until they are afterwards explained.

Near to the place where the Dwarf has settled his habitation, resides a Mr. Vere, in a sort of feudal castle, whose beautiful daughter is in love with a young man named Earnscliff, who has a rival in the person of Sir Frederick Langley. Mr. Vere is, in truth the friend who had injured the Black Dwarf, whose real name is Sir Edward Mauley; and, by his interposition, a midnight match between Sir E. Langley and Miss Vere is prevented. The discovery is made in the chapel; and Vere, who had been concerned in some treasonable plots, flies to France, while young Earnscliff and Miss Vere are married with his consent, and with the approbation of the Black Dwarf, who, retiring into undiscovered seclusion, bestows upon them the bulk of a very large fortune. This story possesses considerable capabilities; but the fault is, as in the former, the multiplication of characters, by which are rendered imperfect: the following specimen is taken from that part of the story, in which the Dwarf interrupts the ceremony where Vere is endeavouring to compel his daughter to marry Sir P. Langley.

"The clergyman opened his prayer-book, and looked to Mr. Vere for the signal to commence the service.

"*'Proceed,'* said the latter.

"But a voice, as if proceeding from the tomb of his deceased wife, called, in such loud and harsh accents as awakened every echo in the vaulted chapel, *'Forbear!'*

"All were mute and motionless, till a distant rustle, and the clash of swords, or something resembling it, was heard from the distant apartments. It ceased almost instantly.

"What new device is this?" said Sir Frederick, fiercely, eyeing Ellieslaw and Mareschal with a glance of malignant suspicion.

"It can be but the frolic of some intemperate guest said Ellieslaw, though greatly confounded; *'we must make large allowances for the excess of this evening's festivity. Proceed with the service.'*

"Before the clergyman could obey, the same prohibition which they had before heard, was repeated from the same spot. The female attendants screamed, and fled from the chapel; the gentlemen laid their hands on their swords. Ere the first moment of surprise had passed by, the Dwarf stepped from behind the monument, and placed himself full in front of Mr. Vere. The effect of so strange and hideous an apparition, in such place and circumstances, appalled all present, but seemed to annihilate the Laird of Ellieslaw, who, dropping his daughter's arm, staggered against the nearest pillar, and, clasping it with his hands as if for support, laid his brow against the column.



“ ‘Who is this fellow?’ said Sir Frederic; ‘and what does he mean by this intrusion?’”

“ ‘It is one who comes to tell you, said the Dwarf, with the peculiar acrimony which usually marked his manner, ‘that in marrying that young lady, you wed neither the heiress of Ellieslaw, nor of Mauley-hall, nor of Polverton, nor of one furrow of land, unless she marries with my consent; and to thee that consent shall never be given. Down—down on thy knees, and thank heaven that thou art prevented from wedding qualities with which thou hast no concern—portionless, truth, virtue, and innocence.—And thou, base ingrate,’ he continued, addressing himself to Ellieslaw, ‘what is thy wretched subterfuge now?’ Thou, who would’st sell thy daughter to relieve thee from danger, as in famine thou would’st have slain and devoured her to preserve thy own vile life! Ay, hide thy face with thy hands; well may’st thou blush to look on him whose body thou didst consign to chains, his hand to guilt, and his soul to misery. Saved once more by the virtue of her who calls thee father, go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire, till thy brain is seared and scorched like mine.

“ ‘Ellieslaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair.’—p. 334—337. vol. i.

We do not think the state in which these volumes are written, by any means so good as that of Guy Mannering, or even the Antiquary; the author becomes a little careless as he gains confidence by approbation; and, for merely English readers, too much of the Scotch dialect is introduced into the speeches. It is sometimes employed, however, with admirable effect; according to the character of the individual who speaks, it seems to add characteristic ferocity to the ruffian, or simplicity to the innocence of youth, and tenderness to the effusions of love. On other occasions it not a little heightens the comic effect of rustic humour.

While exhibiting the manners, the author has endeavoured also to employ something of the language of the times; he describes, but he has now and then gone too far back into antiquity, and has brought forward words that had even then been long obsolete. The error was, however, on the right side, and it would be advantageous, if, instead of the prevailing fashion of importing French terms, we resorted more to the wells of undefiled English, afforded by our elder writers.—*Critical Review.*

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## ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE IN STEAM ENGINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR—In a “Review of the life of Robert Fulton,” published in the *Analectic Magazine* for last September, there are some remarks on the subject of high and low pressure in engines worked

by steam, on which I beg leave to make some observations. I flatter myself that I can view the question with an impartial eye, as my opinion has been *slowly changed*; and I have noother interest in the matter, than that which every man feels for his personal safety and that of his fellow beings. I am equally unwilling to be scalded to death to promote the fortune of Mr. Evans, or blazon the reputation of Messrs. Bolton and Watt. In quitting the ranks of the English mechanics for those of our fellow citizen, I may have avoided Scylla, only to be thrown on Charybdis, but the measure was adopted after mature deliberation, when conviction indicated the high pressure to be the safer engine.

The writer of the "Review" has stated the arguments on both sides of the question, without fully expressing his own opinion; but still in such a way, as to impress the mind of the reader with the opinion that he thinks unfavourably of the high pressure engines; and that, in his judgment, those upon the construction of Bolton and Watt, are perfectly safe.

To his right to inculcate this opinion, it would be ridiculous to object; and the fact is only mentioned to strengthen the inference that, the arguments which he has adduced in favour of engines of low pressure, are the most solid which could be produced; and that the objections to those of high pressure, of course including that of Mr. Evans, construction, are stated with equal care. It is readily admitted, that dreadful explosions have taken place with high pressure engines, and that, when constructed upon erroneous principles, they are extremely dangerous. The question, therefore, is not whether such engines *may* be dangerous, but whether they can be so constructed as to enable us to derive all the advantages from elastic steam without any increase of danger by their use. As both engines have been long employed, we have the advantage of experience to aid us in the inquiry,—a safer guide than the most ingenious deductions from theory. It is asserted by the writer of the "Review," (page 189) "that the accidents on board Fulton's boats, by which life or limb were lost, or even jeopardised, have not been recorded, nor have we heard of a single accident arising from Bolton and Watt's engines in England, during the forty-five years' practice throughout the

'kingdom;" and he asks, (page 190) "where are the accounts of 'lives lost on board his (Fulton's) boats by explosions, during the 'ten years they have run; fourteen now running in New York 'state?" As "Fulton never pretended to have invented the steam 'engine he used, or any part of it," (page 184) but purchased the first engine from Bolton and Watt, and had the others constructed upon the same principle, it is not necessary to confine the answer to the accidents which have happened to the boats in the state of New York, but only to those which are similar in principle.—Most of the accidents which the writer is about to state, are perfectly within his own recollection, and the others, he is assured, can be substantiated, if necessary. All of them occurred on board of boats constructed on the Bolton and Watt, or low pressure principle.

		<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Scalded.</i>
Paragon—New York,	-	1	5
Atalanta—New Jersey,	-	3	4
Washington—Ohio,	-	7	6
Powhattan—Norfolk,	-	1	0
Superior—Charleston,	-	5	6
Rariton—New York,	-	1	11

Nor is it difficult to account for these accidents on board steam boats, although the engines of Bolton and Watt, have worked on land with perfect safety during forty-five years. In the latter case they are rarely worked with a pressure greater than four or five pounds upon the square inch; the labour they have to perform is uniform, nor is there any objection to the making them as ponderous as may be deemed necessary. But when placed in boats, all their circumstances are changed. Those persons who have travelled much by these boats, and are well acquainted with the steam engine, know that it is very common to raise the steam to a pressure of 9 or 10 pounds on the square inch, and sometimes higher, in order to increase the speed of the boat. To this there is a strong temptation, from rivalry, adverse winds, or the necessarily circumscribed power of the machine. The boilers, from their construction, are usually incapable of bearing this high pressure, and, consequently, burst. Will

the writer of the "Review" inform us how many accidents *he has* heard of, arising from the steam engine as made by Mr. Evans? There is a much greater number of them in use in the United States than there are steam boats in its waters; and let it be recollected, that these engines are as likely to explode on land, as on board steam boats, as they are worked in both cases with a pressure equally high. We are told (page 190) "that if an explosion takes place by overloading a condensing engine, it will 'only make a rent in the boiler, and the steam will escape:'" Numerous rents of this description have taken place in the boilers of Evans' engine, and the steam or water has escaped without injuring any person. The rents which have been made in the boilers of the condensing engines, it appears have not been equally harmless. A much larger rent is likely to be made in the boiler constructed like those of Bolton and Watt, than in the cylindrical boiler of the Columbian engine, because the former changes its form before it bursts, and this evidently offers an unequal resistance, even where the metal is of equal strength. In the cylindrical boiler there is no tendency to this change of form; whenever a rent takes place it must be only in that point where the metal happens to be weakest, and this of course must be a very small one, as it cannot be *weakest*, over any considerable portion of its surface. As soon as such a rent occurs, the pressure is instantly lessened on every other part, and the whole danger is over.— There is not the slightest analogy between the operation of gunpowder, and of steam, with which it has been compared; in the explosion of gunpowder, an immense quantity of elastic fluid, is instantaneously generated, possessing a force which may rend the strongest as well as the weakest part of the containing vessel; in steam, the elasticity is slowly augmented, and when confined in a vessel of considerable tenacity, and unequal strength, as in copper or wrought iron boilers, cannot possibly tear to pieces, but merely rend it in the weakest part. This, it is believed, is a reasonable deduction from theory; and it has been the uniform experience in the numerous instances in which the cylindrical boilers have burst. We are told (page 190) that "it is 'manifest at once to every man, whether he be an engineer or not, 'that a boiler cannot be so much forced by a pressure of less than

‘one thousand, as by a pressure of more than twenty thousand ‘pounds on a square foot.’ This, certainly is manifest, but it is also manifest, that if one boiler is so constructed as to be twenty-one times the strength of another, it will bear twenty times the force, with less liability to yield to the pressure. A boiler constructed to bear the pressure of ten pounds on the square inch, is certainly more liable to yield to that force, than one capable of bearing a pressure of from three to seven hundred pounds is to a force of one hundred and fifty, the latter being the usual strength and working pressure of the cylindrical boiler. We are told (page 189) that “it is not merely from the boilers’ bursting, ‘that danger arises where a high pressure engine is used; for in ‘the case of the Norwich packet, the steam swept away the boiler itself, and this swept away every thing, and every person that ‘stood in its way at the time of the explosion; and was thrown ‘in a horizontal direction out of the stern of the boat;” and (page 190) we are informed that in a high pressure engine, the steam, “as in the Norwich packet, may carry away the boiler itself, ‘when it is too strong to burst;” and again, (page 194) “that ‘though boilers may be constructed to bear the required pressure, yet the accident on board the Norwich packet, shows that ‘the boiler itself may be carried away bodily by high steam.”— Here is certainly a new discovery in mechanical philosophy, one, the application of which would be more worthy a patent, than all its predecessors. Upon this new principle, steam engines may be constructed which will consist of only a boiler, “too strong to burst” well bolted down, and highly heated; it will be necessary perhaps to steer stern foremost, as it seems this is the direction in which a boiler is “carried away bodily by high steam.” If this principle has ever been applied in practice, the writer has never heard of it, except in the well-known trick in the “whole art ‘of Legerdemain,” where we are instructed, “how to make ‘dumplings jump out of the pot,” by putting a little quicksilver into them before the pot begins to boil; or perhaps in the equally common experiment of standing in a washing-tub, and lifting yourself up by the handles. The fact is, that the boiler on board the Norwich packet was, from its construction, unsafe; a large portion of it was made of cast iron, from its size and thickness in-

capable of bearing the pressure of very high steam. Had it been much smaller in its diameter, and the cast iron ends made of a thickness which would have sustained a higher pressure than the wrought iron sides—or in other words, had its construction been like that of the Columbian engine, the fatal accident would never have happened: the side would have had a rent made in it, the fire might have been put out, as has frequently occurred with this engine, the *fire-man* might have been scalded or killed, which, however, it is believed, has never happened; the rent would have operated as a complete safety valve, the pressure upon the boilers would have been thus instantaneously lessened, and no further evil experienced. Before dismissing the subject of danger from explosion, which is certainly the most important of all the controverted points, permit me to add one other remark:—it must be evident that the time of greatest danger is when a boat stops, and the safety valve is not raised. Accident from this cause is more likely to happen in a low, than in a high pressure engine—in the former, a small increase of heat will cause the pressure to rise from 5 or 6 pounds on the inch, to 14 or 15, an increase only of 9 or 10 pounds, which is more than the boilers are intended to bear: in the latter, suppose them to be working with 150 pounds pressure; this must rise to 300, (the lowest estimate of the strength of Evans' boilers) an increase of 150 pounds to the inch, before there is any danger of explosion. This could not happen by accident, as the fire would burn down before the requisite temperature could be produced. This difference is evinced in the different modes of practice adopted on board the boats in the Delaware. Those with low pressure engines, on arriving at the wharf, immediately raise the valve and suffer the steam to escape, or it is known the boiler would give way. On board the *Ætna*, working by a high pressure engine, the practice is to close the valve and fire-place, and preserve the steam for future use;\* the boiler is thus tested after the passengers have left the boat, as the heat will rise higher than it can whilst the steam is expended in working the engine.

Much more might be said on this part of the subject, but as I fear, Mr. Editor, that you already think I have claimed a full share of your valuable pages, I shall proceed to a short notice of

\* Our correspondent must be under a mistake.—Ed.

some other points embraced in the "Review," (page 189) "as to the permanent expense in fuel,—the writer continues, (page 189)—"we believe the advantage on fair experiment will be found *in favour* of the condensing engine; which under circumstances equally favourable will afford more power with the same expense."—(Page 191) "For this is the true question, what is the daily expense of fuel." "The great expense of an engine is the fuel it consumes."

"The condensing engines of Bolton and Watt, in Cornwall, in the first four months of the year 1816, raised about twenty-eight and a half millions of pounds of water, one foot height for each bushel of coals consumed."

"Woolfe's improved double (high pressure) engines, raised upwards of fifty millions of pounds weight, one foot high for every bushel of coal consumed." Here is certainly a discrepancy which it is difficult to explain: for four months in succession, the high pressure engines produced an effect with the same quantity of fuel, exceeding that of the others as fifty exceeds twenty-eight and a half; yet the writer of the "Review says that, "as to the permanent expense of fuel, we believe the advantage, on fair experiment, will be found in favour of the condensing engine." As no reason is given for this opinion, and the fact stated invalidates it, we leave it until some evidence is produced, which shall be candidly examined. "The advocates of condensing engines ask, that while machines of this description are so much safer in comparison than the others—while they are competent to propel a boat against wind and tide nearly six miles an hour, why run so much risk for so little advantage?" (page 191.) This question is certainly very kind; but until the premises are proved, no answer ought to be expected, and when admitted, we shall all be advocates of condensing engines, and there will be no respondent. To guard against the evils apprehended from high pressure engines, we are told that it is proposed (page 193) "to prohibit by legislative interference, the navigating of passage boats by means of high pressure engines, as being dangerous, unnecessary, and calculated "to give alarm even when the danger is slight." And it is further proposed, that "whenever by a long course of experience in manufactories, the high pressure engine

‘shall be found perfectly harmless, let the act interfering with them be repealed.’ If, as the advocates of condensing engines take for granted, it was proved that the danger stated really existed, there would be some justice in the proposition; without this proof, it is only leading us back to the period when the exhibition of antimony and mercury was interdicted by law; and exposing ourselves to the pity, or the ridicule of posterity, for rejecting a safe and powerful agent, and retaining only that which is comparatively weak and inefficient. There are many who have well considered the subject, and who have very little doubt, that when the false alarms have subsided, which have been excited by the accidents arising from badly constructed engines, magnified by the fears of some, and the interest of others; the high pressure engine will be generally adopted; particularly for boats, as being lighter, cheaper, more powerful, and safer than the condensing engine.—Some of the reasons for this opinion have been briefly stated.—With respect to “the long course of experience in manufactures,” to prove that the high pressure engines are perfectly harmless, we are at a loss to know how long the course of experience must have been continued. The Columbian engine has been used in manufactories for more than ten years; it is said there are about one hundred of them in operation; they have been found to answer the expectations of the purchasers; they have been preferred to the English engine, by those who have used both; they have been found to be perfectly harmless; the proposed conditions have been fulfilled. If these assertions be true, would not legislative interference be ridiculous, unjust, and tyrannical?

J.

**NOTE**—Before the above communication was sent to the press, an accident happened, which deserves to be mentioned in this place. The boiler on board the *Ætna*—a high steam vessel, constructed by Mr. Evans—burst, when the boat was about ten miles from this city. The rent or fissure, through which the steam escaped, was not greater than would have admitted the blade of a pen-knife. As Evans’s engine is always provided with three boilers, in order to guard against such a casualty, a sufficiency of steam continued to be generated to keep up a pressure of about



70 pounds on the inch, by which the boat was enabled to continue her course.

In the examination of one of the constructors of steam engines before the British House of Commons, who was asked "what 'is the effect when wrought iron gives way?" he answered, "generally a rent: but I have seen one instance of a wrought iron boiler, where the whole of the upper part was rent from the bottom, driven through the house in which it was placed, and carried to a considerable distance; I believe several yards."—ED. P. F.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICISM.—*Lalla Rookh; An Oriental Romance*, By Thomas Moore. New-York, 1817. § 1.

To the very meagre list of British poets who have loitered "in the bowers of Rochnabad" or strayed by "the streams of Mezzellay," the attractive name of Moore is now added. More than a year has elapsed since we announced, on the authority of a private letter from the author, that the poem of *Lalla Rookh* was preparing for the press: indeed every page abounds with evidence of the industry and care with which it has been composed. Whether wandering among the fairy scenes of Persian plains, or gazing at the splendour of her courts, the author has never been dazzled by the brilliance of the latter, nor lulled into indolence by the seductions of the former. He has returned from this "voyage of observation" loaded with the treasures of the east, and he scatters them before his readers, with the profusion, of a prodigal. "He has,"—says an ingenious critic, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*—he has, by accurate and extensive reading, imbued his mind with so familiar a knowledge of eastern scenery—that we feel as if we were reading the poetry of one of the children of the sun. No European image ever breaks or steels in to destroy the illusion—every tone, and hue, and form, is purely and intensely Asiatic—and the language, faces, forms, dresses, mien, sentiments, passions, actions, and characters of the different agents, are all congenial with the flowery earth, they in-

habit, and the burning sky that glows over their heads. That proneness to excessive ornament, which seldom allows Mr. Moore, to be perfectly simple and natural, that blending of fanciful and transient feeling, with bursts of real passion—that almost bacchanalian rapture with which he revels amid the beauties of external nature, till his senses seem lost in a vague and indefinite enjoyment—that capricious and wayward ambition which often urges him to make his advances to our hearts, rather by the sinuous and blooming bye-ways and lanes of the fancy, than by the magnificent and royal road of the imagination—that fondness for the delineation of female beauty and power, which often approaches to extravagance and idolatry, but at the same time, is rarely unaccompanied by a most fascinating tenderness—in short, all the *peculiarities of his genius* adapt him for the composition of an oriental tale, in which we are prepared to meet with, and to enjoy, a certain lawless luxuriance of imagery, and to tolerate a certain rhapsodical wildness of sentiment and passion.

But although this poem abounds with exquisite specimens of every good quality in poetical composition, we are compelled to admit that it is not without faults. The bad rhymes are numerous and many instances occur in which the *pauses* are not happily chosen; sometimes we are clogged with Darwinian sweets or smile at Wordsworthian simpleness; in one passage he is as plain a proser as a “special pleader,”

“*Among the last of whom, the silver veil,—&c.*”

and of the following we venture to acknowledge an opinion which the author seems to have anticipated:

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

Lalla Rookh (*tulip cheek*) is a young Princess who is betrothed to the son of an Emperor. On her journey to the court of her intended spouse, she is entertained by a number of tales, which are recited to her by a poet, called Feramos, who turns out to be no other than the Prince himself. We shall not enter into any of the particulars of any of these Persian tales, because we have preferred the selection of one of them, which will be found entire in the poetical department, of this Journal. It is the story en-

titled *Paradise and the Peri*, which we have selected:—a poem which, beyond all comparison, is the most beautiful in the volume. While its wildness delights, its refined simplicity transports and its tenderness steals irresistably to the heart. Those who enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance with this highly gifted writer, some years since, in this city, will recognize in this narrative, all those exquisite touches of feeling and fancy, which rendered his society so captivating.

As an evidence of the avidity with which English books are received in this country, we may state that in about seventy days from the date of the *dedication* of these poems, they were read, from the *first* American edition, by two of the friends of the author in the interior of this Commonwealth. If he should be desirous of knowing the *dramatis personæ*, he may view a representation of the hospitable mansion where the scene is laid, in our number for June 1816. On a spot which, but a few years ago, afforded nothing but a lair for the tiger or a cabin for the wandering savage, the muse of Lalla Rookh was hailed as leading her child from the mists of delusion to the ethereal regions which are inhabited by virtue and enlightened by truth:

juvat integros accedere fontes

Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores—*Lucret.*

- CRITICISM.—I. *The Emerald Isle a Poem.* By Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law. *Dedicated by Permission* to the Prince Regent. London 1813. Embellished with a full length portrait of Brian Borhoime, king of Ireland. 4to. pp. 159.
- II. *The speech of Mr. Phillips, delivered in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, in the Case of Guthrie versus Sterne; with a short preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 42.
- III. *Speeches of Mr. Phillips on the Catholic Question; with a preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 40.
- IV. *An Authentic Report of the Speech of the CELEBRATED and ELOQUENT Irish Barrister, Mr. Phillips, delivered at Roscommon Aerizes.* 8vo. London pp. 20.
- V. *The speech of Counsellor Phillips on the state of England and Ireland, and on a reform in Parliament; delivered at Liverpool, Oct. 31, 1816* 8vo. London. pp. 16.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

WE have really been at a loss in what light to consider the series of works before us; they are all planned and constructed on

a scale of such ridiculous exaggeration, there is so little law in the pleadings, so little poetry in the poem, and so little common sense in the prose, that we almost suspected that they were intended to ridicule that inflated and jargonish style which has of late prevailed among a certain class of authors and orators in the sister kingdom.

But in opposition to this internal evidence, there are so many circumstances of external testimony, that we have been reluctantly driven to conclude that Mr. Charles Phillips is not a censor, but a professor of the new school; and that having lost his own wits, he really imagines that the rest of the world may be brought to admire such fustian in verse and such fustian in prose as cannot, perhaps, be equalled except in Chrononhotonthologos, or Bombastes Furioso.

Our readers must be aware, that we are generally inclined (though we do not shrink from giving our own honest opinion) to permit authors *to speak for themselves*; and to quote from their own works such passages as may appear to us to justify our criticism. We will not be more unjust with Mr. Phillips, and shall, therefore, select from his poems and pamphlets a few of those parts which are marked by his peculiar manner, and which we are well assured he considers as the most admirable specimens of his genius.

We shall begin with the following panegyric upon a certain king of Ireland called Brian Borhoime, whose age was as barbarous as his name; and whose story is as obscure as Mr. Phillips's eulogy.

‘ Look on Brian’s verdant grave—  
Brian—the glory and grace of his age;  
Brian—the shield of the emerald isle;  
The lion incensed was a lamb to his rage,  
The dove was an eagle compared to his smile!  
Tribute on enemies, hater of war,  
Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng,  
Liberty’s beacon, religion’s bright star,  
Soul of the Seneacha, “ Light of the Song.”

1—10, 11.

The darkness which envelops the history of old Brian may be pleaded in excuse of the above passage, but what shall be said for the following apostrophe to the late bishop Berkley?—the Emerald Isle is, we ought to acquaint our readers, a series of apostrophes to Irish worthies, from Fin Macoul and Brian Borhoime, down to Mr. Curran and the wretched Dermody.

‘ And Berkley, thou, in vision fair,  
With all the spirits of the air,  
Should’st come to see, *beyond dispute*,  
Thy deathless page thyself refute;  
And, in it, own that thou could’st view  
Matter—and it immortal too.’—1.—33.

The following invocation to Farquhar, on the comedy of the Recruiting Serjeant, which was finished in his last illness, is a

fine specimen of the grandiloquence in which Mr. Phillips delights to envelop the *commonest* ideas.

'Swan of the stage! whose dying moan  
Such dulcet numbers poured along,  
That Death grew captive at the tone,  
And stayed his dart to hear **THE SONG!**'—I.—36.

The song! what song? serjeant Kite's is the only one we recollect in the piece, which, for a 'dying moan,' is comical enough.

Every one remembers Cooke the actor. He was remarkable for playing one or two parts with considerable force and skill, but his general character, even as a player, was certainly not very pre-eminent. He had, however, it seems, the good fortune to be an Irishman, and accordingly hear in what numbers Mr. Phillips lauds him.

"Lord of the soul! magican of the heart!  
Pure child of nature! *fosterchild* of art!  
How all the passions in succession rise,  
Heave in thy soul and lighten in thine eyes!  
Beguiled by thee, old Time, with *aspect blithe,*' &c. &c.  
I.—39.

and so forth for six lines more, with which we will not afflict our readers. We shall conclude our poetical extracts with the description of a traitor, which will remind our readers of some of the most splendid passages of lord Nugent's Portugal.

"——— the traitor's impious soul  
Blasphemes at grace and banishes control;  
It loathes all nurture but the fruit of crime;  
It counts, by guilty deeds, the course of time,  
Sees hell itself, but as the idiot's rod,  
*Deifies* guilt and *mortgages its God!*"—I.—67.

We shall now give a few instances of the nonsense on stilts, which Mr. Phillips believes in his conscience to be English prose; and however he may differ from us in his opinion of their merits, we venture to assert that he will not accuse us of having selected the worst passages.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit—is a trite proverb, and no very complicated idea; yet this simple sentence is in Mr. Phillips's version bloated out to the following size.

'Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sun-beam. Vapours may surround, prejudices may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance, that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fullness of its meridian, all life, and light, and lustre—the whole amphitheatre of nature glowing in its smile, and her minutest objects gilt and glittering in the grandeur of its eternity.'—III.—20.

Goldsmith had compared his Parish Priest

'To some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

This is one of the most simple and sublime passages in English poetry: Mr. Phillips—who, by the way, is as great a plagiarist as Sir Fretful, and somewhat in his manner—thus adopts it as his own.

'The hand that holds the chalice should be pure, and the priests of the temple of Religion should be spotless as the vestments of her ministry. Rank only degrades, wealth only impoverishes, and ornaments only disfigure her; her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence, inaccessible to human passions—even like the summit of some *Alpine* wonder, for ever crowned with the sunshine of the firmament, which the vain and feverish tempest of human infirmities breaks through harmless and unheeded.'—III.—34.

In this same style of travestie, Mr. Phillips renders either unintelligible or ridiculous every thing he touches. He censures Mr. Grattan 'because,' as he elegantly expresses it, 'an Irish native has lost its raciness in an English atmosphere.'—II.—15.—When he alludes to Monseignor Quarantotti's letter, he will not condescend to mention it but as 'the rescript of Italian audacity.' When the Duke of Wellington invades France, we are told that an Irish hero strikes the harp to victory upon the summit of the Pyrenees.—p. 35. And when he would say that Mr. Grattan is an ornament to his country, it is expressed 'that he poured over the ruins of his country the elixir of his immortality!'—III.—35.

When some injudicious persons at Liverpool toast the health of this wild ranter, he modestly and intelligibly describes the effect which this great event will have in Ireland—

'Oh! yes, I do foresee when she (Ireland) shall hear with what courtesy her most pretensionless advocate (Mr. Phillips) has been treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope, but I am glad to grasp at any phantom that floats across the solitude of that country's desolation!!'—V.—2.

There is, it seems, a certain Irishman of the name of Casey, resident in Liverpool, and, we presume, he was one of the promoters of the before mentioned toast; for Mr. Phillips, after a magnificent description of this worthy gentleman, exclaims, in an agony of patriotism, 'Alas, Ireland has little now to console her except the consciousness of having produced such men'—as Mr. Casey of Liverpool!

We reserve for the last example of Mr. Phillips's style, two passages which, we are informed by Mr. Phillips himself or his editor, (if indeed Mr. Phillips be not his own editor,) were receiv-

ed *with enthusiastic applauses*. The first is meant to be a satire on bigotry, and the other a panegyric on Mr. Grattan—

“But oh! there will *never* be a time with *Bigotry*—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her God is a *dæmon*—her communion is *death*—her vengeance is eternity—her *decalogue* is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!”—III.—22.

When the screech-owl of intolerance was *yelling*, and the night of bigotry was brooding on the land, he came forth with the heart of a hero! and the tongue of an angel! till at his bidding, the spectre vanished; the *colour of our fields revived*, and Ireland, poor Ireland, &c. &c.—III.—14.

Such—to speak *figuratively* of this great *figure-maker*—such are the tumid and empty bladders upon which the reputation of Mr. Phillips is trying to become buoyant. We believe our readers will, by this time, think that we have fully justified our opinion of the *style* of this Dublin Demosthenes.

But we have something more than mere errors of style to object to Mr. Phillips; we shall say little of the want of professional ability which his two pleadings exhibit, because he so little intends them to be considered as legal arguments, that there is but one passage in the statement of two legal cases in which there is the slightest allusion to the law, and that allusion only serves to show the advocate's ignorance of, and contempt for, the more serious parts of the profession he was exercising.

“Do not suppose I am endeavouring to influence you by the power of *DECLAMATION*. I am laying down to you the the British law, as liberally expounded and solemnly adjudged. I speak the language of the English Lord Eldon, a judge of great experience and greater learning—(*Mr. Phillips here cited several cases as decided by lord Eldon*)—Such, gentlemen, is the language of lord Eldon. I speak also on the authority of our own lord Avonmore—a judge who illuminated the bench by his genius, *endeared* it by his *sauvity*, and dignified it by his *bold uncompromising probity*!!—one of those rare men, who hid the thorns of law beneath the brightest flowers of literature, and as it were, with the hand of an *enchanter*, changed a wilderness into a garden!”—V.—17

No, *declamation* is *not the weapon* of Mr. Phillips—one thing, indeed, we learn from all this, that Mr. Phillips's countrymen appreciate his legal talents at their true worth—We may be sure that he has published every frantic speech he ever made; and they are but two, and both on subjects in which the want of legal education and professional acquirements would be least observed; and accordingly we may say—to borrow the happy expression of Louis the XVth's, relative to one of his chaplains, who had preached a flowry sermon on all things but religion—that if Mr. Phillips in his pleadings had only said a word or two about law, he would have spoken of every thing.

But we have done with the *advocate*, blessing our stars that lawyers in this country are not of the same breed; and hoping (as indeed we are inclined to believe) that even in Ireland none but the lawyers of the Catholic Board, and one or two adventurers who assume that title as a "*nom de guerre*," are capable of such a union of ignorance and confidence, of inanity and pretension. We have indeed to observe, for the honour of Ireland, that all these rhodomontades are printed in England, and we believe that few, if any of them, have been heard of in the place of their supposed nativity.

We now come to Mr. Phillips in the character upon which, of all others, it is evident he piques himself most, namely, that of a PATRIOT.

Mr. Phillips's first political pretension is *honesty*; he is, if you will take his own word for it, a model of *integrity* and *decision*, a pattern for all young men of the empire who will be warmed into emulation by Mr. Casey's Liverpool dinner. Lest our readers should doubt the modesty of this blushing Hibernian, we shall give *his own words*—a course which is always the safest, and, with so profuse a talker as Mr. Phillips, the most decisive and convincing.

"I hope, however, the benefit of this day will not be confined to the humble individual (Phillips, scilicet) you have so honoured; I hope it will cheer on the young aspirants after virtuous fame in both our countries, by proving to them, that however, for the moment, envy or ignorance, or corruption, may depreciate them, there is a reward in store for THE MAN (Phillips) WHO THINKS WITH INTEGRITY AND ACTS WITH DECISION."

V.—16.

Again, he assures his partial friends "who were crowding around him, that no act of his shall ever raise a blush at the recollection of their early encouragement."—p. 16.

But it is not the easy virtues of profession alone to which Mr. Phillips lays claim—he boasts, in a quotation solemnly prepared for the occasion, that he is ready even to *suffer* for his country:—

"For thee, fair Freedom, welcome all the past,  
For thee, my country, welcome E'EN THE LAST!"

Notwithstanding the present thriving appearance of Mr. Phillips's patriotism, he seems to have now and then had some slight misgivings as to the constancy of his virtue, and to anticipate the possibility of backsliding from this highway of honour, and with the most ingenious naïveté he communicates his doubts to the Catholic Board.

"May I not be one of the myriads who, in the name of *patriotism*, and for the purposes of plunder, have swindled away your heart, that they might gamble with it afterwards at the political hazard table! May I not pretend a youth of virtue, that I may purchase with its fame an age of rich



*apostacy!*—Cast your view around the political horizon—Can you discover no one whose eye once gazed on glory, and whose voice once rung for liberty—no one, who, LIKE ME, once glowed with the energies of an assumed sincerity, and saw, or seemed to see, no god but COUNTRY, now toiling in the drudgeries of oppression, and shrouded in the pall of an *official miscreancy*! Trust no man's professions—ardent as I am—*honest* through every fibre as I feel myself—I repel your confidence, though perhaps unnecessarily, for I am humble, and *below corruption*—I am valueless, and *not worth temptation*—I am *poor*, and cannot afford to part with *all I have*—MY CHARACTER.—Such are my sensations *now*—what they may be *hereafter*, I pretend not; but should I ever hazard descending into the *sympathant* or slave, I beseech thee, Heaven, that the first hour of crime may be the last of life, and that the worm may batten *on the bloom of my youth*, before my friends, *if I have one*, shall have cause to curse the mention of my memory."—III.—11, 12.

Mr. Phillips's first publication, in the still earlier bloom of his youth, was, as our readers have seen, a poem called the Emerald Isle. It was dedicated, *by permission*, to his royal highness the prince regent, "Ireland's hope and England's ornament." The poem did not belie the promise of the dedication; it is a perfect stream of praise, a shower of roses on every person who is named in it, from alpha to omega. This alone was enough to excite some little suspicion of the author's sincerity; but it became conviction on finding that, whenever in any of his succeeding pamphlets written in *altered* times and *different* circumstances, he has occasion to mention any of the idols of his early flattery, he falls into the natural course of censuring and sometimes libelling them.

If his royal highness the prince regent was, on the 23d April, 1812, the date of Mr. Phillips's dedication—"Ireland's hope and England's ornament"—what has since happened to justify Mr. Phillips's imputations? What are the enormities which this high-minded and independent patriot "cannot speak of, without danger, because, *thank God*, he cannot think of them without indignation"?

If, in 1812, the duke of Wellington was "a *nation-saving hero*" (I.—16.)—if, in 1814, "the illustrious potentates were met together in the British capital to commemorate the great festival of universal peace and *universal emancipation*" (III.—22.)—if "all the hopes of *England* were gratified and *Europe free*" (p. 21.)—how does it happen that, in 1816, Mr. Phillips can thus describe the war in which those objects were achieved?

"The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, thus confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more *odious* in its *principle*. It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch; a war which uprooted the very foundations of the *English* constitution; which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals; and declared *tyranny eternal*."—V.—10.

If, in 1812, Bonaparte was a despot—bloody—impious—polluted (I.—73)—if he was an infidel “who trod the symbol of Christianity under foot”—who plundered temples and murdered priests—if his legions were locusts, and he himself a vulture, (p. 74), a tyrant, (p. 77), and a fiend, (p. 75)—If, in August, 1813, he was again a “tyrant,” a “monster,” an *embroidered butcher*—if he was, in Mr. Phillips’s opinion, all this, how comes it, that in 1816, he speaks of him in the following terms:—

“In dethroning Napoleon you have dethroned a monarch who, with all his *imputed* crimes and vices, shed a splendour around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. How *grand* was his march! How *magnificent* his destiny! *Say what we will, sir*, he will be the *land-mark* of our times in the eye of posterity. The goal of other men’s speed was his starting-post—crowns were his playthings—thrones his footstool—he strode from victory to victory—his path was ‘a plane of continued elevations.’” —V.—11.

If, in 1812, Mr. Phillips could thus speak of Napoleon and Spain—

“His aid is murder in disguise;  
His triumphs, Freedom’s obsequies;  
His faith, is fraud—his wisdom, guile;  
Creation withers in his smile—  
See Spain, in his embraces, die,  
His ancient friend, his firm ally!”—I.—73.

If, in 1814, “the Catholic allies of England have refuted the foul aspersions on the Catholic faith,” (III.—21.) with what face could he, in 1816, ask the Liverpool meeting,

“What have you done for Europe? what have you achieved for man? Have morals been ameliorated? has liberty been strengthened? You have restored to Spain a wretch of even worse than proverbial princely ingratitude; who filled his dungeons and fed his rack with the heroic remnant that had braved war, and famine, and massacre beneath his banners; who rewarded patriotism with the prison—fidelity with the torture—heroism with the scaffold—and piety with the inquisition; whose royalty was published by the signature of his death-warrants, and whose religion evaporated in the *embroidering of petticoats for the Blessed Virgin*?”—V.—11, 12.

If, in 1812, Bonaparte and Portugal could be thus described—

“See hapless Portugal, who thought  
A common creed her safety brought—  
A common creed! alas, his life  
Has been one bloody, impious strife!  
Beneath his torch the altars burn  
And blush on the polluted urn.”—I.—73.

what can Mr. Phillips say for the following description, in 1816, of the very prince who fled from the once “bloody and impious,” but now “magnificent” and “splendid” Napoleon!

"You have restored to Portugal a prince of whom we know nothing, except that when his dominions were invaded, his people distracted, his crown in danger, and all that could interest the highest energies of man at issue, he left his cause to be combated by foreign bayonets, and fled with a dastard precipitation to the shameful security of a distant hemisphere."—V.—12.

In 1814 "the rocks of Norway are elate with liberty." (III.—23.) In 1816 Norway is instanced as "a feeble state partitioned to feed the rapacity of the powerful."—(V.—13.)

In 1812 Mr. Grattan had the misfortune of being the idol of Mr. Phillips's humble adoration—in 1814 Mr. Grattan is still an idol, but an idol like those of the Tartars, which they chastise; and four pages of one of Mr. Phillips's speeches to the Catholic board are employed in *chastising* Mr. Grattan for having given some reasons ("if reasons," as Mr. Phillips cautiously observes, "they can be called,") against presenting a Catholic petition at that particular time: he shows too that repeated discussions have had the effect of reducing the majority against the Catholics. All this is very well: but what shall we say when we find Mr. Phillips in 1816, at Liverpool, expressing his "hope that the Irish Catholics will petition *no more* a parliament so equivocating?"

In 1812—Mr. Ponsonby is highly celebrated and told that "his country's heart must be cold" ere the "honour," the "worth," the "wisdom," "the zeal," "the hand to act and heart to feel of *her Ponsonby*" be forgotten. But in the Liverpool speech we find all the merits of the leader of the Whigs forgotten, and his character treated with high indignity:—

"Shall a borough-mongering faction convert what is misnamed the national representation, into a mere instrument for raising the supplies which are to gorge its own venality? Shall the *mock dignitaries* of Whiggism and Toryism lead their hungry retainers to contest the profits of an alternate ascendancy over the prostrate interests of a too generous people? These are questions which I blush to ask."—V.—15.

In 1812—England and Englishmen were the great objects of Mr. Phillips's horror; he found amongst us "a *prejudice* against his native land *predominant* above every other feeling, *inveterate* as *ignorance* could generate, as *monstrous* as *credulity* could feed."—I.—6—And (for he assails us in prose and verse) he invokes Ireland

"To remember the glory and pride of her name,  
Ere the cold *blooded Sassanach* tainted her fame."

Again—in their mutual communications Mr. Phillips assigns to the Irish "the ardour of patriots and pride of freemen," but to the unlucky English, "atrocious provocation and *perfidious* arrogance."

In the Liverpool speech, however, he has quite changed his note; the cold-blooded Sassanach is now "the *high-minded* people of England," (V.—4;) and even a provincial English town is "the emporium of liberality and public spirit—the birth-place of ta-

lent—the residence of integrity”—the asylum of “freedom,” “patriotism,” and “genius.”—V.—1.—In 1812, king William was a Draco—“a gloomy murderer,” and Mr. Phillips very magnanimously “tramples on the *impious* ashes of that *Vandal tyrant*,”—I.—109.—but in 1816, a new light breaks upon him; he applauds the revolution, vindicates “the reformers of 1688,” and calls that period “the most glorious of our national annals.”—V.—10.

These changes, monstrous as they are, have taken place in the last two or three years; but we have Mr. Phillips’s own assurance that he began his backsliding earlier than the date of any of his pamphlets, and that young as, he tells us, he is in years, he is old in apostacy. In his first speech, August, 1813, he makes the following candid avowal.

“I am not ashamed to confess to you, that there was a day when I was as bigoted as the blackest;—but I thank that Being, who gifted me with a mind not quite impervious to conviction, and I thank you, who afforded such dawning testimonies of my error. No wonder, then, that I seized my prejudices, and with a blush burned them on the altar of my country!”—III.—33.

Our readers will not fail to observe, that all this wavering is not the mere versatility of a young and ardent mind. Mr. Phillips is indeed inconstant, but it is “*certa ratione modoque*,” his changes may be *calculated*, like those of the moon, and his bright face will always be found towards the rising sun.

He dedicated to the prince regent in expectation, and abused him in disappointment; he flattered Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby when they were popular, and sneers at them when he sees a more promising patron. He lent his labours and his lungs to the cause of Catholic emancipation, and preached up the doctrine of *eternal petitions*, while they afforded any prospect of *celebrity* or profit; finding that scent grow cold, he is now against petitioning; and reform in Parliament being the cry of the disaffected in England, he imports his “parcel of” talent and celebrity into Liverpool, consigned to Mr. Casey—exhibits his wares at the dinner before mentioned—sings a palinode to Napoleon Bonaparte—and hardily enlists himself under the banners of radical reform. We have no doubt that, by the same arts which have forced him into what he and his colleagues modestly call *celebrity*, he will make a very acceptable addition to the society of major Cartwright and Mr. Gale Jones, until some new turn in the wheel of state, or in the popular feeling, shall again convert him; when we may have him once more bespattering Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby with his praises, and *dedicating* to his royal highness the prince regent, but, as we anticipate, without the *permission* of which he was formerly so vain.

We have not noticed the particulars of the political tenets which Mr. Phillips has professed, or now professes; bad as they may be, they can do no harm till his style shall become more intelligible and his character less ambiguous.

*An abstract of the Bible, in a series of conversations between a mother and her children.*—Chapter 1. Genesis; first book.

WE have been permitted to copy the following pages from the original manuscript of a pious lady, who in more senses than one, keeps her lamp, both filled and trimmed. It was intended to be published in consecutive numbers of our Journal, but believing that it may be of more service to the community, if it is printed in a separate form, we have cheerfully consulted the public good, instead of our own convenience. A small volume, which will include the book of *Genesis*, will be published about the end of the year. It will be illustrated by plates,—of which some have been already prepared, with much neatness, by *Goodman and Pigott*, engravers, of this city. The plan and the composition of part of the book have received the cordial approbation of two eminent divines, and we are thus warranted in recommending the work to the public patronage.

*Catharine.*—Have we not your promise, mother, that as soon as the long winter evenings should commence, you would converse with us on the history of the Bible?

*Fanny.*—Ab! I am glad you have not forgotten to remind mama of that. Conversation is more intelligible and impressive than solitary reading; and besides, it will save us the trouble of reading this large book!

*Mother.*—Trouble, my daughter! it should be the greatest pleasure, as it is your enviable privilege, to possess, and be able to read that book. Your curiosity should be awakened to acquire a more intimate knowledge of a record which speaks truth without error, and unfolds to man his origin and his destiny. I can assure you, my dear, however strange it may sound in your ears, that you will find not less entertainment than instruction in this volume. It is the oldest in existence. It gives us an account of the very creation of all things, and the history of mankind from the beginning of time. As you have been habituated to the reading of this invaluable book, it is only necessary that I should give you a brief narrative of the contents; and you may interrupt me when you desire to have any explanations.

*Catharine.*—I often think I am acquainted with the whole of the Bible; but whenever you examine us, I find that I know very little. A general but connected view of the story and the system, would fasten itself upon our memory; and we should then be able to comprehend the various parts when we open the book.—and now I think of it, mama, why is it called *the Bible*;—often as I have got my lessons in it at school and read to you from it since, in the evenings, it never occurred to me that so strange a word could scarcely have been selected without some reason.

*Charles.*—Oh! I can tell you, sister. Dr. — told us, the other day, when we were saying our lesson in *Leusden*, that it was from a Greek word, which signifies a *book*.

*Mother.*—Yes. It is called **THE BIBLE, OR THE BOOK**, by way of eminence:—to express in the most emphatical manner its superior excellence and authority. It is divided into two parts, which are entitled, the **OLD**, and the **NEW, TESTAMENTS**. These are connected by a chain of predictions, many of which have actually been accomplished, and others are daily coming to pass.

The Old Testament, was chiefly written in the Old Hebrew, or Samaritan language; and the new, with the exception, perhaps of the gospel by Matthew, which Charles is now reading, was composed in Greek. The whole is sub-divided into books; and though they were written by different hands, in different ages, and in various countries, yet they form one complete whole, perfectly harmonious and beautiful. From this correspondence in all the numbers, we infer that the writers were divinely inspired to speak nothing but the truth. The Bible contains the only authentic account that we have of the earliest times. It consists of narrative and doctrine,—of precepts and prophecies, the sublimity and importance of which, would sufficiently demonstrate their divine origin, if all other proof were wanting. To explain all this to you, I do not intend to undertake; but I can give you a general sketch of the subject, which may be filled up, hereafter, by reading books which have been written for that purpose, by theologians and divines.

*Fanny.*—But, pray do not forget to tell us, in the course of your narrative,—lest we might interrupt you too often,—when

any accomplishment of a prophecy can be shown. I should like to see the reality of all that the Bible promises.

*Mother.*—That, my children we shall all see! may it be your lot to enjoy the *blessings* which those promises have offered to your acceptance!

The first five books of the Bible, or the Pentateuch, as they are called, were written by Moses, the great Jewish Legislator. They commence with *Genesis*, the meaning of which I suppose Charles can inform us.

*Charles.*—It is from a Greek word which signifies the *Beginning* or *Production*.

*Mother.*—In *Genesis* we learn that the world was created by the Almighty word of God in six days, and, by the same unerring wisdom, it was pronounced to be perfect. On the seventh day the great Architect “rested from all his work,” and “blessed and sanctified it.”—By this we are to understand the appointment of a Sabbath;—a seventh part of our time peculiarly appropriated to his own service and worship; and to man a day of repose and relief from his worldly labours.

The Mosaic account of the creation, is very concise; but its sublimity has been admired by the politest schools. I need only call your attention to the passage in which the production of light is described:—“and God said, let there be light; and there was light!” How exquisitely expressive of the grandeur of that power and wisdom, that could speak into existence, a substance, at once so astonishing and so useful.

The division of time into weeks, can no otherwise be accounted for, but in the divine ordinance, for the period is entirely arbitrary; not being indicated by any aspect of nature, as days, months, and years, are by the revolutions of the sun and moon.

On the sixth day, having prepared an habitation, and provided an abundance of fruits, God created one man, and one woman. He made them good, like the rest of his works, and endued them with ability to continue in their native holiness; yet with liberty to choose between virtue and vice. They were placed in the garden of Eden, and had permission to eat freely the fruits of all the trees, one only being excepted as a test of their obedience. They did not long preserve their allegiance: they violated the condition

upon which they had been so bounteously provided, and incurred the penalty of death! The pleasures of Eden were forfeited;—paradise lost—and their future subsistence was now to be gained through toil and sorrow. Yet all was not lost; that mercy which is from eternity, had provided relief, and now enlightened their darkness with a feeble, but infallible intimation of a Saviour, to break the power of the enemy, which had endeavoured to work their ruin, to rescue them from the grave, and restore them to an eternal life.

Their first descendants were Cain and Abel; the former, a cultivator of the earth, and the latter a keeper of sheep. At an appointed time, each of these brothers offered a sacrifice to the Lord.

*Fanny.*—Tell us, if you please, what is meant, strictly by a sacrifice, and how it originated?

*Mother.*—By a sacrifice, we mean, generally, an offering to the Deity as an acknowledgment of his power, and a payment of homage. We have no account of the origin of this mode of worship; but we cannot hesitate in ascribing it to divine authority, because Adam was taught immediately by his Creator, and without a command to that effect, it is highly probable that he would not have thought of destroying animals committed to his care: nor should he have imagined, that an offering, apparently so cruel, would have been acceptable to him, whose benevolence was impressed on every thing around him.

The offering of Abel, on this occasion was accepted, while that of his brother was rejected. This preference, instead of awakening in Cain a sense of his own unworthiness, and a desire to find favour by relying on the divine word, inflamed him with rage and instigated him to the murder of Abel. Thus early did the effect of Adam's disobedience appear in the depravity of his son!

The next remarkable event of which we read, is the translation of Enoch, a descendant of Seth, the third son of Adam. In reward for his exemplary piety he was taken to heaven without the pain of dying. The life of man was protracted, at this time, to a great length. Methusalem, the oldest man of whom we have ever heard, lived to the age of 969 years. The earth then would be peopled rapidly, and we find that vice increased in the



same proportion. To such a pitch had wickedness arrived that in the year of the world 1656, God resolved to destroy all mankind by a flood, because, "the earth was filled with violence, and the imagination of man's heart was only evil continually." From this most awful judgment, one righteous man and his family were exempted. This was Noah, the great grandson of Enoch, who was commanded by God, to build an ark, or ship, and to go into it. He was directed to take with him two of every kind of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing, that they might be kept alive.

*Catharine.*—It must have taken a great while to build so large a vessel?

*Mother.*—Moses has not told us, nor has he left any date from which we might calculate how long Noah was thus employed. Profane authors are, therefore, not agreed on the question; some say an hundred years, and others think the labour required even a longer time. While Noah was engaged in building his ark, he warned the people of the impending calamity, but no symptoms of penitence appeared to avert the divine wrath, and accordingly, at the appointed time, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up;—and the windows of heaven were opened, and it rained forty days;—and all the high hills that were under the whole heavens were covered, and all flesh died that moved upon the earth." "After the end of 150 days," to continue in the words of the sacred historian, for I can find none so descriptive,—"the waters were abated, and in the seventh month, the ark,—(which had floated safely throughout this terrible deluge)—rested on the mountains of Ararat, and the earth soon became dry. Noah then brought his family out of the vessel, in which they had been confined a whole year."

*Charles.*—In what part of the world is a spot so remarkable as these mountains, to be found?

*Catharine.*—Noah landed on a mountain of Asia, in Armenia; a part of the chain called *Caucasus*.

*Mother.*—The country is high; and is said to have been, in those days, very fertile, and therefore most suitable for the first habitation of man after the flood. The period of time from the creation to the deluge embraces 1656 years, and is called *the first age of the world*.

The first act of Noah, when he descended from the ark, was to build an altar, and offer a sacrifice; and nothing, surely, could be more natural and becoming, than an expression of gratitude in the most solemn manner, for a deliverance so exceedingly wonderful! But the goodness of his divine preserver did not stop here. He graciously assured Noah, that he would not "again sweep mankind from the face of the earth," and he directed him to consider the Rainbow as a token of his promise.

*Fanny.*—Do you think, mother, that a Rainbow had never been seen before that time! Did it never rain before the deluge!

*Mother.*—The words of scripture, "behold I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth," have led some to suppose that the bow was created at this time and for this very purpose: but they do not necessarily imply this narrow construction. It is quite probable that the Rainbow had always appeared, under the same combination of circumstances, that we behold in our own time; but it pleased the Almighty to point to it, on this occasion, as the sign or memorial of a promise. Others have said that though it had rained before the deluge, the same superintending providence which caused the Rainbow to appear as a pledge of his promise, might have prevented the concurrence of such circumstances, in the time of rain, as were essentially necessary to form a bow.—It might have rained when the sun was set,—or when that luminary was more than 54 degrees high, when no bow could be seen, and the rain might continue between the spectator and the sun,—or in any other direction, but that of an opposition to the sun.\*

\* See Ewing's lectures, on Philosophy, p. 306.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

*"From my house, (if I had it,) the sixth of July."*

MR. OLDSCHOOL—

A diverting anecdote about a southern gentleman who is coming to these parts to look for a wife, has been merrily running

the rounds of our newspapers, under the odd title of *small-talk*.\* This is what the lawyers call a misnomer, as I am very sure that so uncommon an occurrence as that of a bachelor of West river, "turning husband," must have made a *great* talk among the good people of that neighbourhood! Why he should leave his native fields on such an errand, I know not. On the banks of that wizard stream, there are jewels that the world could not buy, and a man might well say with Claudio in the play, "I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Here* would be my wife." But pray Mr. Oldschool, who is this gentleman who has resolved that the maidens of West river shall not see "a bachelor of three score" in him; but is willing "to thrust his neck into a yoke and wear the print of it?" How shall our Green-mountain girls and curd-pressers of Cheshire, recognize this "Cœlebs, in search of a wife;"—this "Monsieur Love," who has slung Cupid's quiver over his shoulders, and is coming from the tobacco fields of Maryland to the onion patches of New

\* The following is the paragraph, to which our correspondent refers. If our young traveller is not afraid of being *led by the nose* in this perilous adventure, we would recommend to him, Dr. Morse's Gazetteer. In this work he will read of a place which, although it does not overflow with *milk and honey*, is described by the Doctor as famous for fine girls; and a lover who *has got his apparel together, and new ribbands to his pumps*,—we infer from the same authority, may find a Thisbe, without submitting to the earnest injunction of Bully Bottom, the weaver.—See *Mids. Night Dream*, a. 4, sc. 2.—ED. P. F.

### SMALL TALK.

#### LOOK OUT GIRLS—A MARKET FOR A DAIRY WOMAN.

An opulent planter on the banks of the West-River, near Annapolis, Maryland, requested a traveller from this vicinity to send him a good dairy woman—gravely observing, that he would give a thousand dollars for a girl who could make good cheese. The traveller replied, that we did not sell that *kind of stock* in New England. The old man concluded, by his advice, to send his son to get him a New England wife, and the young man is directed to choose his wife by tasting her cheese.—*So, look out girls.*

England?† “Doth he brush his hat o’mornings?” “Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?” “Has he a good leg, and a good foot, and money enough in his purse?” Then he may *match with his kindred*, though Adam’s daughters are his sisters. He may dance the “Scotch jig” of “wooing, wedding, and repenting,” and not be awed from “the career of his humour,” by “quips, and sentences and paper bullets of the brain.”

For my *single* self, Mr. Oldschool, “I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.” “May I,”—“*parcus cultor et infrequens*,”—“may I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not; I will not be sworn, but love may transform me into an oyster.”—Surely my old friend, Benedict, is not about to “seek a charm for the tooth-ache,” among the girls of New England, after “studying eight or nine wise words” for the private ear of an “old seignor.” It cannot be so;—“he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid’s bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him.” If, however, he has set out on this adventure, I hope he will not return “unkissed;”—“let him erect his own tomb ere he dies;” “live in his mistress’ heart, die in her lap, and be buried in her eyes.” “Man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.”

Wishing you, Mr. Oldschool, health, happiness and honour. I am,—neither “a hawk, a horse or a husband,” but “the letter that begins them all—

H.”

Boston. 

† The dowry of a New England wife is made from the profits of an onion patch, which is assigned to her for that purpose, and is cultivated by her own hands. Hence, that part of the farm is always found to be in the finest order.—See *Travels in the United States*, by Davis, Ash, Wells, &c.

ED. P. F.

## POETRY.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.—*From Lalla Rookh.* By Thomas Moore, Esq.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing;  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,  
"Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and  
sea,  
"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
"One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them  
all!  
"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,  
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear, (\*)  
"And sweetly the fountains of that Valley fall;  
"Though bright are the waters of Sing-so-hay,  
"And the golden floods that thitherward  
stray, (†)  
"Yet—oh! 'tis only the Hest can say  
"How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
"From world to luminous world, as far  
"As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
"And multiply each through endless years,  
"One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of light, beheld her weeping,  
And, as she nearer drew and listen'd  
To her sad song, a tear-drop gladden'd  
Within his eye-lids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—  
Blooms no where but in Paradise!  
"Nymph of a fair, but erring time!"  
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.  
"Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
"The Peri yet may be forgiven  
"Who brings to this Eternal Gate  
"The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!  
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;  
"Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the Sun—  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands, (‡)  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies  
And, lighted earthward by a glance

(\*) "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenuar, from the plane-tree upon it."—*Forster*.

(†) "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sin-hu-say, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

(‡) "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the Heavens."—*Fryer*.

That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for heav'n?—I know  
"The wealth," she cries "of every urn,  
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,  
"Beneath the pillars of Chilmimar, (§)  
"I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
"Many a fathom down in the sea,  
"To the south of sun-bright Araby; (¶)  
"I know too where the Genii hid  
"The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid, (†)  
"With Life's elixir sparkling high—  
"But gifts like these are not for the sky,  
"Where was there ever a gem that shone  
"Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?  
"And the Drops of Life—oh! what would  
they be  
"In the boundless deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pindos fann'd  
The air of that sweet Indian land,  
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral banks and amber beds;  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves, and bowers of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!  
But crimson now her rivers ran  
With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,  
Mingled his taint with every breath  
Upwasted from the innocent flowers!  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?  
'Tis He of Gazna (\*\*)—fierce in wrath  
He comes, and India's diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—  
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks  
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana; (††)—  
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters.  
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

(§) The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec, were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns, immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot de Volney*.

(¶) "The Isles of Panchais."

(†) "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson*.

(\*\*) Mahmoud of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—v. his History in *Dow* and *Sir J. Malcolm*.

(††) "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey hounds and blood hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone, beside his native river—  
The red blade broken in his hand  
And the last arrow in his quiver.  
"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share  
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood.  
All crimson with his country's blood,  
Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well—  
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!  
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,  
And when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its tree-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,  
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.  
"Though foul are the drops that oft distil  
"On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
"For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
"It would not stain the purest rill  
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!  
"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
"A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
"Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her  
"cause!"  
"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
The gift into his radiant hand,  
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
"Who die thus for their native Land.  
"But see—alas! the crystal bar  
"Of Eden moves not—holier far  
"Than e'en this drop the boon must be,  
"That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains. (\*)  
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
And seek'd her plumage at the fountains  
Of that Egyptian tide whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth,  
Deep in those solitary woods,  
Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
And hail the new-born Giant's smile! (†)  
Thence, over Egypt's palmey groves,  
Her grotto, and sepulchres of Kings (‡)  
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves,  
And now hangs listening to the doves  
In warm Rosetta's vale (§)—now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The azure calm of Morris' Lake (¶)  
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright  
Never did mortal eye behold!

(\*) The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise.—Bruce.

(†) The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy or the Giant.—Arist. Research. vol. i. p. 387.

(‡) V. Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotto, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

(§) The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves.—Sennini.

(¶) Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Moura.

Who could have thought, that saw this night  
Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
Basking in heav'n's serene light;—  
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
Warns them to their silken beds: (†)  
Those virgin Blicies, all the night  
Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
When their beloved Sun's awake;—  
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
The relics of a splendid dream;  
Amid whose fairy loneliness  
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,  
Nought seen but (when the shadows siting  
Fast from the moon, unheath its gleam)  
Some purple-wing'd Sultana (††) sitting  
Upon a column motionless  
And glittering, like an idol bird!—  
Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,  
Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
From his hot wing a deadly blast,  
More mortal far than ever came  
From the red Desert's sands of flame!  
So quick, that every living thing  
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,  
At once falls black and withering!  
The sun went down on many a brow,  
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
Is rankling in the pest-house now,  
And ne'er will feel that sun again!  
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps  
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—  
The very vultures turn away,  
And sicken at so foul a prey!  
Only the fierce hyena stalks (‡)  
Throughout the city's desolate walks!  
At midnight, and his carnage plies—  
Wo to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
The glaring of those large blue eyes (¶)  
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,  
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—  
"Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,  
"But the trail of the Serpent is over them  
"all!"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
Around her, as the bright drops ran;  
For there's a magic in each tear  
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,  
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
Were wafting together, free,  
Like age at play with infancy—  
Beneath that fresh and springing bower  
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan  
Of one who, at this silent hour  
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

(†) The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep.—Dafard et Hadad.

(††) I hat beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana.—Sennini.

(‡) Jackson speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyenas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

(¶) Bruce.

One who in life, where'er he mov'd,  
Drew after him the hearts of many;  
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,  
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!  
None to watch near him—none to slake  
The fire that in his bosom lies  
With e'en a sprinkle from that Lake,  
Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
No voice, well-known through many a day,  
To speak the last, the parting word,  
Which, when all other sounds decay,  
Is still like distant music heard.  
That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death—  
That she, whom he for years had known  
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—  
Safe in her father's princely halls,  
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they flann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bower to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside!—  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to lend his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loos'n'd tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms, that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
And now he yields—now turns away,  
Shuddering as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer'd lips alone—  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unask'd or without shame.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
"The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee;  
"And, whether on its wings it bear  
"Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
"There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
"Wouldst that my bosom's blood were balm,  
"And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
"To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
"Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
"Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—  
"The one, the chosen one, whose place,  
"In life or death is by thy side!  
"Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
"In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
"Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
"That must be hers, when thou art gone?  
"That I can live, and let thee go,  
"Who art my life itself? No, no,  
"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
"Out of its heart must perish too!  
"Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
"Before like thee I fade and burn;  
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
"The last pure life that lingers there!"  
She falls, she sinks; as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,  
So quickly do his baleful sighs  
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!

One struggle; and his pain is past;  
Her lover is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole  
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul.  
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast;  
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
"In balmy air than ever yet stirr'd  
"Th' enchanted pile of that holy bird,  
"Who sings at the last his own death lay,(1)  
"And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
Unearthly breathings through the place,  
And shook her sparkling wrath, and shed  
Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
That like two lovely saints they seem'd  
Upon the eve of dooms-day taken  
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;  
While that benevolent Peri beam'd  
Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;  
Again the Peri soars above,  
Bearing to heav'n that precious sigh  
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
The Elysian palm she soon will win;  
For the bright Spirit at the gate  
Smil'd as she gave that offering in;  
And she already hears the trees  
Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
That from the throne of Alla swells;  
And she can see the starry bows  
That lie around that lucid lake,  
Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take!(2)

But ah! e'en Peri's hopes are vain—  
Again the Fates forbade, again  
The immortal barrier clos'd— not yet!  
The Angel said, as, with regret,  
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
"True was the maiden, and her story,  
"Written in light o'er Alla's head,  
"By seraph eyes shall long be read.  
"But Peri, see—the crystal bar  
"Of Eden moves not—holier far  
"Than e'en this sigh the boon must be  
"That opens the Gates of Heav'n for thee."  
Now, upon Syria's land of roses(3)  
Softly the light of Eve reposes,  
And, like a glory, the broad sun  
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,  
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer in a vale of flowers  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

(1) "In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail: and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ-pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—Richardson.

(2) "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.—From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*."

(3) Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country, has been always famous;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
How beauteous must have been the glow,  
The life, the sparkling from below!  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sun-light falls;  
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls;  
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light;  
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm west, as if inland  
With brilliant from the mine or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
The unclouded skies of Peristan!  
And then—the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherds' ancient reed<sup>(4)</sup>, with hum  
Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
Banqueting through the flowery vales;—  
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;  
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
Joyless she sees the sun look down  
On that great Temple, once his own<sup>(5)</sup>  
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard Time,  
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
Some hmulet of gems, uncal'd  
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
With the Great Name of Solomon,  
Which, spell'd by her illum'd eyes,  
May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
The charm, that can restore so soon,  
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—  
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
In the rich West began to wither:—  
When, o'er the vale of Balbeck winging  
Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they;  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel flies,<sup>(7)</sup>  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—  
And, near the boy, who tri'd with play  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man dismount  
From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small imaret's rustic fount  
Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
Upon a brow more fierce than that—

(4) "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the sun at Balbeck, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—Bruce.

(5) The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—Rusel.

(6) The Temple of the Sun at Balbeck.

(7) "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damscels."—Soncini.

Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
With blood of guests!—there written all,  
Black as the damning drops that fall  
From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Softened his spirit,) look'd and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play:—  
Though still, whenever his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air,  
From Syria's thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,  
Lapping th' eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again!  
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child—  
A scene, which might have well beguild  
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!  
"There was a time," he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!  
"When young and haply pure as thou,  
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"  
He hung his head—each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down  
"from the moon  
"Falls through the withering airs of June  
"Upon Egypt's land, (8) of so healing a power,  
"So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour  
"That drop descends, contagion dies,  
"And health reanimates earth and skies!  
"Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
"The precious tears of repentance fall?  
"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
"One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!  
And now—behold him kneeling there  
By the child's side in humble prayer,

(8) The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.



While the same sun-beam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven  
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star.  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek  
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash, or meteor be—  
But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From Heaven's gate to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!  
"Oh! am I not happy! I am, I am—  
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
"Are the diamond turrets of Shadukian,<sup>(9)</sup>  
"And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

(9) The Country of Delight, the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnaan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the city of

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,  
"Passing away like a lover's sigh—  
"My feast is now of the Tootba Tree,<sup>(1)</sup>  
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief—  
"Oh what are the brightest that e'er have  
"blown,  
"To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,  
(2)  
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!  
"Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—  
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnaan.

(1) The tree Tootba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet,—vide Sale's Prelim. Disc.—Toubas, says D'Herbelot, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

(2) Mahomet is described, in the 33d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the Angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The American Philosophical Society have in the press, another volume, of those disquisitions which they have published under the singular title of *Transactions*. The first five volumes being very scarce and difficult to be procured, the present will be called the *first of a new series*. All the papers in this volume, have been read before the society, and have been selected for publication, by members appointed for that purpose. They will be found to be various in their subjects, and valuable in the augmentation which they will bring to the domestic stock of science.

Thomas R. Peters, Esq. of this city, is engaged in the compilation of *Memoirs of the late Maj. Gen. Anthony Wayne*—one of the most gallant among those who achieved our revolution. These memoirs will be composed chiefly from papers, with which the author has been furnished by the son of the deceased; but as many documents and anecdotes, illustrative of the services and character of Gen. Wayne, may be preserved among his cotemporaries, it is hoped that they may be freely contributed to Mr. Peters; that he may complete the laudable task which he has undertaken, with justice to the subject and honour to himself.

Mr. Harrison Hall, of Philadelphia, has in the press a new edition, with additions and improvements, of his *Distiller*, which will be published before Christmas. The rapid sale of the last edition, and the opinions which have been publickly expressed, concerning the merits of this practical treatise, fully authorise us to announce it as the *standard book*, on the subject of which it treats.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1847.

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Embellished with a view of the City Hall at New-York, and an engraved title-page.

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## PHILADELPHIA:

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

When the direction of this establishment was committed to the present Editor, it was proposed to publish a supplemental volume which should contain a history of the passing times. The three volumes would have been so moulded as to contain an annual register of history, science and literature. The plan of such a work had been submitted to the public by the editor, in 1812, when he sought refuge in this city from the fury of a ferocious and unrestrained populace, in a neighbouring state. When *The Port Folio* was offered to him, it appeared that this work might be extended so as to comprehend what he had proposed to publish under the title of "*The Chronicle*." Not long after that proposal was submitted to the public, Mr. Dobson offered an *Annual Register*, which should "comprise, a sketch of the political history, foreign and domestic, of the six months immediately preceding the appearance of each volume—an exposition of domestic and foreign literature for the same interval," &c. (see the *Prospectus* in *The Port Folio*, vol. i. 1816, p. 263.) Our work was therefore suspended, because our chief inducement was to supply a desideratum which was loudly demanded. Mr. Dobson has published two volumes, which, in the opinion of their accomplished editor, "fully realize the idea of a Register, (*vide* pref. 1.) As we had contemplated something materially different from this plan, we resume our offer of publishing a supplemental volume.

It shall contain—a HISTORY OF EUROPE, taken chiefly from the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, a work decidedly superior to any similar journal in Europe—a HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—an annual view of LITERATURE, compiled from the best sources—an annual view of the progress of the SCIENCES—STATE PAPERS, &c. &c.

The history of Europe will be commenced with the second restoration of the Bourbons in France, and that of the United States, with the accession of Mr. Monroe. In treating of our domestic affairs, we shall confine ourselves to facts, and avoid comments as much as possible.

The price of the *Supplement*, which will be published with a distinct title, index, &c. will be \$ 6—or \$ 5 to those who pay in advance. The subscribers to *The Port Folio* and *Supplement*, may receive the three volumes for \$ 10, if paid in advance. If the subscriptions *actually paid* shall not be equal to the necessary augmentation of expense, the sums paid will be returned or passed to the credit of the individual in his account for the *PORT FOLIO*.

We have received Mr. Ackerman's letter and thank him for his politeness. He will find in our present number that we are indebted to his splendid work for a scene in which a melancholy truth is illustrated by sarcastic wit.

The life of Mr. Mackintosh was published some years ago, and we regret that we are unable to continue the article to the present time.

We have received translations of M. Dejony's Ode, from a correspondent in New-York and from one in Richmond, Va. but neither of them is sufficiently correct for publication.

"A." at Baltimore was too late. His amendment shall not be neglected.

We expect to be able to present a series of papers on classical subjects to the readers of our next volume. If instructors of seminaries and their pupils would co-operate with us, we think this journal might be made a powerful auxiliary in the important business entrusted to them.

This note is addressed, more particularly to our former associates, the *Clios* of Nassau-hall.

# THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1817.

No. VI.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

WE are fully sensible how difficult it is to comprise, within the narrow limits allotted to our biographical sketches, any thing like a satisfactory account of the life and writings of men distinguished for genius, and eminent for learning. But we are equally sensible how curious the public must feel to learn whatever particulars may be collected of persons, who, like the gentleman of whom we are now proceeding to speak, are enabled, by the direction of their talents, so powerfully to influence the opinions and the taste of the nation. Respecting such men, we think it better to say even a little, rather than remain wholly silent; always anxious to exert ourselves to gratify the laudable curiosity of our readers, while we are equally desirous to advance nothing, which we do on the present occasion, but what we derive from faithful and authentic sources.

JAMES MACKINTOSH (now sir James) is descended of an ancient and respectable family, in the Highlands of Scotland, which possessed a small estate of about five hundred pounds a year. He was born on the 24th of October 1765, in the parish of Dores, in

the county of Inverness, and the care of his infant years was intrusted to his grandmother. At the age of seven he was relieved from female tuition, and removed to the school of Fortrose, where his juvenile studies were ably superintended, first by a Mr. Smith, and afterwards by a Mr. Stalker. His proficiency was such as announced the dawn of extraordinary talents, and he was particularly remarkable for quickness of conception and retentiveness of memory; the power of the mind, which is generally the earliest to expand itself, and in which to excel is the first intellectual struggle of puerile emulation. When he had scarcely reached the age of thirteen, he had already acquired all that the school of Fortrose was competent to teach, and by the advice of his master he was sent to King's College, Aberdeen. Here he applied with equal diligence and success, to a more critical study of the classics, under Mr. Ogilvie, and was afterwards initiated in the elements of philosophy, under Dr. Dunbar. In the one he evinced the elegance of his taste, in the other the acuteness of his understanding, and in both he afforded an instance of rapid improvement as had seldom been observed in that or any other university. To whatever department of science the propensities of his own mind inclined him, he was now intended by his friends for the profession of physic, and with that view he removed to Edinburgh. The literary fame which the superiority of his talents had acquired at Aberdeen, travelled before him to Edinburgh, and, on his arrival, his acquaintance and company were eagerly courted by those students who aspired to equal eminence, or who embarked in similar pursuits. If Edinburgh afforded him more various facilities of improvement, it also held out opportunities of pleasure and dissipation, in which the most cautious youth is often but too prone to indulge. Young Mackintosh was not altogether proof against the frailties of his age, and he indulged pretty freely in all those enjoyments in which his ardour and impetuosity are wont to revel. The character, however, of his dissipation, was very different from that of the generality of young men. Whatever might be the inconstancy of his other amours, the love of knowledge never once deserted him. Whether he sighed in the Idalian groves, or joined in the roar of the convivial board, he had constantly a book in his hand; and most commonly an ancient or modern poet,

upon whose sentiments or diction he frequently interposed some observations, and to which he endeavoured to direct the attention and remarks of others. He was thus unremittingly active in the exercise of his mind, and thus happily contrived to imbibe instruction with his wine. But the particular bias of his mind soon began to declare itself: his attendance at the medical lectures became daily less frequent, and he was jocosely styled, by his fellow students, an *honorary* member of the classes. Notwithstanding, however, this apparent inattention, his medical knowledge was astonishingly extensive, and he was observed to collect it from conversing with those who were known to be most sedulous and successful in such pursuits. He was likewise a distinguished member of the Medical Society, in which he made his first essay in public speaking, and in which he was admired not only for eloquence and acuteness, but also for the profoundness of his medical researches. His favourite society, however, was the *speculative*, in which literary, metaphysical, and political subjects were discussed, and which afforded him happier opportunities of displaying the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his accomplishments.

In the year 1787, the career of his medical studies drew near to a close, and previous to taking his degree of doctor, he was obliged to write a Latin thesis, in conformity with the rules of the University, which is submitted to the professors as a probationary essay. His habitual indolence, for no man was ever, with such mental activity, physically more indolent, and his general disrelish of medical subjects, made him postpone this production until the last moment; but when it was produced, it bore the stamp and features of a mind which could give birth to nothing vulgar or subordinate. He chose, indeed, a subject (muscular motion) which at once gave room for the display of his physiological and metaphysical knowledge, and the intricacy and obscurity of which he aptly alluded to in the motto prefixed to the dissertation:—*Latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ*. On this intricate and obscure question he was supposed to have thrown as much light as it has hitherto been thought susceptible of, and which it was well possible to concentrate within the limits usually prescribed to these academical essays. But another and more striking instance here oc-

curred of the indolence that early marked the disposition of Mr. Mackintosh. Although the examination of the different candidates who aspired to medical honours at the same graduation, was not to take place till between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, yet Mr Mackintosh could not prevail upon himself to get ready in time, but kept the *senatus academicus* waiting for him nearly a whole hour. For this disrespectful inattention, he, however, abundantly atoned, by the quickness and dexterity with which he replied to the different objections that were urged against his positions.

Having now obtained the privilege of teaching and practising medicine, he impatiently hastened to London, which he had long anxiously wished to behold, as the centre of talent and of learning. He had there very different temptations to withstand from those which first entangled him at Edinburgh; and as they pressed around him in much more various shapes, and more fascinating forms, they naturally made him cling more closely to such a residence, and as naturally alienated him from a profession already distasteful to him, and the exercise of which was incompatible with his favourite pursuits and abode. His friends, however, continued to urge his entering on practice, and at one time he was advised, by Dr. Frazer, a near relation of his, to attempt an establishment in London or Bath: at another, with better prospects, he was preparing to set out for Petersburg, where he had hopes of succeeding Dr. Robertson, as physician to his imperial majesty. At this time his pecuniary resources were far from being ample, and this incipient embarrassment of his circumstances, joined to his aversion from his profession, and his reluctance to quit London, contributed not a little to thicken his perplexities. From this dilemma he was soon extricated by the death of his father: an event which, however it must affect his filial feelings, left him at least at liberty to follow his own choice, and to engage in a profession more congenial with the cast of his mind, and more coincident with the course of his reading. Accordingly he lost no time in entering his name at Lincoln's Inn, and readily preferred Coke on Littleton to Galen and Hippocrates.

Shortly after he commenced the study of the law, the French revolution broke out, and opened such auspicious prospects to the

friends of freedom, among the most ardent of whom was Mr. Mackintosh, that it almost wholly engrossed his attention and his time. Among the numerous productions to which this portentous event gave occasion, Mr. Burke's celebrated letter chiefly attracted his notice, and in some degree excited his astonishment. No person could entertain a higher degree of respect than Mr. Mackintosh for the transcendent abilities of Mr. Burke. He had always looked up to him as his master and model, in political prudence and principles, and his veneration for him is known to have bordered on something superstitious, or even idolatrous. No sooner, however, had he perused the work than he conceived the design of answering it;—a bold and hazardous one he confessed;—applying to his own inability the following line of the poet:

*Infelix puer, atque impar Congressus Achillei.*

But the performance of the task justified its boldness; and the public and himself are both much indebted to this essay of his literary prowess. The *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* rescued him from that comparative obscurity in which he had, in some measure, allowed his abilities to languish, previous to this period: not that he had not before essayed in pen on a public occasion. For, during the debates on the regency, in 1788, he issued his first political pamphlet, in favour of the claims of the prince of Wales; but it was to the appearance of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* that he was chiefly indebted for the acquaintance of the most distinguished political characters of the time, more particularly of those who embraced the same side of the question as himself. Among them we need only mention the late duke of Bedford, Mr. Fox, Sheridan, Gray, Whitbread, &c. whose praise and encouragement could not fail of being highly flattering to the pride of a young author. But, most probably neither he himself could have emerged into this celebrity nor the prospects which he now enjoys, nor would his country have been benefited with the subsequent more vigorous effusions of his mind, were it not for a material change that had been previously wrought in his habits. It happened most luckily for him, that, nearly two years before, his inclination led him to change a single for a matrimonial life, and in 1789 he married miss Stuart, a young lady of exquisite good sense, and the most conciliating



disposition, by whom he has had one son and four daughters. In her he found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, and, above all, a prudent monitress. He has often been heard to confess, that it was the fond and frequent entreaties of conjugal solicitude that gradually reclaimed him from dissipation, and urged his indolence to all those exertions, more particularly to his first, the *Vindicie Gallicæ*, which had till then proved either useful or creditable to him;—and with respect to the circumstances under which that work was composed, a work that exhibits such cogency of argument, such perspicuity of arrangement, such vigour of sentiment, and such splendour of declamation, it may be interesting to know that it was composed amidst the anxiety and distraction that must naturally be felt by a father, and husband, and brother, surrounded by a family consisting principally of females, all of whom were at the moment variously and seriously indisposed, and who were incessantly soliciting his assistance and consolation. Indeed, when the first sheet of the work was sent to the press, scarce a sentence was written of the chapter that was to follow; yet there appears no interruption in the chain of argument, or in the thread of the narrative; and the only indications that occur of hurry, disturbance, or inattention, are the numberless typographical errors by which the first edition was deformed.

As the mind of Mr. Mackintosh was now no longer so much depressed by difficulties, relaxed by indolence, or distracted by dissipation, his prospects began to brighten, as his faculties reassumed their native elasticity and tone. He therefore applied himself with increased diligence and renovated ardour, to the prosecution of his professional studies; with what success, we leave it for those to judge who have heard him plead before the committees of the house of commons, at the bar of the house of peers, or who had the good fortune to be present at his admirable and memorable defence of M. Peltier. Much less shall we attempt to appreciate his merits as a lawyer, though we may safely say that he combines all the more essential qualities that constitute the character of a pleader or an orator—learning, judgment, acuteness, penetration, easy and copious elocution, graceful and appropriate gesture. The only defects which the most penetrating and competent judges discover in him, as either are, too nice a refinement in his reason-

ing for the apprehension of ordinary hearers, and want of compass, variety, and modulation in his voice.

But the most arduous and useful undertaking in which Mr. Mackintosh has hitherto embarked, is the exposition of the course of lectures which he delivered in Lincoln's Inn Hall. The design indeed is vast; and the mightiest mind, perhaps, of the age, observed of it, when the plan was submitted to him, that an adequate execution of it would require the concourse and co-operation of all the philosophers of every age and country. It had long been as Mr. Mackintosh himself observes, "the subject of his reading and reflection;" and it required indeed, the unbounded comprehension of his mind, and the vast capaciousness of his memory to embrace and treasure up the immense variety of materials out of which such a plan was to be constructed. His own eagerness to undertake the task was strengthened and encouraged by the gravest authorities. "I was confirmed in my opinion," says he, "by the assent and approbation of men,\* whose names, were it becoming to mention them on so slight an occasion would add authority to truth, and furnish some excuse even for error.† The object and intention of the lectures will likewise be best understood, from the energetic and eloquent terms in which he himself has expressed them.‡ "I know not whether a philosopher ought to confess, that in his inquiries after truth, he is biassed by any consideration—even by the love of virtue; but I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to regard truth itself, chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess, that I shall feel a great consolation at the conclusion of these lectures, if by a wide survey, and an exact examination of the conditions and the relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed one individual in the conviction that justice is the permanent interest of all men and of all commonwealths. To discover one link in the eternal chain by which the author of the universe had bound together the happiness and the duty of his

\* Among the more prominent were lord Rosslyn, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Adlington, lord Melville, Mr. Canning, &c. all of whom wrote letters to him in the highest strain of compliment, after reading his introductory discourse.

† See the introductory discourse to the lectures.

‡ Ibidem.

creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, will fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most eloquent sophist."

Will it hereafter be believed, that a task undertaken through so much labour, and with such virtuous intention, would have been opposed by some of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, [men we must suppose of liberal minds and liberal education] under the false and futile pretence that their hall should not be prostituted to the purposes of jacobinism. Fortunately for himself and for the public, Mr. Mackintosh had other judges. Lord Rosslyn, then lord high chancellor, sent an authoritative mandate to open the hall, and the malignity of this insignificant cabal was silenced and confounded. Never was a course of lectures of any sort so illustriously attended. Twenty-five peers, and about fifty commoners were among the most assiduous in their attendance, together with nearly all the metropolis contained of men conspicuous for their talents or their learning. It will be for them to pronounce whether jacobinism, and its parent, the *new* philosophy, found in Mr. Mackintosh a partizan and a preacher of their principles, or whether, on the contrary, the pernicious system which they have endeavoured to erect against the altar and the throne, against every thing that is feeling, moral, and rational in the nature of man, has not sustained an eternal overthrow from the vigour of his arguments and the thunder of his eloquence:

——— *furialis monstra*  
*Fulmine compescit linguæ.*

Never were the energies of a mind more forcibly or more variously exerted—never was greater affluence of intellectual wealth displayed. Scarcely is there a topic of literature but some of his lectures touched upon, or a department of science which they have not surveyed. The copious stores of his memory constantly supplied him with authorities and quotations from philosophers, orators and poets, of every age and country, to establish his positions and variegate his matter. What was intricate, he disentangled; he confirmed what was doubtful; embellished what was dry; and

illustrated what was obscure. Like the splendour of the golden bough that bore the Trojan hero through the darksome regions of the nether realms, the luminous glance of his genius darted through all the branches of the tree of knowledge, and gilt with a new light every leaf upon which it shone:

*Ameaque ingenii per ramos aura refulsit.*

We have dwelt longer upon Mr. Mackintosh's lectures than upon any other of his intellectual efforts, not only because it was the most useful, as well as the most splendid, that he, or any other man of genius, could have made, but more particularly because they can be but little known to the public, as they could only have been attended by, comparatively, a few. It is, however, our anxious hope, that though the public may never behold them in the shape in which they were delivered, the spirit of them, at least, may be embodied in the form of an essay or a treatise on the principles of morals and of politics, which they have laid down so distinctly, and so clearly ascertained. Both the late and the present administrations were deeply struck with their excellence and usefulness, and were not backward to acknowledge that they gave Mr. Mackintosh very strong claims, not only to the admiration, but the gratitude of his country. They accordingly made him several offers of lucrative and honourable appointments, and, very recently, that of under secretary of state in the home department: but he declined accepting them, as too exclusively connected with parties and politics, and, as rather unsuitable with his professional character and avocations. No sooner, however, did the *recordership of Bombay* become vacant, than an unsolicited offer of it was made to him, as a thing not liable to the same objections. Even this office, though highly desirable in many other respects, we cannot well suppose him to have undertaken, without a severe effort of resolution and self-denial;—for his acceptance of it removed him from the only sphere in which the powers of his mind seemed destined to move, and from the only theatre where their variety and extent could be fairly judged, and worthily exhibited. In this reluctance on his part, if any such he felt; the regret of his country must naturally sympathise; for the light of his genius and the powers of his pen

can be but ill-spared in these dark, doubtful, and exigent times. But the feelings of a father prevailed over every other consideration, and he determined not to expose himself to any future reproach for having left unimproved so fair an opportunity of competently providing for his numerous family, which has been considerably increased since his second marriage, with Miss Allen, of Cressella, in Pembrokeshire: a lady much distinguished for her mental accomplishments and literary acquirements, and in whose converse, now that he is widowed of the intellectual intercourse he so eminently enjoyed, his understanding, as well as his heart, cannot fail of finding congenial and inexhaustible resources.

There is a circumstance somewhat remarkable in the literary life of Mr. Mackintosh, which we had nearly omitted, and to which he himself frequently reverts with the fondest recollections, not, however, unmixed with sorrow and regret;—we mean his acquaintance with MR. BURKE. To his enthusiastic admiration of that great man we have already adverted; yet, widely as he was acquainted with all the other eminent characters of the day, it was but nearly at the close of MR. BURKE's life that he became personally acquainted with him. The interview was solicited by MR. BURKE himself, who sent DR. LAWRENCE with a long letter of invitation to Mr. Mackintosh, requesting him to pass a few days with him at Beaconsfield. How eagerly such a request was complied with, by Mr. Mackintosh, will be best imagined by those who could discover the near resemblance which their minds bore to each other, and who have observed that strong attraction which operates so powerfully between congenial spirits. It is obvious to suppose that they mutually disclosed their respective opinions respecting the causes and consequences of the French revolution; and that, whatever abatement has since been remarked in Mr. Mackintosh's admiration of that great event, may, in some degree, be ascribed to the influence of Mr. Burke's remarks, together with the soberer observations of his own more ripened judgment.

It may now, perhaps, be expected that we point out the series of Mr. Mackintosh's publications, the subjects of which they treat, the opinions passed upon them, and the familiar habits of the man, as well as the intellectual character of the writer. On these points we must be brief, and, we fear very imperfect. The first essay

which Mr. Mackintosh committed to the press, was a pamphlet on the question of the regency in 1788, in which he asserted the policy of making the Prince of Wales sole regent. Several other political pamphlets, arising out of the events of the day, of which we do not now recollect the titles, preceded or followed the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*: but this was the first production that bore his name and which swelled to the size of a legitimate volume. With the subject it discussed, and the favourable impression it made upon the public, our readers are already well acquainted. Since the publication of the work, every page of which glows with the purple light of youthful genius, nothing appears inscribed with Mr. MACKINTOSH'S name, till we come to his introductory *Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and of Nations*, of which we shall only repeat, that the most distinguished statesmen and philosophers of the nation have declared it to contain a more recondite and comprehensive view of the subject than they had ever before met with in the course of their reading. His pen, however, did not remain wholly unemployed during that long interval. Many of its productions are to be found scattered throughout our different periodical publications, to which, however, we do not pretend accurately to refer. But among them our readers cannot fail to discover some of the most splendid specimens of sound and elegant criticism.\*

His splendid oration in defence of M. PELTIER is too widely known, and too generally admired, to require any mention or comment on our part. No where is there depicted so faithful, or a more horrific picture of the more prominent actors in the French revolution; no where can be acquired a juster insight into the present dark designs and ambitious projects of the consular government (1804) nor has Mr. Mackintosh been backward to lend his literary aid towards rousing and animating the spirit and energy of the country, at this awful crisis of public affairs. The most pure and ardent patriotism runs through every sentence of his speech to the *Loyal North Britons* in which volunteer corps he was a captain, and in the *Declaration of the Merchants, &c.* read at the

\* See the Critique on Mr. Burke's *Regicide Peace*, and on the *Miscellaneous Works* of Mr. Gibbon, in the Monthly Review.

royal exchange, which is now known to have flowed from his patriotic pen. *Mr. Mackintosh*, were he to write no more, has already written enough to entitle him to rank among the very first of our most accomplished writers; but, as his new situation must open new views to his keen and indefatigable observation, we may fairly expect still more solid and finished productions from the activity of his powerful and prolific mind.

With respect to the character of his mind, it has pretty generally been observed, that judgment, acuteness, sagacity, comprehension and memory, constitute its principal powers; not that he is deficient in fancy and imagination, which his writings prove him to possess in a very eminent degree, but because they seem to be over-awed from any thing like extravagant and wanton flights by the severity of his judgment, and the chasteness of his taste. There is another quality with which his mind is singularly gifted, and which naturally results from his taste and judgment, we mean a sort of elective attraction for whatever is sublime and beautiful in the expression and thoughts of other writers, and a felicity of assimilation, by which he instantly converts it into his own. We may fairly say his *own*; for when it is again re-issued, it appears clothed in such a variety of new lights and colours, that scarcely any particle can be traced of the original substance.

*Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores.*

If examined separately, it will be generally allowed, that the faculties of his intellect are of the most vigorous mould; but a nicely discriminating eye will contemplate, with more delight and animation, the fair proportions of the general structure, and the happy manner in which they all amicably conspire, and so equally come forward in the performance of whatever he undertakes. Indeed it may as justly be said of intellectual as of corporeal beauty:

It's not a lip or eye we beauty call,  
But the full force and joint result of all.

In social and domestic life, *Mr. Mackintosh* is generally acknowledged to possess the most amiable and estimable qualities. He is a fond husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend: and in gentleness of manner, equability of temper, and amenity of dis-

position, he cannot easily be surpassed. He is not more solicitous to acquire than to communicate information: and, upon whatever subject he is consulted, he is sure to point out all the sources that can contribute to throw light upon it—so various is his reading, so prompt his recollection. Not a new publication appears that he does not immediately glance over; and from what appears to be the most superficial and transient perusal, he is able to collect the scope of the work, and the manner and the degree of success that characterise the performance of it. He is particularly fond of reciting the more beautiful passages, either of the ancient or modern poets; and no topic can be started which he cannot employ them to illustrate or adorn. His mornings, when not taken up with professional business, he constantly devotes to reading or composing; and as he reads or composes, has always before him a glass of toast and water, which he frequently sips; and in the evening he meets the circulation of the more jovial glass, with one of lemonade, mostly made with soda, or seltzer water. His conversation must always instruct; but it has equal powers to please—nor is it ever roughened by magisterialness, presumption or pedantry:

Taught by his converse happily you'd steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Although he abstains from wine, he freely indulges in the mirth which it promotes. He is naturally, indeed, inclined to be cheerful and facetious; but neither his cheerfulness nor his pleasantry is borrowed from the bottle; and the most zealous votaries of Bacchus are willing to confess, that his good nature can glow without being warmed by Burgundy; and that his wit can sparkle unprompted by Champaign. He is, therefore, a strong and signal exception to the observation of our great moralist: for though under a depression of spirits, produced by whatever cause, he has frequently called in the aid of the jolly god, he has, however, ultimately proved, that he was not to be enslaved by his auxiliary.

Such, nearly, are the leading lineaments that mark the character and habits of *Mr. Mackintosh*. But as we all know that

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,

So ought we to expect, that such splendour of talents and of fame,



could not have failed to provoke its malignity. Various, indeed, are the censures it has passed upon him, as a politician and a writer; but he is chiefly charged with a dereliction, both of his political principals and his political friends. In his lectures he is said to have remitted much of that ardour and alacrity with which he had espoused the cause of freedom in his *Vindicia Gallica*. To this charge he has himself, in a great measure, pleaded guilty. But did not subsequent events in a great measure justify a change of opinion; or may it not have been suggested by a maturer judgment, a more enlarged experience, as it certainly has been sanctioned by the gravest authorities? Even the spirit of his style is supposed to have evaporated with his love of liberty—and to us also it appears to be changed; but we think it is a change for the better. For, doubtless, it is no fault to retrench redundancy, to reject ambitious ornament, to avoid too much stateliness in the march, and too much uniformity in the measure of his periods; and to have substituted in their room more precision of language, more compression of thought, more variety of cadence, and more chasteness of metaphor. These, however, are defects or blemishes, which it was open for his critics and his rivals to detect and dilate upon. But a charge of degeneracy of style, or of inconsistency of politics, whitens into innocence itself, when compared with the blacker and more serious charge of laxity and scepticism in matters of religion, which nothing but the blindest and bitterest enmity could have possibly suggested. We think we may confidently assert, that not the slightest shade of such an imputation could ever be fairly drawn from any one sentiment which he has seriously uttered, or any one sentence which he has deliberately written. It is of the highest importance, indeed, to refute such a charge, not merely as it individually affects the character of Mr. Mackintosh, but because the shadow of such suspicions should not be allowed to hang over the name of men, whose opinion on every point, but more particularly on those of grave and serious moment, must have so much weight and influence upon the minds of others. We, therefore, feel the most sincere and solid satisfaction, in being able to meet this equally foul and false charge, with the most direct and triumphant refutation. For we have often heard, and, indeed, we know it from the most unquestionable authority, that at a time

when Mr. Mackintosh was disposed to most serious reflection, by a severe domestic affliction,\* and when his mind was able to ascend to the highest tone of thinking, he made, upon these dread matters, the following solemn declaration, to a man† the best qualified, in every respect, to receive such an effusion of his soul, to a most accomplished scholar, a most learned and pious divine, to his most enlightened and confidential friend.

“The philosophy which I have learnt aggravates my calamity, instead of relieving me under it;—my wounded heart seeks another consolation, governed by those feelings which in every age and region of the world have actuated the human mind; and I seek relief, and find it in the soothing hope and consolatory opinions, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisements, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life;—that a superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness that surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects;—that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man;—that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish;—that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man; and I sincerely declare, that Christianity in its genuine purity and spirit, appears to me the most amiable and the most venerable of all the forms in which the homage of man has ever been offered to the AUTHOR of his being.”

On such solemn sentiments, so energetically expressed, we shall not presume to offer a single observation: we shall only remind the friends and admirers of Mr. Mackintosh, that they ought rather to rejoice than repine at these impotent attempts to disparage his merits, and tarnish his reputation. They must know that these clouds, with which envy endeavours to overcast his name, must at last only tend to brighten and diffuse its lustre. They must know that his character has more than sufficient in it of resilience and of energy to resist and overpower all the efforts that the spite of defeated rivals, or the malice of detected sophistry, can accumulate against it. They must know that transient must be the triumph of meanness and malignity; and though Antæus, per-

\* The death of his first wife.

† Dr. Parr.

chance, might strike him to the ground, he is sure to rebound like Hercules.

Such are the particulars which we have collected of the life, the character, and the writings of Mr. Mackintosh, and which we trust will prove as interesting to our readers as they have proved to ourselves. We do not profess to be the panegyrists or apologists of Mr. Mackintosh, though we are well aware that his rivals and his enemies will accuse us of having over-rated his talents, and allowed them a superiority to which they have no claim. We can only say, that what we have advanced is no more than the genuine opinion impressed upon our mind, both by what we have read and by what we have heard. Nor are we less sensible that, while by some we are thus accused of extravagant eulogy, yet that, by others, and those perhaps the most competent to estimate his merits, we shall be censured rather as sparing than prodigal of praise.

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AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE, OR THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT:

A TALE.

*Laudet diversa sequentes.* HORACE.

"THE Heavens are against me," exclaimed Agrarius, retiring into his house with his rake over his shoulder, "the heavens are unpropitious, and my hay will be spoiled. My ground never afforded so large a crop of grass; how eagerly have I anticipated the sum it would produce, and to what advantage has my imagination disposed of the money, and now to behold my prospects blasted—surely 'tis insupportable. Had I never expected it, had my land yielded at first but a scanty supply, I should have remained satisfied: or, at least, should not have murmured at my misfortune; but now disappointment is rendered doubly painful. How unhappy is the situation of the husbandman," continued he, seating himself on a bench by his door,—“a dependant on the seasons, he tills the earth, but does not enjoy its fruits; he sows the corn, but the produce of his labour is reserved for another: with the sweat of his brow he contributes to enjoyments in which

he cannot participate, and to luxuries in which he will never indulge. "There," cried he, pointing with his finger to an elegant villa that was situated on the top of a neighbouring hill, "there is the mansion of my landlord. How unbounded is his happiness! a spacious domain, crowds of servants, costly chambers, the most inviting delicacies, the most voluptuous gratifications, and whatever can delight the imagination, or satisfy the desires, are united to render his existence pleasurable. If he asks, he receives. If he speaks, he is obeyed. His domestics vie with each other in their attention towards him; they venerate him as a being of an order superior to themselves, and all are emulous to please the persons they adore. Whilst I! painful recollections! I have no menials to attend me; no pleasures to alleviate the disquietude that corrodes me. Does the humble swain bow down at *my* approach?—And oh, my God!" continued he, suddenly starting from his seat, "is this thy justice? Is it thy will, that thousands, by their misery, should contribute to make one man happy? a mortal formed from the same dust, and composed of the same materials as themselves.—Oh! my father, my father, why did thy injudicious fondness deprive me of the blessings of ignorance? why didst thou so sedulously instil into my mind the seeds of learning?—Baneful seeds! they have shown me the wretchedness of my condition, without pointing out any method of relief; they have taught me I am unhappy, but they have not instructed me how to be otherwise."

Whilst he gave vent to these reflections, the rain subsided, the sun appeared again; and Agrarius, discontented with his own, and envying the fate of his exalted neighbour, returned to his labour with a mind overwhelmed with despondency.

Agrarius had been born with better prospects. His father, descended from a reputable family, had been a merchant of great respectability, and once had large possessions in the West Indies. He had married a woman of some beauty, and of an amiable disposition; and (what made her appear still more amiable in his eyes) she had brought him a fortune more than adequate to his expectations. Misfortunes, such as no earthly wisdom could have foreseen, or prevented, stript him of his riches. Of his ships, some were overtaken by storms and foundered at sea, and

others were captured by the privateers of the enemy. A rebellion was excited among the negroes of the island where his possessions chiefly lay, and, in the general confusion, his estates suffered the most considerably. Loss succeeded to loss, till at length, finding it impossible to stem the torrent of such repeated misfortunes any longer, he resigned what remained of his property into the hands of his clamorous creditors. Upon an examination of his affairs, they found them to be even worse than had been supposed, but they, considering his distresses rather the result of ill fortune, than imprudence, accepted a dividend of so much in the pound of what remained, and ceased to trouble their debtor when they perceived no advantage could accrue themselves by further persecution. His wife had departed from the world in time to avoid being a spectator of the troubles that ensued, leaving behind her *Agrarius*, their only son. Reduced to poverty, and preserving nothing of his former splendid condition but his inflexible pride, the father of *Agrarius* collected together the few trifles which the generosity of his creditors had reserved him, and retired with his son into obscurity as soon as he found he could maintain no longer the brilliancy of his accustomed station in life. The pride which made him so anxiously shun the taunts of the world, restrained him likewise from entreating the assistance of any of his former friends. To lie under an obligation was to him insupportable, and he could with greater fortitude endure the long catalogue of miseries attendant on poverty, than appear in a supplicating posture before the companions of his prosperity. But still he was no philosopher, the misfortunes he had experienced served rather to contract his mind, than to elevate him above them, and the stern look of discontent was from that moment always seen to lower in his furrowed brow. He rented a small farm situated in one of the most retired spots he could discover, which he cultivated chiefly with his own hands and those of his son. *Agrarius* had been naturally of a lively disposition; when a boy, his fine countenance had borne the marks of a manly freedom, and his behaviour had been distinguished for its graceful affability; but the pernicious precepts and ideas so carefully instilled into his tender mind, counteracted the good intentions of nature, and rendered him a misanthrope, whom she

had originally intended for society and the world. His father had received a liberal education, and that education he employed, not for the welfare, but for the ruin of his son. There are many things that at first we regard only in the light of superfluity, which, by repeated indulgence, become, at last, to be ranked among the necessities of life; and the aged father of Agrarius, accustomed from his infancy to the various entertainments and splendid banquets of a voluptuous city, could badly relish a poetical, though perhaps monotonous life of rural privacy and vegetable repasts. His sole delight was to recount and exaggerate to his attentive and credulous son, the splendour in which he had formerly lived, and the luxurious ease he had enjoyed; and he never omitted afterwards to compare the glowing picture he had so vividly painted, with the laborious exertion and rigid frugality inseparably connected with their present situation. The contrast was not to be endured. He became dejected at the continual recollection. The united pressure of discontent and despondency, by degrees, overpowered him; and, after an ineffectual struggle of a few years, he sunk to his grave, execrating the poverty, his misfortunes had reduced him to, and detesting a world in which he was now become insignificant. Unhappily he did not die before he had inculcated into the mind of his son the erroneous ideas that had occasioned his own destruction.

One morning as Agrarius, returning from his labour, walked thoughtfully toward home, mournfully sighing at his wretched situation, and glancing many an invidious look at the superb mansion of his landlord, he saw a man approach towards him, drest in mourning, and riding upon a horse which appeared quite exhausted with fatigue. The man, who seemed unconscious of the jaded condition of his beast, continued whipping and spurring, till coming up to Agrarius, "Pray, my friend," said he, "does not a person, by the name of Richard Agrarius Denterville, live somewhere hereabouts." The youth started with astonishment;—that had been the appellation of his father, but, after his misfortunes, he chose to retain only his second name, thinking, that although the insolvency of Denterville was the topick of every one's conversation, few would interest themselves concerning the solitary Agrarius. "Yes," replied he, half hesitating whether

he should acknowledge him to have been his father, "he once lived here, but—he is gone."—"Gone! where?" replied the man, in a tone of impatience, "I must see him let him be where he will."—"He is gone," answered the other, coolly, "to his grave."—"What! Dead?" exclaimed the man; "Good God! what an unfortunate circumstance;—but tell me, has he left any children."—"One," answered Agrarius, who began to dislike the interrogatories of his new acquaintance. "And where is he?"—"Here," replied the youth. The monosyllable "here," pronounced in a gentle and rather timorous voice by Agrarius, had a very surprising effect upon the person in black; he descended from his horse, pulled off his hat, and making a low bow: "Sir," said he, respectfully, "if you are really the son of Mr. Denterville, be pleased to inform me if your father had not an aunt who resided in \*\*\*\* shire? you will excuse my asking the question, but something of importance depends on the result of my inquiry." "Yes," said Agrarius, as much disconcerted now by the sudden politeness of the man, as he had been before by his great inquisitiveness, "he had. I remember he has often mentioned her to me, and since his insolvency, had more than once been resolved to write to her for assistance."—"Then, Sir," returned the man, "she has been dead these three weeks; no will can be found, and all her property of course descends to her nearest male relation as heir at law. I, who was her steward, have been at great trouble to ascertain who this fortunate person might be, and at length, by some papers I found in her bureau, I discovered she had a nephew, called Richard Agrarius Denterville. I immediately recollected the name when I saw it, as his distress had some years ago made a great noise in the world. I went directly to one of the creditors who was my acquaintance, and who luckily happened to be his former confidential friend, who had been most active in procuring his dividend, and to whom alone he had entrusted the secret of his retirement. He told me where he was gone, and I have ridden post to this place in expectation of finding him; if you, Sir, are his son, and if he is dead, permit me to congratulate you on your unexpected fortune, and I hope you will excuse the rudeness with which I just now questioned you."

The astonishment of Agrarius may be better conceived than expressed. He scarcely breathed;—now he told the man to begin his narrative again, and then he abruptly interrupted him in the commencement. His eyes sparkled, his cheek glowed, his frame seemed convulsed with joy, he darted a look at the mansion of his sumptuous landlord, which had been so long the object of his envy and the pinnacle of his ambition. “Tell me,” said he, with vehemence, grasping the arm of the man with one hand, and pointing to the villa before him with the finger of the other, “tell me, is the house I am now master of as spacious as that.”—“As that Sir!” repeated the man, with contempt, “Yes, of double the size.”—“My God, I thank thee,” exclaimed the frantick youth, prostrating himself on the ground, “thou art just, thou hast graciously heard my prayers; I shall be rich, I shall be happy. Quick, quick,” continued he, turning suddenly to the man, “make haste and lead me to it.”—“Sir,” said the steward, “if you will ride this horse to the next town, which is but two miles distant, I will there procure you a chaise, and we shall arrive at Cawdor Castle, (for that was its name) by to-morrow evening.” Agrarius, his senses almost overcome by such an unexpected and delightful evolution of fortune, immediately mounted the horse, without returning to his humble habitation, and even without remembering that such an habitation existed.

Deluded youth! the time may arrive when that cot, contemptible as it now appears, shall become the favourite object of thy mutable wishes. Thou wilt recollect the days, the years, thou hast past within it. Thou wilt sigh for the uninterrupted tranquillity it affords, and thou wilt be willing to resign thy possessions, ample as they are, to end thy days in its sequestered situation!

When they arrived at the town, the provident steward procured a ready made suit of clothes conformable to the circumstances of his master, in which Agrarius drest himself, and springing into the chaise, he arrived at Cawdor Castle on the evening of the next day.

*(To be continued.)*



## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH FETE IN PHILADELPHIA, *in honour of THE DAUPHIN'S BIRTH-DAY. In a letter from Dr. Rush, to —*

*Philadelphia, 16 July, 1782.*

DEAR MADAM,—

For some weeks past our city has been amused with the expectation of a most splendid entertainment to be given by the minister of France, to celebrate the birth-day of the Dauphin of France. Great preparations, it was said, were made for that purpose. Hundreds crowded daily to see a large frame building which he had erected for a dancing room on one side of his house.\* This building, which was sixty feet in front and forty feet deep, was supported by large painted pillars, and was open all round. The ceiling was decorated with several pieces of neat paintings, emblematical of the design of the entertainment. The garden contiguous to this shade, was cut into beautiful walks and divided with cedar and pine branches into artificial groves. The whole, both the building and walks, were accommodated with seats. Besides these preparations, we were told that the minister had borrowed thirty cooks from the French army, to assist in providing an entertainment suited to the size and dignity of the company. Eleven hundred tickets were distributed, most of them two or three weeks before the evening of the entertainment.

Forty were sent to the governor of each state, to be distributed by them to the principal officers and gentlemen of their respective governments, and, I believe, the same number to Gen. Washington, to be distributed to the principal officers of the army.—For ten days before the entertainment nothing else was talked of in our city. The shops were crowded with customers. Hair-dressers were retained, tailors, milliners, and mantau-makers were to be seen, covered with sweat and out of breath, in every street. Monday, July 15th, was the long expected evening.

\* The house is now occupied by the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Ed. P. F.

The morning of this day was ushered in by a corps of hair-dressers, occupying the place of the city watchmen. Many ladies were obliged to have their heads dressed between four and six o'clock in the morning, so great was the demand and so numerous were the engagements this day of the gentlemen of the comb. At half past seven o'clock was the time fixed in the tickets for the meeting of the company. The approach of the hour was proclaimed by the rattling of all the carriages in the city. The doors and windows of the streets which leads to the minister's were lined with people, and near the minister's house was a collection of all the curious and idle men, women and children in the city, who were not invited to the entertainment, amounting, probably, to ten thousand people. The minister was not unmindful of this crowd of spectators. He had previously pulled down a board fence and put up a neat pallisado fence before the dancing room and walks, on purpose to gratify them with a sight of the company and entertainment. He intended further to have distributed two pipes of Madeira wine and \$600 in small change among them; but he was dissuaded from this act of generosity by some gentlemen of the city, who were afraid that it might prove the occasion of a riot or some troublesome proceedings. The money devoted to this purpose was charitably distributed among the prisoners in the jails, and patients in the hospital in the city. About 8 o'clock our family, consisting of Mrs. Rush, our cousin Susan Hall, our sister Sukey and myself, with our good neighbours, [Mrs. and Mr. Henry, entered the apartment provided for this splendid entertainment. We were received through a wide gate by the minister and conducted by one of his family to the dancing room. The scene now almost exceeds description. The numerous lights distributed through the garden, the splendour of the room we were approaching, the size of the company which was now collected and which consisted of about 700 persons; the brilliancy and variety of their dresses, and the band of music which had just began to play, formed a scene which resembled enchantment. Sukey Stockton said — "her mind was carried beyond and out of itself." We entered the room together, and here we saw the world in miniature. All the ranks, parties, and professions in the city, and all the officers

of government were fully represented in this assembly. Here were ladies and gentlemen of the most ancient as well as modern families. Here were lawyers, doctors, and ministers of the gospel. Here were the learned faculty of the college, and among them many who knew not whether Cicero plead in Latin or in Greek; or whether Horace was a Roman or a Scotchman. Here were painters and musicians, poets and philosophers, and men who were never moved by beauty or harmony, or by rhyme or reason. Here were merchants and gentlemen of independent fortunes, as well as many respectable and opulent tradesmen. Here were whigs and men who formerly bore the character of tories. Here were the president and members of congress, governors of states and generals of armies, ministers of finance and war and foreign affairs; judges of superior and inferior courts, with all their respective suites and assistants, secretaries and clerks. In a word, the assembly was truly republican. The company was mixed, it is true, but the mixture formed the harmony of the evening. Every body seemed pleased. Pride and ill-nature for a while forgot their pretensions and offices, and the whole assembly behaved to each other as if they had been members of the same family. It was impossible to partake of the joy of the evening without being struck with the occasion of it. It was to celebrate the birth of a Dauphin of France.

How great the revolution in the mind of an American! to rejoice in the birth of an heir to the crown of France, a country against which he had imbibed prejudices as ancient as the wars between France and England. How strange! for a protestant to rejoice in the birth of a prince, whose religion he has been always taught to consider as unfriendly to humanity. And above all how new the phenomenon for republicans to rejoice in the birth of a prince who must one day be the support of monarchy and slavery. Human nature in this instance seems to be turned inside outwards. The picture is still agreeable, inasmuch as it shows us in the clearest point of view, that there are no prejudices so strong, no opinions so sacred, and no contradictions so palpable, that will not yield to the love of liberty.

The appearance and characters, as well as the employment of the company, naturally suggested the idea of Elysium, given by

the ancient poets. Here were to be seen heroes and patriots, in close conversation with each other. Washington and Dickenson held several dialogues together. Here were to be seen men conversing with each other, who had appeared in all the different stages of the American war. Dickenson and Morris frequently reclined together against the same pillar. Here were to be seen statesmen and warriors from the opposite ends of the continent, talking of the history of the war in their respective states. Rutledge and Walton from the south, here conversed with Lincoln and Duane, from the east and the north. Here and there too, appeared a solitary character walking among the artificial bowers in the garden. The celebrated author of "Common Sense" retired frequently from the company to analyze his thoughts, and to enjoy the repast of his own original ideas. Here were to be seen men who had opposed each other in the councils and parties of their country, forgetting all former resentments, and exchanging civilities with each other. Mifflin and Reed accosted each other with all the kindness of ancient friends. Here were to be seen men of various countries and languages, such as Americans and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen, Germans and Irishmen, conversing with each other like children of one father. And lastly, here were to be seen the extremes of the civilized and savage life. An Indian chief in his savage habits and the count Rochambeau in his splendid and expensive uniform, talked with each other as if they had been the subjects of the same government, generals in the same army, and partakers of the same blessings of civilized life.

About half an hour after eight o'clock the signal was given for the dance to begin. Each lady was provided with a partner before she came. The heat of the evening deterred above one half of the company from dancing. Two sets, however, appeared upon the floor during the remaining part of the evening.

On one side of the room were provided two private apartments where a number of servants attended to help the company to all kinds of cool and agreeable drinks, with sweet cakes, fruits and the like.

Between these apartments, and under the orchestra, there was a private room where several quaker ladies, whose dress would

not permit them to join the assembly, were indulged with a sight of the company through a gauze curtain.

This little attention to the curiosity of these ladies marks in the strongest manner, the minister's desire to oblige every body.

At 9 o'clock were exhibited a number of rockets from a stage erected in a large open lot before the minister's house. They were uncommonly beautiful, and gave universal satisfaction. At 12 o'clock the company was called to supper. It was laid behind the dancing room under three large tents, so connected together as to make one large canopy. Under this canopy was placed seven tables, each of which was large enough to accomodate fifty people.

The ladies, who composed near one half of the whole assembly, took their seats first, with a small number of gentlemen to assist in helping them. The supper was a cold collation; simple, frugal, and elegant; and handsomely set off with a desert, consisting of cakes, and all the fruits of the season. The Chevalier de la Luzerne now appeared with all the splendor of the minister, and all the politeness of a gentleman. He walked along the tables and addressed himself in particular to every lady. A decent and respectful silence pervaded the whole company. Intemperance did not show its head; levity composed its countenance, and even humour itself forgot for a few moments, its usual haunts; and the simple jests no less than the loud laugh, were unheard at any of the tables. So great and universal was the decorum, and so totally suspended was every species of convivial noise, that several gentlemen remarked that the "company looked and behaved more as if they were *worshipping* than *eating*." In a word, good breeding was acknowledged, by universal consent, to be mistress of the evening, and the conduct of the votaries at supper formed the conclusion of her triumph. Notwithstanding all the agreeable circumstances that have been mentioned, many of the company complained of the want of something else to render the entertainment complete. Every body felt pleasure, but it was of too tranquil a nature. Many people felt sentiments, but they were produced by themselves, and did not arise from any of the amusements of the evening. The company expected to feel joy, and their feelings were in unison with nothing short of it. An ode on the birth of the Dauphin, sung or repeated, would have answered the expecta-

tions and corresponded with the feelings of every body. The understanding and the taste of the company would have shared with the senses in the pleasures of the evening. The enclosed ode written by Mr. Wm. Smith, son of the Rev. Dr. Smith, was composed for the occasion, but from what cause I know not, it did not make its appearance. It has great merit, and could it have been set to music, or spoken publicly, must have formed a most delightful and rational part of the entertainment. About one o'clock the company began to disperse. Our family moved with the foremost of them. Before three o'clock the whole company parted, every candle was extinguished, and midnight enjoyed her dark and solitary reign in every part of the minister's house and garden. Thus have I given you a full account of the rejoicing on the birth of the Dauphin of France.

If it serves to divert your thoughts for an hour or two from the train of reflections to which the shades and walks of — at this season of the year too naturally dispose you, I shall be more than satisfied, and shall esteem the history which my attendance at the minister's house has enabled me to give you, as the most fortunate and agreeable event (as to myself) of the whole evening.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER HAMILTON, ESQ. TO THE MARQUIS  
DE LA FAYETTE.

*New-York, 6th October, 1789.*

MY DEAR MARQUIS,—

I have seen with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension the progress of the events which have lately taken place in your country. As a friend to mankind and to liberty I rejoice in the efforts which you are making to establish it, while I fear much for the final success of the attempts, for the fate of those I esteem who are engaged in it, and for the danger, in case of success, of innovations greater than will consist with the real felicity of your nation. If your affairs still go well when this reaches you, you will ask why this foreboding of ill, when all the appearances have been so much in your favour—I will tell you; I dread disagreements among those who are now united (which will be likely to be im-

proved by the adverse party) about the nature of your constitution; I dread the vehement character of your people, whom I fear you may find it more easy to bring on, than to keep within proper bounds, after you have put them in motion; I dread the interested refractoriness of your nobles, who cannot all be gratified, and who may be unwilling to submit to the requisite sacrifices; and I dread the reveries of your philosophic politicians, who appear in the moment to have great influence, and who being mere speculators, may aim at more refinement than suits either with human nature or the composition of your nation.

These, my dear Marquis, are my apprehensions. My wishes for your personal success and that of the cause of liberty are incessant. Be virtuous amidst the seductions of ambition, and you can hardly in any event be unhappy. You are combined with a great and good man:—You will anticipate the name of Neckar. I trust that you and he will never cease to harmonize.

You will I presume have heard before this gets to hand that I have been appointed to the head of the finances of this country: this event I am sure will give you pleasure. In undertaking the task I hazard much, but I thought it an occasion that called upon me to hazard. I have no doubt that the reasonable expectation of the public may be satisfied, if I am properly supported by the Legislature, and in this respect I stand at present on the most encouraging footing.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wrote you last by Mons. de Varville. I presume you received my letter. As it touched some delicate points, I should be glad to know its fate.

Yours, with unalterable esteem and affection,

A. HAMILTON.

THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON TO THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN,—

Among the several congratulatory addresses, which I have had the honor of receiving from my fellow citizens on the late im-

portant success of the allied arms, I esteem none, more highly than this of the Trustees and Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Convinced that *science* is the *nurse of liberty*, I have ever made it a rule to protect and encourage to the utmost of my power, all *seminaries of learning*, and inexpressibly happy shall I be to think that my services here, in any degree, contributed to the re-establishment of an institution, so eminently distinguished as that which you, gentlemen, patronize.

It will afford a very sensible satisfaction, to the generals of a nation, as celebrated for her progress in the arts, as she is for her prowess in the army, to see their own names and that of their illustrious sovereign mentioned in so respectful and grateful a manner.

You are perfectly right, in attributing to their alacrity, zeal, and ability, a great share of the honour gained at York.

I have the honour, gentlemen, to be, with the greatest veneration,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To his Excellency, WILLIAM MOORE, Esq.

President of the Board of Trustees, and the  
Rev. JOHN EWING, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

#### EPITAPH ON TOM PAINE.

TOM PAINE for the Devil is surely a match;  
In leaving old England he cheated Jack Ketch,  
In France (the first time such a thing had been seen)  
He cheated the watchful and sharp guillotine,  
And at last, to the sorrow of all the beholders,  
He march'd out of life with his head on his shoulders.

A woman who had been frequently beaten by her husband, a few morning since, finding him fast asleep, sewed him up in the bed-clothes, and in that situation thrashed him so soundly, that, to save his bones, he entered into a treaty of amity with his spirited spouse.



### THE PLAY AT VENICE, OR RETORT COURTEOUS.

SOME years since, a German prince, making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of Summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed, but as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up those stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people, untouched by the elegance of southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. On this occasion he drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italians, and above all of the Venetians; acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But my lords," said he, rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of a Venetian villa, to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first, surprize, and next an universal smile. It had no re-

semblance to the gilded and sculptured interior of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprize rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scene represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and a few actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was founded on a German story and they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course, German. The street was solitary. At length, a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on the fragment of a monument and soliloquized.—“ Well, here have I come, and this is my reception; all palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care; campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labour or read. Read!—that’s true—come out, Zimmerman.” He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed to be absorbed. He had, till now, been the only object. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned they were lifted up to heaven with the strongest expressions of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon dropped over his study, and he

closed the book.—“What,” said he, rising and stretching his limbs, “is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?” He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled his pale intelligent countenance. “Four o’clock,” said the German. “In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to the day’s work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well then, I will do you a service, ye nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes.” He drew out one of his pistols and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry, that made the traveller turn—“Who are you?” was his greeting to this strange intruder.—“I will not hurt you,” was the answer. “Who cares about that?” was the German’s retort, and he pulled out the other pistol.—“My friend,” said the figure, “even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now. But if you would know who I am, let me intreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem to be a man of extraordinary powers.” “Well then,” said the German in a gentler tone, “if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn.” The former sighed deeply, and murmured, “and yet you are a Teuton! But you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?”—“No, it was a printed book!”

“Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing.”

“It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal and literature eternal.”

“Admirable, glorious art!” said the inquirer; “who was its illustrious inventor?”

“A GERMAN!”

“But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous

exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater!"

"How! when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparably superior from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, and from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowlege. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation and astronomy. What an invention! Whose was it? he must be more than man!"

"He was a GERMAN!"

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a brave and blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors, but we looked upon them only as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was it a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east that touched its visage with a chill light, the moon resting broadly on the horizon was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded

to the history of gun-powder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for either good or ill," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fates of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the people of the earth?"

"A GERMAN!"

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistably noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the GENIUS of ELOQUENCE. "Stranger," it said, pointing to the Appenines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honoured as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of these things which you have explained to me. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of these glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back: "Who are you?"—"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Show me by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel-organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree-show, fine raree-show against de wall. Fine madame Catarina dance upon de ground! who come for see the gallantee show." The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian ca-

pered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven: "Are these the men of my country—these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind? What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose round him, and he was gone!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

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## AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### THE CONTRAST.

It is not, perhaps, desirable, that the anticipations of youth should be reduced to the melancholy colouring of such a retrospect, as we find in one of *Miss Taylor's* excellent "Essays," which reflect so much credit on her heart and her understanding, but indeed there is no danger of our being led to expect too little from the world. We do not recollect, however, to have had the utter insufficiency of earthly pleasures and possessions, brought home to the feelings with so affecting an emphasis, as in this simple unexaggerated tale of the heart. It is not by the "complaint" of disappointed ambition, by weeping monodies, or by philosophic declamations on the nothingness of grandeur, that the mind can be made to renounce its own peculiar projects of happiness. Those writers who throw all the blame of our disappointment on the objects of life, only betray their ignorance of the true seat of unhappiness; while those who represent life as altogether gloomy, show that they have ill performed its duties, and that they have not appreciated in the spirit of gratitude these common mercies, which fall to the lot of all. The view of life which is given in this Essay, will appear gloomy to those only who have never known what it is to be awakened out of the day dreams of romance to "tasteless cold reality." The *picturesque* of fancy, and the *real* of truth, are admirably contrasted in the following lines:

A tatter'd cottage, to the view of taste,  
In beauty glows, at needful distance plac'd:  
Its broken panes, its richly ruin'd thatch  
Its gable grac'd with many a mossy patch.

The sun-set lighting up its varied dyes,  
 Form quite a picture to poetic eyes;  
 And yield delight that modern brick and board,  
 Square, sound, and well arrang'd would not afford.  
 But cross the mead to take a nearer ken,—  
 Where all the magic of the vision then?  
 The picturesque is vanish'd, and the eye  
 Averted, turns from loathsome poverty;  
 And while it lingers, e'en the sun's pure ray  
 Seems almost sullied by its transient stay.  
 The broken walls with slight repairs emboss'd,  
 Are but cold comforts in a winter's frost:  
 No smiling, peaceful peasant, half refin'd,  
 There tunes his reed on rustic seat reclin'd;  
 But there, the bending form and haggard face,  
 Worn with the lines that vice and mis'ry trace.  
 Thus fade the charm by vernal hope supplied  
 To every object it has never tried.

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In the following passage a learned cosmogonist of the present day has strayed beyond the narrow path of an elementary treatise to wander in the gardens of rhetorical embellishment; and the trespass may surely be pardoned in a writer who produces such admirable specimens of animated and sublime painting:

It is in the regions of mountains that Nature displays her most astonishing aspects, and all the charms of her picturesque beauty. Smiling and fruitful valleys, the refuge of industry and happiness, are contrasted with the naked and barren summits which encompass them,—with those huge ridges invested in eternal snow,—with those resplendent glaciers, the abode of silence and death. It is on the sublime heights of mountains that we breathe a purer air, that we are conscious of a more lively and delightful sensation of existence, that we contemplate the clouds and thunder rolling far beneath our feet, and that we embrace in vision that immense horizon on which whole kingdoms appear like patch-work, and flattened as on our maps. But it is also on mountains that the powers of nature seem to maintain a perpetual struggle, and that they threaten, in the most alarming manner, the existence of men and of all animals. Snow and stones agglomerate in their fall, accumulate as they roll, and form those dreadful *avalanches* which bury entire villages: rocks break asunder, or tumble down, crushing the habitations, filling up lakes, or obstructing rivers, causing them to overflow: the storms murmur and explode with hideous fire, and let loose winds which overturn every thing in their course; the rains, in an instant, produce devastating torrents, and change into a rapid and menacing river the limpid stream, on whose margin, a few moments before, the feeble child fearlessly sported.

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*The Great Serpent.*—During the late portentous visit of this personage to our shores, every paragraph on the subject was read with lively interest. But the contents of every mail seemed to represent it under a new aspect. At length the appearance of a correspondence between — and colonel Humphreys authorized

sanguine expectations of something like a scientific account of the prodigy; but behold! the colonel simply thanks his correspondent, and informs him—or *rather the public*,—that he had transmitted his *four* letters to the Secretary of the Royal Society in London! Not long after this *Dr. Mitchill* who was most unaccountably silent on the subject for many weeks, burst upon us with an account of a visit with which he was honoured by the colonel. “Now for the *Snake*!” every one exclaimed when he looked at the first paragraph of the letter. But how cruel was the disappointment. After having condoled with each other on the loss which ichthyology had sustained in the escape of this wonder, the philosophers adjourned into the worthy doctor’s cabinet, where I must leave them at present, in order to introduce another odd fish to my readers. In *Warton’s* history of English poetry, and in *Turner’s* Anglo-Saxons, mention is made of an ancient epic poem, entitled *Beowulf*. In the latter work, several cantos are given; the original is said to be deposited in one of the public libraries of Great Britain. It has lately been published at Copenhagen (1815.) *Beowulf* contains the history of a sea-king of the West Danes, who after reigning half a century voluntarily puts a period to his power and life by burning himself on a funeral pile. In one of the cantos, *Beowulf*, while he is innocently amusing himself in bobbing for whales, catches a sea-worm of prodigious dimensions, long enough to tie round an island, and with this strange *luck*, for which it seems he is indebted to the magic of the widow of one of his enemies whom he had slain, he returns home. But in the *scaly* conflict he had received some wounds which threatened his life, and he, accordingly, anticipated the visit of the inflexible mower, in the manner I have described. As the poet was cotemporary with this hero, I would advise the doctor, if he has as much modesty as one of our late professors, to despatch a *Latin* letter to the king of Denmark, requesting a copy of the records deposited in the archives of this sea-king. How much might our ichthyology be enriched by such a treasure?

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In Purchas’s *Microcosmus*, “Anno 1619,” we meet with the following hint to parents: “A woman much dreading her three Sonnes, one to incurre the law for his busie meddling, the second like to prove a murthurer, by his blodie frays; the third by unthrifite courses, like to come to beggarie; was advised to make the first a *Lawyer*, the second a *Physician*, and the third a *Divine*; and so the two former might continue their humours with *gaine*, with *authoritie*; the third his with *honour*.”

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We are indebted to some English wag for the following “Inscription, to be engraved on the stone on which G. Rose, jun. fell, going into the House of Commons.”



## AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

Super lapidem cadit  
 Georgius Rose, jun.  
 Unus Domus Parliamentari,  
 xvi June 1804.  
 sine injuria  
 ipsi  
 aut lapidi.  
 O durum Saxum!  
 O durissimum CAPUT!

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 THE RIVER MISSOURI.

The Missouri presents a grand object of contemplation to the mind. This river which was navigated in 1805 and 1806 by captains Lewis and Clarke from its junction with the Mississippi to its source, runs a course east and south of above 3000 miles. It rises in a very elevated group of mountains situated between north lat. 44° and 45°, and about west long. 112°. The height of these mountains is unknown; but as their summits are perpetually covered with snow, we are sure that it at least exceeds 3000 feet. It runs in a northerly direction for nearly three degrees of latitude; then nearly south; afterwards south-east; and lastly, nearly east, over a space occupying nine degrees of latitude and thirteen degrees of longitude. Its size is fully as great above 1000 miles before it joins the Mississippi as at the junction, yet a great number of large rivers join it in the interval. This shows the great evaporation to which it is subjected. It joins the Mississippi nearly in north latitude 39° west longitude 90° from Greenwich. After this junction it flows for 10° of lat. south, a course including the windings, certainly not so little as 2000 miles; so that the whole course of the Missouri, from its source to the ocean, exceeds 5000 miles. This is a length, of course, that will not easily be paralleled, and almost the whole of this river is navigable. What is still more important, a great part of its banks consist in fertile plains; and from the observation of Lewis and Clarke, it would appear that a coal country occupies about 1000 miles of these plains. Well may an English philosopher of liberal views, exclaim after making these calculations—What a country is this likely one day to become!

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*Population of England and Wales from the Conquest to the Revolution.*

Lord Chief Justice Hale and Mr. Gregory King agree in computing the people of England at the arrival of the Normans to have been somewhat more than

2,000,000

In the year 1377 by a poll tax of four pence, im-

posed on every *lay* person, that being the 51st of Edward III, it appears that the number of lay persons above 14 years of age were - - - 1,367,239

Add half for those under that and for omissions - - - - - 683,619

For beneficed clergy - - - - - 15,229

Non-beneficed clergy - - - - - 13,932

For Wales - - - - - 196,560

Cheshire - - - - - 51,411

Durham - - - - - 25,213

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Whole population of England and Wales in 1377 2,353,203

About the year 1577 (during the reign of Queen Elizabeth) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, a review of all men capable of bearing arms was made and found to amount to - - - - - 1,172,000

And estimating these at a fifth part of the population, the whole will amount to - - - - - 5,860,000

At the Revolution in 1688, there are estimated by Gregory King's Political Observations to have been 1,300,000 inhabited houses; and Dr. Price admits from various enumerations that five and one-sixths persons may be assigned to each house—therefore the stationary population was - - - 6,730,000

G. King adds for the transitory population such as sea-faring people and soldiers - - - 60,000

And for vagrants, pedlars, &c. - - - 15,000

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Whole population in 1688 - - - - - 6,805,000

The following is a summary of the comparative statement of the population of Great Britain in the year 1811: ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th January 1812.

	Males.	Females.	Total.	
England	4,555,257	4,944,145	9,499,402	
Wales	289,414	317,066	606,480	
Scotland	825,377	979,487	1,804,864	
Army, Navy, &c.	640,300	—	640,500	12,551,246

Since the revolution the increase of the population of England and Wales (reckoning two thirds only of the navy and army estimate to belong to South Britain) will be 3,627,980; or about one third.

Since the Conquest the increase has been rather more than five-fold.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## INTRODUCTORY LECTURE ON MINERALOGY.

BY THOMAS COOPER, M. D.

WE are indebted to our friend, professor Cooper, for a copy of his interesting lecture, introductory to a course, which he proposes to deliver in the university of Pennsylvania, on an important branch of natural history. Theophrastus, among the Greeks, and Pliny, among the Latins, have treated this subject very superficially; Avicenna, in the tenth century, wrote a perspicuous treatise, in which he made the same division of minerals into four classes which is still observed; but he added little to what we had already learned from Pliny. In the sixteenth century, George Agricola, a Saxon, furnished ample historical details respecting the art of mining, and, in a German translation of the new Latin words which he was obliged to coin, in order to express substances, unknown to the ancients, he has left a very valuable vocabulary. In more modern times, the greatest part of Germany, Hungary, and Poland have been described: Norway has been partly travelled through. That indefatigable lover of science, the baron Humboldt, has given a most interesting account of Mexico and great part of South America. Different portions of Italy, Switzerland, and France, have also been examined; and a valuable account has been published, by Cuvier and Brogniart, of the structure of the environs of Paris. Much curious and useful information has resulted from the labours of professor Jameson and his pupils, and several facts have been brought to light by colonel Imrie, on the mineralogy of Great Britain. Mr. Cooper does justice to the merits of colonel Gibbs, Mr. McClure, and professor Cleaveland, in our own country, and we rejoice that the gentlemen to whom the government of our university is entrusted, have secured to us the various learning, the useful knowledge, and the fruitful resources of the present lecturer. The advantages arising from the co-operation of such a mind, in this institution, are incalculable. His loss would be a public injury.

WE live upon the surface of a globe of about eight thousand miles in diameter; whose surface alone seems destined to be the habitation of living

and organized beings. We have pierced into that surface about one thousand yards; not quite so deep as the thin yellow rind of an orange, compared to its remaining bulk. Still, trifling as this shallow surface appears to be, it is of more importance to us than all the rest; for it is our all. For what other purposes the unfathomable depths of the earth's diameter have been created by the Divine Being, that Being who created them, alone can know: it is enough for us, that we are permitted to investigate as much of that surface, as is necessary to our existence, or can add to our enjoyments. Satisfied with the portion which Divine Wisdom has assigned to us, let us convert that portion to the purposes it was destined to fill, so far as we are connected with it in the scale of creation.

What then are the substances we trample upon? What are those we dig up? What are their properties? What good use can we make of them? By what appropriate nomenclature can we distinguish them? The answers to these questions, comprising by far the largest portion of really useful knowledge, are furnished by the modern science of mineralogy. It is a *modern science*: for although the study of mineral substances, be coeval with the days of Democritus of Abdera, of Aristotle, of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, it has been pursued with a prospect of practical utility, only within the last thirty years.

In examining the surface of our globe, and the substances through which we pierce in digging for metals—and in considering the appearances that mountains, valleys, and ravines present to our contemplation in their natural state—we find, that there are a series of strata super-imposed one on the other, which, to a certain degree, have the appearance of regularity in their arrangement, and order of succession in the various countries where they have been observed: but with apparent anomalies in this respect, which repeated observations promise hereafter to explain, we find that these strata are more or less extensive—that they are usually accompanied in all countries by similar deposits under similar circumstances—that they contain various substances imbedded in them; some common, some peculiar to each series of depositions—that certain metals and minerals are found in some strata, and seldom or never in others—that some of them are so situated as to form a dip or an angle with the horizon, of various degrees of obliquity—that others are horizontal, or nearly so—that some take their figure conformably to the stratum underneath them—that others affect their own place and situation without reference to the strata above or below them—that certain organic remains of animal and vegetable substances are found in some strata which are not found in others—and in short, that each of the series of strata or depositions have characters peculiar to themselves, which those who are in search of metals, coals, salt, gypsum,

limestone, and other mineral substances that are converted, or convertible to the use of man, should make themselves acquainted with, in order to conduct their search with a reasonable prospect of success. These characters of strata, form the subject of the infant science of geology.

Moreover, as no substance can be made subservient to the use or comfort of the civilized portion of the human race, but in proportion as its properties are investigated and made known, all science consists in searching out and ascertaining the properties of the substances that surround us, in order that we may discover at the same time which of those properties we can call into play, as our wants and necessities may require. The great means of ascertaining the properties of mineral substances in particular, we derive from chemistry; whose importance or rather whose indispensable necessity becomes daily more and more manifest. But we cannot always carry in our pocket, a portable laboratory. We must often wait till we can carry home the substances whose properties we are desirous of investigating, and submit to the tedious, though satisfactory, process of chemical analysis, to remove our doubts and strengthen our conjectures.

It has been found, that the external physiognomy—the features of a mineral—those characters that the eye, the ear, the smell, the taste, the touch, can ascertain—are, to a certain degree, indeed in a very high degree, connected with the more recondite properties which the chemist alone can discover by the analytical researches of his art: so that, being made acquainted with the external appearances usually assumed by bodies possessed of similar chemical properties, we can predict with some certainty the latter from the former; and convert the science of mineralogy into the short-hand of chemistry. Thus, we know by chemical analysis, the composition of the substance called gypsum, or plaster, as it is commonly called in this country: we know that it is a neutral salt, formed by the union in saturating proportions, of the acid of sulphur with the earth called lime: that it is a substance highly useful in building, in stucco work, in cementing the bars for millstones, in making casts of statues; and, still more than all the rest, in agriculture, forming at present the cheapest of all stimulating manures, when it can be procured within a reasonable distance of the spot where it is to be employed. No one however, can discover the lime in this mineral, or the sulphuric acid in it, unless by subjecting it to the operations of the chemist. But its chemical component parts once known, they can always be affirmed with certainty of a mineral that has the external characters, the specific gravity, the degree of hardness, tenacity, insolubility, and other marks of this mineral described by the mineralogist, however different in appearance its form may seem, to one unacquainted with the

science of mineralogy: so that, of a number of stones presented to him, he will seldom be at a loss in picking out from among them the substance called gypsum. The same may be affirmed of the substances called limestone, barytes, soapstone, &c. whose external characters; with the aid of a blowpipe, a common penknife, a piece of steel, and a small vial of acid easily carried in the pocket, and which greatly facilitate mineralogical inquiries, can in almost every instance be satisfactorily ascertained. I do not mean to assert that we shall in no case find room for doubt and hesitation; for the science of mineralogy is yet but a few years old: but in proportion as it becomes cultivated, what has happened will continue to happen; difficulties will vanish, doubts will be removed, characters will be ascertained, the nomenclature fixed, and our attention will be repaid amply by the acquisition of knowledge, equally certain and useful.

In like manner the science of geology, from the number of its votaries, is in a state of gradually progressing improvement, so that ere long, when in travelling we enter upon a country, we shall be able to form a reasonable conjecture of the minerals we may, and of those we may not expect to meet with in the district we pass over. Time will no longer be thrown away in expensive searches for that which a geologist at a glance can say, is not to be found; and the mineral riches of a country, will be ascertained with a facility that no one unacquainted with the kind of knowledge in question, can have any true conception of, imperfect as the science of geology yet is.

How many strange mistakes does the ignorance of mineralogy and geology lead those into, who know nothing of their elements! In mistaking pyrites for gold, mica for silver, quartz for diamond, ore for earth, earth for ore—in digging for coals in primitive formations, in searching for metals in strata where they have never been found! How little can be known of mining without the aid of these sister sciences! How many noble edifices are now in a state of decay, though recently erected, for want of some mineralogical knowledge in the architect! In Great Britain and in France, the cases are numerous which illustrate this remark.

Indeed, to instance in lighter matters, how easily can a mineralogist in looking at the trinkets of a modern jeweller's shop, separate the false topazes, amethysts, cornelians, agates, and onyxes from the true ones? How difficult is it for a person unacquainted with the examination of minerals, to distinguish a brilliant cut paste from a real gem, a bandeau of glass from one of diamonds? or to ascertain, without some slight aid from the chemist, the value of the precious metal, so called, in which they are set?

Whether, therefore, we recur to objects of indispensable and extensive utility, or to substances of mere ornament, something of mineralogi-

cal knowledge is absolutely necessary, to enable us to pronounce with accuracy and precision, on whatever has a mineral origin.

I have already mentioned, that some attention was paid by the ancients to the objects of mineralogy; but it was a long time before the most obvious classification became prevalent:—before earths and stones, ores and metals, saline and inflammable substances were distinguished from each other.

The first scientific mineralogist was a miner of Saxony, George Agricola. He first dwelt on the external characters of minerals; distinguished, named, and described them. He was followed by several other German mineralogists between his time and the commencement of the eighteenth century. During this period, there were but two or three English writers of character: Johnson, who published in 1667 his *notitia Regni mineralis*, Pryer, who wrote on the *Mineralogy of Cornwall*, and Dr. Woodward, who made a large collection of promiscuous minerals, and published a catalogue of them. His minerals deposited at Oxford, are still considered of great use and value, on account of the accuracy with which the localities are given.

Becher, the chemist to whom England is indebted for the practice of smelting with the coak of coals, not even yet introduced among us, so slowly is the march even of useful innovation, published his *Physica Subterranea* in 1708, and was the first who introduced chemistry into the science of mineralogy; proposing to describe minerals and class them, by their component parts; a practice, which every mineralogist, even at the present day, is compelled to a certain degree to pursue. For, although minerals may, in great part, be separated into families, dependant upon similarity of external character, there is no avoiding the introduction of their chemical composition; because, that not only forms the most obvious and prominent part of the scientific description which we find it convenient to give of them, but in nine cases out of ten, their uses depend on their chemical composition alone. Many writers on the continent of Europe now began to pay attention to the subject of mineralogy: but no tolerable classification was struck out till Cramer, whose chemical writings are still held in deserved reputation, divided them into metals, semi-metals, salts, inflammables, stones, earths, and waters. This was in 1739.

Linnaeus, the great master of classification in modern days, subjected mineral substances as well as vegetables to classes and orders; but he was unequal to the subject, for want of practical knowledge of mineral substances.

Mineralogical chemistry was greatly promoted about this time, 1730 to 1740, by Pott and Henckel, whose application of chemistry to the ana-

lysis of stones and earths by means of fire, would have been of great use, had they possessed in that day a tolerable nomenclature, so that the substances could always be known by the appellations employed; but unfortunately, we cannot at this day ascertain with precision the objects of their experiments, from the names employed to designate them. Wallerius, Cronsted, Peithner, sir John Hill, all contributed their share to the improvement of mineralogy; so in England did Kirwan, Magellan, and Dr. Babington; but their labours were of little account compared with what was then doing on the continent of Europe,—particularly in Germany,—from 1780 to 1800. During this important period, professor Werner of Freiburg, published his *Characters of Minerals: his Translation of Cronstedt's Mineralogy*, which Magellan does not seem to have used: a descriptive *Catalogue of Otraines' Minerals*: and several dissertations in the *Miner's Journal*.

By collecting together and describing with scrupulous accuracy, all the known characters of mineral substances, that were independent of chemical analysis, he has furnished a set of physiognomonic marks, that have given something like certainty to the science, and enabled us to use a language intelligible to every mineralogist who has studied his system; and to speak and read of mineral substances with some chance of being mutually understood, without mistake of the substance named. It is true, that some of Werner's appellations were objectionable from vulgar and discordant analogies, but the attempts to amend his nomenclature, have had a most mischievous effect on the science itself, and have so accumulated unmeaning names, and useless synonymes, as to furnish sufficient grounds for reasonable and constant complaint. Most certainly, the improvements attempted in this respect, have been productive of more confusion than elucidation.

Three distinct systems have been proposed, for the examination and classification of mineral substances:

The system of external characters, which is Werner's.

The system of primitive chrySTALLIZATION, which is the basis of the French school of mineralogy, and of which, the abbé Haüy may be considered as the principal supporter.

The system of chemical characters, followed chiefly by the English school of mineralogists, Kirwan, Babington, Kidd, Clark, &c.

At present, the wants of the science, seem to compel an eclectic school, which in the description and classification of mineral substances, shall comprise, their external characters—their phosphorescent, magnetic, and electric characters—their specific gravity—their chemical composition; including crystallization, as indeed Werner did, among the external characters.



Bergman and Gahn of Sweden, and Romé de Lisle of France, were the first who noticed, not merely that certain minerals affected and assumed forms of crystallization, peculiar to themselves, but that by pursuing the process used by lapidaries, and by mechanically dividing a mineral at the obvious natural places of fracture, so long as these places are distinguishable, we come at last to the form of a crystal, which no longer presents any natural lines of division; and which therefore, may be considered as the nucleus of crystallization; or as the technical term now is, *the primitive crystal*. In most cases, this requires the skill and experience of a lapidary; in some, as in the carbonats of lime, the process is comparatively easy. The abbé Hauy pursued this idea with infinite ingenuity, skill, and perseverance; and showed that in most cases of apparent dissimilarity of crystallization, and of variance from the form of the primitive crystal, the variations could be shown to arise, and gradually take place, according to regular and certain laws of accretion and decrement. He has shown also, by means of the goniometer, an instrument employed to measure the angles of crystals, that in substances of the same kind—similar in external characters and in chemically constituent parts, the angles of the primitive crystals are so uniform in extent when measured, that they are of themselves sufficient to determine the nature of the mineral whose crystal is subjected to this mechanical analysis of division and measurement. Ingenious as this system is, there are, as it appears to me, insuperable objections to its general use. It requires a degree of mechanical skill, that it may be worth the while of a lapidary to acquire, but not of a man who has other pursuits to occupy his attention, beside a knowledge of crystals;—it requires a portion of mathematical science and skilful application of that science, far too abstruse for those who wish to acquire in reasonable time, and with moderate attention, an useful, practical knowledge of mineralogy, whereof the students of the Wernerian and the chemical schools, may acquire a profitable and even a profound knowledge, without the aid of Hauy's diagrams—nor can these be applied at all unless to crystallized minerals; that is to one substance in a thousand—and as La Metheire fairly objected, a man may travel for a month together, sedulously occupied in geological and mineralogical pursuits, without meeting with one opportunity of putting Hauy's system in practice. Moreover, by calling forth such minute attention to the forms of crystals, it converts the science of mineralogy, into an object of curious and amusing speculation, fitter to dress out a lady's cabinet, than to instruct a practical man—and finally, there are so many anomalies, so many cases where dissimilar minerals have similar primitive forms, appertain to minerals not even remotely connected in chemical composition, that though no one can be hardy enough to deny

its occasional utility, it is a system, on which full reliance cannot be placed, even if the difficulties attending its application were fewer in number, and more easily surmounted.

Nor is much more reliance to be placed on a system founded entirely on chemical characters. A slight variation in the chemically constituent parts of a mineral, frequently occasions such manifest difference in the external appearance of it, that we cannot safely argue from the one to the other. The variations in composition of the carbonats of lime, or the sulphats of lime, are manifestly insufficient to account for one hundred and fifty varieties of external appearance and crystallization. Still, a man who studies mineralogy, ignorant or negligent of the application of chemistry to the science he pursues, never can place reliance on his own judgment of the name, nature, properties, or uses, of the mineral he handles. All the methods therefore of acquiring a knowledge of minerals must be brought into play, by those who would know them; and each of the modern systems must be made to contribute its portion of light. Thus, we judge of a man by his height, his bulk, his gait, his age, his voice, his complexion, his features, his dress, his gestures, his attitude, his manners, and so forth: we may easily mistake one man for another, if we rely on one mark alone, and therefore we are necessarily in the habit of forming our opinions from all together, if any doubts should arise as to identity of person.

Suppose the colonel of a regiment to have one thousand men under his command, he must resort, not to one means or character, but to every means and all the characters presented to his observation, if he would become acquainted with the soldiers who compose his regiment, which it clearly is his duty to be. Nor is this too difficult or laborious for a person of good sense and industry: but to do this—to acquire a knowledge of the names and persons of the individual soldiers of a regiment, which a twelve month's application would enable any one to accomplish, requires double the labour and attention, that would be necessary to know at sight nine-tenths of all the minerals that have yet been seen and described, collected on the surface or from within the bowels of the earth. It is not pretended that a knowledge of mineralogy is either speedily or easily acquired; but once pass the threshold of inquiry—become masters of the elements of the science—collect for yourselves the minerals you meet with, and that are as yet unknown to you—and the pleasure of the pursuit from thenceforward, is calculated to induce you to proceed, until a sufficient portion of knowledge is gained to render the study amusing, interesting, and useful, in a very high degree.

To enumerate all the modern labourers in the science, would be to extend an honourable list beyond the bounds which ought to be the limits of this lecture. The contributions of chemistry to mineralogy by means of Klaproth, Vauquelin, Berzelius, Hatchet, and others, have been great

indeed. Werner is very lately deceased; professor Jameson of Edinburgh, has assumed his mantle, and treads in his footsteps, even where Werner is more than suspected to have gone astray. Haüy yet lives an honour to his country. In England the geological society, now most respectable for the number and talent of its members, is busily employed in extending the boundaries of this interesting science, whose votaries in that kingdom increase daily. In America we have not been idle. Mr. Maclure has presented the public with the only accurate and scientific account that has yet been published of the mineral formations of our own country; a work embracing a prodigious extent of observation briefly but luminously arranged. This gentleman has, in so many ways, benefitted and promoted the knowledge of mineralogy among us, that if I do not dwell more on the obligations the science is under to him, and the great merit of his geology of the United States, lately published in this city, it is because he is probably present on this occasion.

The mineralogy of professor Cleaveland of Bowdoin college, is also a work calculated to do honour to our country; nor does any other book present us with the locality of American minerals, so interesting, and indeed so necessary to our researches here. I am glad to find this useful compilation is likely to attract the notice of the public, and to meet with the success it so well deserves. It is an American book of great merit, by one of our own professors, containing notices of American mineralogy, not to be found in any European publication. Subsequent to the first edition of Mr. Maclure's pamphlet, but previous to the late one, Dr. Bruce's mineralogical journal appeared, containing some valuable papers by Dr. Bruce, colonel Gibbs, Dr. Heydn, and other lovers of the science in this country; these were so well received, that it is matter of surprise and regret that Dr. Bruce has not continued that work, so capable as he is of conducting it, from a thorough knowledge of the subject. The public will be glad to hear that the interval since the last number, does not amount to a discontinuance, but an intermission only, of that instructive collection.

In naming those who have contributed to promote mineralogical science among us, it would be unpardonable to neglect my able predecessor as a lecturer in mineralogy, M. Godon. To his lectures on the subject we owe so many successful cultivators of the science of mineralogy in this city; for he gave an impulse to the study, and an interest to the pursuit, which it never had here before. It is greatly to be regretted that the collection of M. Godon, now in my possession, is not destined to be illustrated by his own remarks, which have already so much contributed to extend the knowledge of mineralogy among us.

Among the contributors to American mineralogy, I have to mention one gentlemen, though last, not second in utility, to any other in this coun-

try. To the magnificent liberality of colonel Gibbs, the mineralogy of the United States is indeed greatly indebted. His noble collection of minerals, appropriated to the studies of the young men at Yale college, under the care of Dr. Silliman, who so well seconds the views of the donor, is by far the most splendid in America: and is furnished to that college from motives so beneficial to the rising generation, and so honourable to himself, that colonel Gibbs deserves to be considered among the most estimable benefactors to his native land. He has at any rate the satisfaction to find, that the studies in which he is so conversant, have, by his means, been extended among the young men in the eastern portion of our continent, to a degree fully equal to all his reasonable expectations; and the seeds of knowledge which he has so generously contributed to sow, promise a plentiful harvest of improvement.

During the many years that mineralogy was thus noting and registering with patient and persevering labour, the natural marks and characters of each individual stone that differed, in any way, from another, a number of philosophers started up at various intervals, who scorned the slow-paced, tortoise-like progress of their fellow labourers—who substituted imagination for observation—and vainly thought that genius would compensate for patience—and conjecture might be substituted for fact. These were the cosmogenists; the world-makers, whose systems sprung from their own busy but bewildered imaginations, have had no effect but to bewilder the imagination of others who follow them as guides. In fact, it has thus been with the philosophical world from the beginning; until Bacon showed that we must be content to proceed by the accumulation of facts, instead of the multiplication of words. For the last half century, men of science have been aware of the importance of his advice; though the propensity still continues in full vigour among the greater number of those who appear before the public as authors, to heap theory upon theory, and to instruct others before they have instructed themselves. Hence it is, that in the best of our systems of education, youth is taught what manhood will have to unlearn; the greater part of their years of study is occupied in learning words to which no accurate ideas are annexed, and the greater part of what remains in learning words to which false ideas are annexed. But the progress of science, though slow, is sure; and the time is advancing, when the knowledge of things, of the bodies that have real existence around us, with their properties and their uses, will be gradually substituted in lieu of words and phrases without meaning or archetype—the cups and balls of literary jugglers from the dawn of knowledge to the present day. The utility of learning, no one who possesses it, will venture to deny; but we cannot shut our eyes to the frequent recurrence of the fact, that men may be learned without being wise.

The first chapter of the book of Genesis, may be considered under two aspects, theological and historical. With the first, I have no right, in my present character, to meddle; it involves considerations exclusively belonging to a separate class of instructors, with which it would be misplaced presumption in me to interfere. But it may without irreverence be also considered, as an historical account of the best founded traditions relating to the origin of the present order of things, that were prevalent among wise men at the time when the book was written. Now, among the number of Cosmogonies that have issued from the fertile brain of modern theorists, some have agreed with the latest and best observations that have been made on the actual state of the earth and the strata that have been exposed to examination, excepting those which have agreed also with the outline of geology described in the beginning of our Bible. The chaotic state of the mingled mass of solid and fluid substances—the operation of the laws of gravity and affinity—the consequent separation of land and sea from each other—of the atmosphere that surrounds the earth—of the light that illuminates it—the provision of vegetable food for the animals to be called into future existence—the peopling of the seas and rivers—the formation of land animals so soon as food for their subsistence had been provided in sufficient quantity—and last of all, man, the most recently formed animal that the earth supports, are all described in the chapter referred to, as produced in the order here noted: that the earth was thus fitted for the habitation of organized and living beings, during a distinct succession of periods, in Scripture called *days*; each change occupying a considerable portion of time: a succession of natural changes and events, that every examination hitherto made, tends strongly to confirm; accompanied by a chronology, with which the real history of human civilization sufficiently agrees.

This theory of the earth—this Mosaic geology, however, has not satisfied the busy fancy of theorizing philosophy. We have the cosmogenies of Burnet, of Woodward, of Whiston, of Hutchinson, of Lazaro Moro, of Le Cat, of Maillet, of Buffon, of Raspe, of Worthington, of Whitehurst, of De Luc, of Milne, of Hutton, Playfair, and Middleton, of Williams, of La Metherie, of Howard, of Bertrand, of Kirwan, of Werner. Of most of these, a sketch may be found in the order I have mentioned them, in the beginning of Accum's system of theoretical and practical chemistry; and an interesting notice of them in La Metherie's Geology.

It would be out of time and place for me, on the present occasion, to offer a detail of exploded theories; especially as I mean to dedicate a lecture on the subject, at the close of my course: that is, after a detail of facts has been given and illustrated, which may enable the student to appreciate the value of the theories proposed. But it is in mineralogy and geology, as it is in chemistry: those who have fabricated nomenclatures, have adopted

the appellations they recommend to their own peculiar theories; and as the modern language of geology has been invented by Werner, who has fitted it to express his own opinions, a few words, embracing the outline of that learned man's system may be permitted now, without being considered as needless or anticipated.

He supposed the earth for a long time covered with water, containing intermixed, the materials of the present strata, which he calls formations; meaning by that word, a series of depositions in succession from a watery fluid made within one and the same period of time, and accompanying each other. Of these formations, several have been noted and ascertained. By degrees part of these materials chrystallized and fell down into strata, consisting of granite, gneiss, mica slate, granular limestone, steatite, chlorite, serpentine, amphibole, porphyry, and syenite. These are *primitive* rocks so named in his system. The water gradually subsiding, left the tops of the highest strata uncovered. These became exposed to the action of the waves; and of course part of them, would be washed away by the mechanical action of the water; and the masses and particles so separated, would be mingled with the other more miscible earths and stones. These subsiding together would form another set of rocks, partly characterised by mechanical depositions, and partly by chrystallization, more or less perfect. This set of rocks being deposited and formed during the passage of the earth from an uninhabitable to an inhabitable state, he chose to call *transition* rocks. They consist of limestone, greywacke, and trap. The last formed of these rocks, would occasionally envelope the remains of early shell-fish, with which the seas and rivers would now be peopled.

As the waters continued to subside, the particles suspended would subside also; more gradually, and therefore more regularly and horizontally than the preceding set of more ponderous and massive strata. By this time also, new classes of marine animals, and the more early vegetables, would have begun to exist; and therefore as they died, some of them would be enveloped in these last formed strata, and preserved in them. These strata, therefore, would be characterized as being *flötz*, floated, or horizontal; and as containing more numerous specimens of organic remains than the preceding or transition strata. The last mentioned deposits which he called horizontal, are now usually called *secondary* strata: they begin properly with the red sandstone, then the trap, salt, gypsum, limestone, shist, coal, limestone, chalk, sand, gravel, &c. These rocks are the most metalliferous; they occupy a lower level with respect to mountains than the transition class. The alluvial soil, and the lava, are deposited upon this secondary class of rocks.

Hence it is evident that Werner's nomenclature depends upon Werner's theory. The antagonist system of Dr. Hutton and his disciples, professor Playfair, sir James Hall and Mr. Middleton, though supported with

distinguished ability, and daily acquiring new votaries, has hitherto had little influence on the language of geology, which, in modern times, is founded on the conjectures of Werner, as to the series of changes which the surface of the earth has undergone: and for want of a better theory, geologists have been contented to use the phrases which the German philosopher has accommodated to his own impressions of the facts: impressions, which, however accurate they may be as to the confined district about Freyberg, the Hartz mountains, and the Erzgebirge, are not always justified by appearances in a more extensive range of country. Indeed, the mineralogists whose examinations have been confined to the north of Europe, have all been Wernerians and Neptunians: those who have examined with care the south of Europe, have attributed much more to the action of fire than the disciples of Werner are willing to allow. Thus, Werner calls certain rocks *primitive*, because they contain no organic remains, and are for the most part composed of chrystallized materials: but it is now doubtful, whether rocks, by him supposed of later origin, do not subtend and lay under the rocks that he terms primitive: again, among the rocks that he supposed contained no organic remains, is the primitive clay-slate, which at Augers and elsewhere, has been found to contain impressions of fish. Nor is it quite free from the appearance of presumption in us to apply the word *primitive* to rocks, the deepest of which are so very shallow compared to the diameter of the globe.

There are certain rocks which he supposes were formed after the primitive rocks, and during the time when the earth was passing into an inhabitable state; which rocks are supposed to contain very few remains of organic bodies; but these *transition* rocks, as he calls them, are now found to intermingle with the primitive, as in writing slate and roofing slate, and in many places to abound in organic remains: instances of this are the vegetable impressions on the slate of the Rhode Island coal, and on the anthracite formation which extends throughout the counties of Luzerne and Northumberland in this state: while the north mountain, that is, the northern boundary of the great Shenandoah valley from Easton on Delaware, to Staunton in Virginia, abounds in organic remains of early shell-fish. The French philosophers have therefore rejected the whole series of Werner's transition rocks, but have gained nothing, that I can see, by transforming them into psammites and phyllades.

Again, the whole of Werner's theory rejects the interposition of fire, its operations and effects, except in plain cases of superficial lavas: nor does it take into consideration the wearing down of high mountains, and the gradual effect of alluvial deposits in the ocean: now, as the facts seem to me inexplicable, unless upon the acknowledgment and consideration of these causes, I cannot implicitly adopt the opinions, and must therefore protest against the language of Werner.

I have thought it therefore my duty in the course of these lectures, and in the brief outline of them that I have published, to use indeed the common language of geology and mineralogy, but to use it *protestando*, as the lawyers express themselves—entering my caveat against being implicated in any mere opinion on a subject so new; and confining myself, as strictly as I can, to the simple expressions of obvious characters, and manifest facts.

For the same reason, that I have hesitated about adopting the geological theories of Werner, I think it right to intermeddle as little as I can with the integrant molecules, and primitive chrystals of Hauy; for with the pride of eastern monarchs, they keep themselves so close within the recesses of their palace, and so seldom expose themselves to the admiring eye of the multitude, that it is not easy to arrive at a sight of them, or to fix with accuracy the minute characters and costume by which they are distinguished.

Nor have I chosen to adopt the Wernerian classification of families, which Werner introduced and Jameson so obsequiously follows. It is evident, even to a beginner, that to class minerals into families, must depend upon resemblances, which one man may plainly discover, while another cannot see them at all—resemblances which one mineralogist may adopt from the form of the chrystal, another from the colour, another from hardness and transparency—others rejecting external, may class them according to chemical resemblances. All this depends so much upon fancy, that I have determined to adopt a classification of my own, which shall depend upon nature alone. If I fail in the path I have thought proper to adopt, I shall at least have the merit of being the first who has attempted to pursue it.

When a mineral is taken from its natural situation in the earth, and transformed into what is called a hand specimen, many of its characters can indeed be determined, but some of its most important ones must be omitted. There is a maxim common in civilized society, which experience has sanctioned, and whose truth is generally acknowledged: "*Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.*" This is not more true of a man, than of a mineral. It is often impossible to pronounce on a specimen separated from its companions—and transplanted from the earth into the cabinet of a collector, while we should decide without hesitation if we saw it in its natural place, in the bed where it was formed, and in the neighbourhood of similar minerals exhibiting their natural varieties and gradations: hence the geologic, or, as the Wernerians fancifully term it, the geognostic characters of a mineral—the stratum, bed, mass, or vein in which it is found—its companions and acquaintances that reside in its vicinity—together with its geographic locality, or country of its residence—



are clues to discover the nature of it, in all cases extremely useful, in many, absolutely necessary.

Moreover, the study of insulated minerals, independent of their natural situations, is the least important, and therefore the least interesting part of the knowledge, which the sciences of mineralogy and geology, hitherto improperly divided, are calculated to teach. What with the beauty of many minerals, the delicacy of their colours, the varieties of their crystallization, and other external characters, cabinet collectors are led, or rather misled, to pass without notice the more common minerals, to neglect the great outlines of the science as nature offers them to our view, to confine themselves to minerals, scarce, valuable, and beautiful, and to make a cabinet rather an ornament and a plaything than an instrument of illustration: the chrysalognosts in particular, look at a mineral with an eye so microscopic, that they seem to merge all ideas of utility, in collecting and tracing the form and shape of the mineral they subject to examination. which, when known, is of very dubious utility, unless as an adjunct to confirm or (explain in a few instances comparatively) the indications of other external characters, or the information presented by chemical analysis. It is somewhat like the value set upon a man for the elegance of his person, or the richness of his apparel.

The mode of teaching mineralogy that I have chosen to adopt, is to make it consequent upon, and secondary to geology. What I want to see is, that when our young men travel over any part of this vast continent, they may know at sight the ground they are upon, and form a reasonable conjecture of what the earth underneath them contains, from the nature of the surface they tread under their feet. It is not pretended that absolute certainty is to be acquired as to all the substances that may be contained in a particular formation, or coetaneous series of deposited strata; but those who are ignorant of what has already been done, would be surprised to find how near to truth a conjecture can in many cases be formed, of what is under the ground, from the appearances upon the surface: and as this kind of knowledge will increase in proportion as facts become more numerous and better registered, it requires little more than to put a student firmly upon the threshold of inquiry to enable him to pursue with effect, not merely the investigations of others, but his own.

It is thus, if at all, that the mineral riches of our country will be gradually searched out and made known; and the inexhaustible source of wealth which the bowels of the earth can furnish to well directed industry, will be laid open for the use of our country. In no other possible way can this be done, but by the study of mineralogy, connected with geology; and it is therefore to be ardently wished at least, if it may not be reasonably hoped and expected, that studies leading to an object of such importance,

will meet with encouragement in a community where they are so strongly required. I have for this purpose endeavoured, not always indeed with perfect success, so to form my collection as to show, not only the gangue—the kind of stratum in which minerals are imbedded—but, as much as possible, the minerals found in the immediate vicinity. Had my present ideas occurred to me at first, I should have succeeded more completely by constantly keeping this object in view. But having to search out my own path, without the aid of an instructor, and, for some years, far from all the usual sources of information, my notions on the subject were, for a long time, vague and crude. Feeling my own want of elementary knowledge at the outset of my inquiries, I have presumed to occupy the present situation, in hopes of being able to guard others against much waste of precious time, and many errors that so long obstructed my own course of investigation: and without pretending to profound knowledge of the subject, I hope I shall be able to give a little of that assistance to others, which I should have been so glad to have received at the commencement of my own career.

\* \* The following advertisement is taken from the daily gazettes, and will give our readers a general view of the topics which are to be discussed by the learned professor. Ed.

The undersigned proposes to give a course of mineralogy at the university in Ninth-street, to commence the middle of November; the lectures to continue three times a week, until the course is completed, which is expected to occupy ten or twelve weeks. The following is an outline of the plan proposed to be pursued:

1. Introductory.
2. On the Globe of the Earth. On the general characters of Minerals, specific gravity, hardness, fracture, chrystallization, phosphorescence, &c.
3. On the Rocks termed **PRIMITIVE**, and their component parts.
4. On the substance found in primitive rocks so called.
5. On the Rocks termed **TRANSITION**, and their component parts.
6. On the substances found in the Transition Rocks, so called.
7. On the Rocks termed **SECONDARY**, and their component parts.
8. On the substances found in Secondary Rocks, so called.
9. On **VOLCANIC** formations, or Lavas.
10. On the Substances found in Lavas.
11. On **ALLUVIAL** Deposits.
12. On **BASINS**: On the great Mississippi Basin: on the Basin at Richmond, Virginia: on the Paris Basin: on the London Basin: on the Isle of Wight Basin.
13. On Geological Theories.

13. On Organic Remains.

14. On Geological Theories.

The course will be illustrated by a very extensive Mineralogical collection.

THOMAS COOPER, M. D.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. MINES TO MR. H. HALL, ON JONES'S  
WHEAT.

*Leesburg, 1st July, 1817.*

DEAR SIR,

Having seen some inquiries, respecting the Jones's (here more commonly called Lawler) wheat, by the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia; and also your letter addressed to their Secretary, I take the liberty to communicate to you some observations which I have made on this subject.

I believe the Jones' wheat will effectually resist the Hessian fly.

My wheat was sown about the 10th of October, and grew well; having, I thought, a little of the purple appearance of rye. When it began to spread and shoot up, about the middle of April, it gradually assumed more and more of what the farmers term the *fired* appearance. This was occasioned by the two under or ground blades turning yellow and gradually decaying. The plants, however, grew and shot up with vigour. The two under blades still continued to decline, until they became entirely dead, in the early part of May. So that this particular property of the wheat, which at first alarmed me, not being accustomed to the manner of its growth, I believe saves it from the injury of the fly. Upon examination, at the season when they are committing their depredations, the fly will almost universally be found, in its imperfect state, in the two ground blades. Now if these die before the eggs arrive at any considerable size, they have neither protection nor nourishment, and must of necessity perish.

From these facts I conclude that the Jones' wheat or any other species, of which the under blades die early, will be proof against the ravages of the Hessian fly. Facts in this part of Virginia confirm this conclusion; for in no instance, that I have seen

or heard of, has the Jones' wheat been injured by the fly, and every other kind, even sown adjacent and on the same day, has sustained much damage.

I shall proceed now to some general observations respecting that diminutive yet mighty destroyer, the Hessian fly. And though I farm but 19 acres adjacent to this village, as much for health and recreation as for profit; yet I rejoice that the disasters of the present season have produced a general effort against this formidable enemy. From every observation I have made, I have come to the same conclusion, that the fly deposits its nit or egg in the grain of wheat, in its soft or ripening stage. This opinion arises from the following facts.

1. Wheat sown early in autumn is frequently destroyed by the fly. The reason appears to me plainly this; there remains a sufficiency of warm weather together with the forward state of the plants to mature the fly, so far as to destroy or greatly injure the vegetation. Hence the crop is often lost by too early sowing.

2. Wheat sown late in autumn, say the latter end of October or beginning of November, is more generally destroyed in the spring than any other. The reason is, that the nits or eggs are not enlarged in autumn, either by the luxuriance of the plant or by warm weather; and consequently all pass the winter unhurt; and matured by the vernal suns and vegetation of the plants, as an army unbroken, are prepared for the work of devastation.

3. Wheat sown from the first to the tenth of October, is found to escape the ravages of the fly better than that sown at any other time. The reason is clear, in perfect accordance with the above theory. A portion of warm weather remains, after the sowing, sufficient to swell a part of the eggs in some degree, though not so much as to injure the wheat, yet so much as to ensure their destruction by the winter frosts. Hence a part of the eggs are destroyed, and the remainder being less forward in autumn remains till spring.

4. The flies are matured through the month of May and the first part of June; hence they are ready to deposit their eggs when the grain is forming. But flies are sometimes, though very rarely, found in the higher joints of the stalks. These I apprehend are deposited on the top of the stalk before earing, or in the joint by those that have obtained a premature growth, or have come to perfection before the usual season.

The theory of the deposite in the grain, appears to me not only plausible, but supported by all the facts of the case. And the fact of the eggs being found in the two under blades confirms it, I think, beyond a doubt, for these spring immediately from the grain, and embrace the egg in their formation. Now if the deposite be in the grain, could not some means of extermination be found? Perhaps quick lime with the wheat, when soaked for sowing, would have the effect as has been suggested by some. I think, however, that the soaking ought to be of longer duration, or in milk warm water, so as to bring forward and quicken, if possible, the nit deposited in the grain, previous to the application of lime or any other substance intended to destroy it. I am persuaded that useful experiments might be made, by applying to the eggs found in the wheat, in May, different substances or solutions, without detaching them from the stalk. It might be discovered what substance or solution, lime, or lime water, or any other, would most effectually corrode and destroy them, and in the least time. The same substance or solution, applied to the grain well soaked, would doubtless have a similar effect. The present season is too far advanced, perhaps, to obtain the fly in the proper state for such experiments, as they should be made when the nit is small; yet, I think it well worthy of attention hereafter.

I am, &c.

JOHN MINES.

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## GODFREY'S QUADRANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR—I send you an extract from a letter which was found among the papers of the late Dr. John Ewing, in his hand-writing. It affords some testimony on a question in which our national feelings are interested; and it comes from an eminent philosopher who lived at the time, and was peculiarly well qualified to form a just opinion. Dr. Ewing had read some observations on the double sextant, in the American *Philosophical Society*, which produced "Remarks" from a Mr. Ludlam (in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for Aug. 1771.) This letter is in reply to these "Remarks;" but I shall only copy what answers my present purpose. J. E. H.

—"But what seems to have destroyed Mr. Ludlam's temper and betrayed him into a warmth of expression which I did not expect from a gentleman of candour, is my unluckily calling the instrument by the name of Godfrey, and saying that he first invented this useful instrument. He alleges that my intelligence was but private and of doubtful authority;—that we "have not even oral tradition concerning the perfection or imperfection of Mr. Godfrey's invention," that "it is not related, how far it answered the purposes of navigation;" that "one would suppose, it did not answer at all," and that it is "a ridiculous vanity now to call it by his name."

"To convince Mr. Ludlam that he is mistaken in all these rash and ill-grounded assertions, and to do justice to Mr. Godfrey's character, is my principal motive in making these observations; as I look upon all he has said concerning the instrument, as the effect of a querulous and hypocritical taste, and indeed only designed to pave the way for his feeble attempt to secure the honour of the original invention to Mr. Hadley. He is candid enough to mention a letter of Mr. Logan, in which he says that "a reflecting instrument made by Mr. Thomas Godfrey was taken to sea, and brought back again before the end of February, 1730—1." But in order to make Mr. Hadley's instrument prior to Mr. Godfrey's, he supposes that Mr. Hadley had spent 4 or 5 months in constructing and perfecting so new and uncommon an instrument as he had produced" in the month of May following. But might not Mr. Godfrey spend as much time in contriving and preparing his instrument for trial at sea? To which add three months for the voyage, and then Mr. Godfrey's invention must have been at least half a year before Mr. Hadley's. But there is no need of having recourse to groundless supposition in this matter. In the American Magazine for the months of Aug. and Sept. 1758, printed in Philadelphia, by a society of gentlemen, I find three letters, one from Mr. Godfrey to the Royal Society, and two from Mr. Logan to Dr. Hadley and the Royal Society, concerning this invention. In one of these Mr. Logan gives Dr. Hadley a full description of the reflecting instrument Mr. Godfrey constructed; which appears to be the very instrument now in common use; some very trifling differences in the construction only excepted, which might have been made by Mr. Hadley, and which are hardly worth

the mentioning in the invention of such an excellent and uncommon instrument. Any person that will take the trouble of reading these letters, will there have more than *oral* tradition for the perfection of Mr. Godfrey's invention.

"Let Mr. Ludlam read these letters with the candour and impartiality of a gentleman and then do justice to the character of Mr. Godfrey, whom he thinks "not worth naming after Hadley;" nor call it a *ridiculous vanity* that I have presumed with many others, to differ from him in judgment, when it is supported by better evidence than he can pretend to in this matter. It is allowed by all that Mr. Hadley had the honour of making some alterations in the original construction of that instrument: and he may be an inventor of it too, for any thing that I know. But when we consider the mutilated form in which one of Mr. Logan's letters is printed in the Philosophical Transactions, and the silence with respect to the other, which was written two years before, and which contains a particular and minute account of the construction; together with its being shown at Jamaica to a master of a ship just going to England—these things render it very probable that justice has not been done to Mr. Godfrey. Therefore, although the instrument has very *generally* borne the name of Hadley, Mr. Ludlam must allow others the liberty of entertaining their doubts about the justice and propriety of that denomination.

"I dispute not but the great Sir Isaac Newton might have been the first inventor in point of time; but this much is certain, that the world was nothing the better for that discovery of his, until the instrument was invented and constructed by Mr. Godfrey; from which time it became of general utility to mankind.

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### ANECDOTES CONNECTED WITH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

In the year 1774, Mr. Quincy of Boston, at the instigation of the patriots of that day, embarked for England, with a view to observe the measures of the British cabinet, and promote the efforts of the colonists, in the great struggle, which was about to commence. He died on his voyage home, a short time before the bat-

tle of Lexington. The following anecdotes are from a journal which was found among his papers.

COL. BARRÉ.

*Extract from a letter to Joseph Reed, Esq. of Philadelphia.*

"2d January 1775. While at Bath, viewing the most magnificently elegant new rooms, in company with Col. Barré, he pointed to the pictures taken from ruins found at Herculanæum, and said; "I hope you have not the books containing the draughts of those ruins with you?" I replied, "There was one set I believed in the public library at our college." "Keep them there," said he, "and they may be of some service as a matter of curiosity for the speculative, but let them get abroad and you are ruined. They will infuse a taste for buildings and sculpture; and when a people get a taste for the fine arts, they are ruined. 'Tis taste that ruins whole kingdoms. 'Tis taste that depopulates whole nations. I could not help weeping when I surveyed the ruins at Rome. All the remains of the Roman grandeur are of works which were finished when Rome and the spirit of Romans were no more, unless I except the ruins of the Emilian baths. Mr. Quincy, let your countrymen beware of taste in their buildings, equipage, and dress, as a deadly poison." Colonel Barré also added in the course of conversation, "About fourteen or fifteen years ago, I was through a considerable part of your country; for in the expedition against Canada, my business called me to pass by land through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, York and Albany; and when I returned again to this country, I was often speaking of America, and could not help speaking well of its climate, soil and inhabitants; for you must know, sir, America was always a favourite with me. But will you believe it, sir, yet I assure you it is true, more than two thirds of this island at that time, thought the Americans were all negroes."\* I replied, "I did not in the least doubt it; for if I was to judge by the late acts of parliament, I should suppose that a majority of the people of Great Britain still thought so, for I

\* Dr. Ewing, of this city, being on a visit to Edinburgh about this time, was invited by Dr. Robertson, the historian, to preach for him. A great crowd was collected on the occasion, the people expecting to behold an Indian! En. P. F.



found that their representatives still treated them as such." He smiled, and the discourse dropped. The colonel was among those who voted for the Boston port-bill."

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#### DR. FRANKLIN.


On the 8th Feb. 1775, Lord Chatham brought into the House of Lords the outlines of a bill, respecting the "troubles in America," which occasioned much discussion. Lord Dartmouth said that it contained matter of such magnitude, that he hoped the noble earl would be willing it should lie on the table for consideration. Lord Chatham answered, "I expect no more." Upon this Lord Sandwich rose, and in a petulant peevish manner, opposed its being received at all: he said, it ought immediately to be rejected with the contempt it deserved:—that he could not believe it to be the production of any British peer: that it appeared to him to be the work of some *Americau*. Here turning himself round toward Dr. Franklin, who was leaning on the bar, he added, that he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known. In reply to this, Lord Chatham declared the Bill to be entirely his own, but that he had no scruple to add, that if he were the first minister of the country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of the American affairs as the gentleman alluded to and so injuriously reflected on. One whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with the Boyles and the Newtons—a man who was an honour not only to the English nation but to human nature!

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#### RESISTANCE AGAINST USURPATION.

Somebody once asked the celebrated John Selden, in what law book, in what state or archives, a law for resisting tyranny might be found. "I do not know," replied he, "whether it is worth while to look deeply into the books upon this matter; but I'll tell you what is most certain, that it has always been the custom of England, and the custom of England is the law of the land."

ing been related, as we learn from Mr. Quincy's Journal, by Lord Camden in one of those addresses to the House of Lords, in which the learning and eloquence of this venerable peer were combined to assert the cause of American liberty.

 We shall feel ourselves obliged by the communication of other journals and letters that have any relation to our Revolution. They ought to be preserved from oblivion.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRITICISM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLEGEL.

WE see numbers of men, and even whole nations, so much fettered by the habits of their education and modes of living, that they cannot shake themselves free from them even in the enjoyment of the fine arts. Nothing to them appears natural, proper, or beautiful, which is foreign to their language, their manners, or their social relations. In this exclusive mode of seeing and feeling, it is no doubt possible, by means of cultivation, to attain a great nicety of discrimination in the narrow circle within which they are limited and circumscribed. But no man can be a true critic or connoisseur, who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility, which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them as it were from their proper central point; and, what ennobles human nature, to recognize and respect whatever is beautiful and grand under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes even seem to disguise them. There is no monopoly of poetry for certain ages and nations; and consequently that despotism in taste, by which it is attempted to make those rules universal which were at first perhaps arbitrarily established, is a pretension which ought never to be allowed. Poetry, taken in its widest acceptance, as the power of creating what is beautiful, and representing it to the eye or the ear, is a universal gift of heaven, which is even shared to a certain ex-

tent by those whom we call barbarians and savages. Internal excellence is alone decisive, and where this exists we must not allow ourselves to be repelled by external appearances.

Every thing must be traced up to the root of our existence: if it has sprung from thence, it must possess an undoubted worth; but if, without possessing a living germ, it is merely an external appendage, it can never thrive nor acquire a proper growth. Many productions which appear at first sight dazzling phenomena in the province of the fine arts, and which as a whole have been honoured with the appellation of works of a golden age, resemble the mimic gardens of children: impatient to witness the work of their hands they break off here and there branches and flowers, and plant them in the earth; every thing at first assumes a noble appearance; the childish gardener struts proudly up and down among his elegant beds, till the rootless plants begin to droop, and hang down their withered leaves and flowers, and nothing soon remains but the bare twigs, while the dark forest, on which no art or care was ever bestowed, and which towered up towards heaven long before human remembrance, bears every blast unshaken, and fills the solitary beholder with religious awe.

Let us now think of applying the idea which we have been developing, of the universality of true criticism, to the history of poetry and the fine arts. We generally limit it, although there may be much which deserves to be known beyond this circle) as we limit what we call universal history to whatever has had a nearer or more remote influence on the present cultivation of Europe: consequently to the works of the Greeks and Romans, and of those of the modern European nations, who first and chiefly distinguished themselves in art and literature. It is well known that, three centuries and a half ago, the study of ancient literature, by the diffusion of the Grecian language, (for the Latin was never extinct,) received a new life: the classical authors were sought after with avidity, and made accessible by means of the press; and the monuments of ancient art were carefully dug up and preserved. All this excited the human mind in a powerful manner, and formed a decided epoch in the history of our cultivation; the fruits have extended to our times, and will extend to a period beyond the power of our calculation. But the study of the ancients was im-

mediately carried to a most pernicious extent. The learned, who were chiefly in the possession of this knowledge, and who were incapable of distinguishing themselves by their own productions, yielded an unlimited deference to the ancients, and with great appearance of reason, as they are models in their kind. They maintained that nothing could be hoped for the human mind but in the imitation of the ancients; and they only esteemed in the works of the moderns whatever resembled or seemed to bear a resemblance to those of antiquity. Every thing else was rejected by them as barbarous and unnatural. It was quite otherwise with the great poets and artists. However strong their enthusiasm for the ancients, and however determined their purposes of entering into competition with them, they were compelled by the characteristic peculiarity of their minds, to proceed in a track of their own, and to impress upon their productions the stamp of their own genius. Such was the case with Dante among the Italians, the father of modern poetry; he acknowledged Virgil for his instructor, but produced a work which, of all others, differs the most from *Æneid*, and far excels it in our opinion, in strength, truth, depth, and comprehension. It was the same afterwards with Ariosto; who has most unaccountably been compared to Homer; for nothing can be more unlike. It was the same in the fine arts with Michael Angelo and Raphael, who were without doubt well acquainted with the antique. When we ground our judgment of modern painters merely on their resemblance of the ancients, we must necessarily be unjust towards them; and hence Winkelmann has undoubtedly been guilty of injustice to Raphael. As the poets for the most part acquiesced in the doctrines of the learned, we may observe a curious struggle in them between their natural inclination and their imagined duty. When they sacrificed to the latter they were praised by the learned; but by yielding to their own inclinations they became the favourites of the people. What preserves the heroic poems of a Tasso and a Camoëns to this day alive, in the hearts and on the lips of their countrymen, is by no means their imperfect resemblance to Virgil, or even to Homer, but in Tasso the tender feeling of chivalrous love and honour, and in Camoëns the glowing inspiration of patriotic heroism.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BLUE LAWS AND WITCHES IN OLD ENGLAND.

Our sturdy ancestor, *honest* John Bull, as he is pleased to be called, has a great propensity to be diverted with whatever is absurd or ridiculous among his neighbours; but has ever been perversely blind to his own defects. The erudite travellers Weld, Parkinson, Ashe, and others of the same description whose names we cannot recollect, who were sent to this outlandish country to discover our nakedness, while they sneered at the "witch-hanging" and "blue-laws" of that section of our community which formerly boasted so much of its steady habits, forgot that in the time of their first James, laws were enacted in England to burn, and in Scotland to drown, all the witches upon whom the catch-poles could lay their hands; in consequence of which many a wretched old crone, to the great edification and delight of the humane populace, was tortured in this world, in anticipation of the treatment they were told to expect in the next. Their monarch himself wrote "a great square book" to prove the verity of the nursery stories concerning the old hags who were said to inhabit his dominions. These laws were not repealed till the ninth year of the reign of George II.

We do not pretend to defend the former puritans, the "gifted Filfillans" of New-England, for fining an uxorious husband, because he kissed his wife on the sabbath:

" Making love on Sunday,  
Who might as well have put it off 'till Monday."

But, ridiculous as this and fifty other acts, or pretended acts, of our eastern brethren were, they can be fully matched by countless absurdities in the annals of our mother country. Sir Henry Spelman informs us, that at a great council held at Berkburnstead, in the county of Hereford, in Great Britain, the following decrees, among others of the same nature were made:

" If a servant, by his masters' command, does any work on Saturday, after sun-set, the master shall forfeit eight shillings.

" If a freeman travels on Sunday, he shall pay six shillings; and a servant for the same offence shall stand in the pillory."

"If a husband or wife offer any thing to the devil, they shall forfeit their estate."

"If a servant does so, he shall forfeit six shillings or be whipped."

Does any one say that these decrees were enforced a long time ago?—We defend our brethren, on this side of the water, with the same plea; and can further say, that the follies they exhibited were the follies of the time, more than the place, in which they lived; and were all brought with them from "the fast anchored isle," of which they were the legitimate offspring, as well as Praise-god Barebones, Kill-sin Pimple, and all that host of horrid names, which are too abundant to be enumerated, and too uncouth to be pronounced.

As for the scenes of the witches, they lasted but for a short time here. The diffusion of education among the poorer classes, which is so common in New-England, soon put a stop to them. But can the same be said in Old England? Among a thousand instances there, which might be quoted, we shall mention but one, which barbarous as it is, occurred within these last seventy years, at Tring in Herefordshire, and within thirty miles of London.

"On the 18th of April, 1751, the crier of Hemel Hempstead received a paper, which he was to read in the public market, which paper contained the following words: 'This is to give notice, that on Monday next a man and woman are to be publicly ducked in Tring, in this county, for their wicked crimes.'—Mr. Barton, the overseer of the poor at Tring, having heard the paper cried about at different places, inquired who the persons were, and finding them to be John Osborn and Ruth his wife, both poor aged people, he sent them to the workhouse, in order to screen them from any danger that might happen. But notwithstanding this prudent conduct of the overseer, a great mob of upwards of five thousand persons assembled at Tring, on the 22d, headed by one Thomas Colley, declaring revenge on Osborn and his wife, calling them *witch* and *wizzard*, and pulled down a large wall belonging to the workhouse, after which they broke both the windows and frames, demanding the two poor people in order to duck them. But Mr. Tomkins, the master of the workhouse, in order to preserve them from the fury of the mob, had on the evening before, prudently removed them to the vestry of the church, thinking that should it be known where they were concealed, the sanctity of the place would protect them from violence: but he was mistaken; for as soon as the mob entered the workhouse, although he told them they were not in it, yet they would not believe it, but searched

every closet and box in the house, even to the salt box. From these extremities they proceeded to greater, and Colley cried out, let us search the ceiling. The ceiling was accordingly searched, but neither of them being found, Colley swore, that unless Tomkins would deliver up the two old people, he would immediately set fire to the house, and likewise reduce the whole town of Tring to ashes.

Tomkins seeing them ready to execute their diabolical purpose, told them where the unhappy persons were, on which the mob marched in a body, led by Colley, to the vestry-room, broke open the door, seized Osborne and his wife, whom they laid across their shoulders like calves, and carried them about two miles; but not finding water in that place, they carried them in the same inhuman manner to a place called Marlston Green, where they stripped them both naked, without any regard to decency. They next proceeded to tie their thumbs and great toes together, and in that manner carried them to a deep pond, into which they threw them three different times. The poor woman, who was near seventy years of age, died in the water.

Having thus satiated their diabolical malice, they took Osborne to a neighbouring house, where they laid him in bed, and the body of his murdered wife beside him, after which they dispersed to their own homes."

We have stated the circumstance in the words in which it was narrated at the time. It is little compensation to outraged humanity to add, that the ringleader of the infatuated multitude was executed on a gibbet. What a terrible state must the populace be in, who could assemble to the number of five thousand, to assist in and enjoy such scenes of barbarity and superstition!

No country can boast of more splendid qualifications than Great Britain; and no one can entertain a higher opinion than we do, of the talents of her statesmen, and the prowess of her warriors. Her philosophy has enlightened, and her arts have improved, the state of mankind. But this eulogium, unfortunately, must be confined to the favoured few. As for her multitude—were we to speak of the countless numbers of impostors—of their quacks, priests, prophets, and prophetesses—of their boundless credulity, from the bottle conjurer, down to the exhibition of the fork, which belonged to the knife, with which Margaret Nicholson would have killed their king—of the avidity with which they swallow accounts of American literature, composed by a "Brummagem" agent, and dissertations on the victories of our gallant tars, drawn up by an English farrier—were we to speak of Old England, with

these specimens of her before our eyes, we might be tempted to exclaim, in the language of Trinculo, "there would this monster make a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BAPTISM IN ABYSSINIA.

We proceeded towards Chelicut, says a late traveller, and on our arrival at that place completed our preparations for our journey to the coast. On the following day I attended the baptism of a Bedowee boy, at that time living as servant with Mr. Pierce, whom we had persuaded to become a convert to the Christian faith, not only with the view of benefiting the poor boy; but also from being desirous by this last act, of making an impression on the Abyssinians favourable to the British character. I had previously by the distribution of a few presents, gained the sanction of his friends, and the boy himself was delighted with the change, owing to the inconveniencies to which he had been subjected from being a mussulman. This ceremony took place on the fifth at day break, an early hour being considered as requisite on account of the subsequent celebration of the sacrament of the communion, which can only be administered fasting. On reaching Church we found the head priest Abou Barca, with about twenty priests of an inferior order, waiting in a small area about thirty yards from the spot, some of whom were engaged in chanting psalms while the rest were busy in preparing the water, and making other necessary arrangements for the occasion. At sunrise every thing being ready, an attendant was sent round from the high priest to point out to each person concerning the parts which he was to take in the ceremony. The officiating priest was habited in white flowing robes, with a tiara or silver-mounted cap on his head, and he carried a censer of burning incense in his right hand. A second of equal rank was dressed in similar robes supporting a large golden cross, while a third held in his hand a small



phial containing a quantity of meiron or consecrated oil which is furnished to the church of Abyssinia by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The attendant priests stood round in the form of a semicircle, the boy being placed in the centre and our party in front. After a few minutes interval employed in singing psalms, some of the priests took the boy and washed him all over very carefully in a large bason of water. While this was passing a smaller font called mak-te-mak (which is always kept on the outside of the churches, owing to an unbaptised person not being permitted to enter the church) was placed in the middle of the area filled with water, which the priest consecrated by prayer, waving the incense repeatedly over it, and dropping into it a portion of the meiron in the shape of a cross. The boy was then brought back dripping from head to foot, and again placed naked and upright in the centre, and was required to "renounce the devil and all his work," which was performed by his repeating a given formula four separate times, turning each time towards a different point of the compass. The god father was then demanded and on my being presented, I named the child George in honour of his present majesty, when I was requested to say the Belief and the Lord's prayer, and to make much the same promises as those required by our own church. The head priest afterwards laid hold of the boy, dipping his own hand into the water and crossed him over the forehead pronouncing at the same moment, "George, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost:" The whole company then knelt down and joined in reciting the Lord's prayer.

Here, as I was given to understand, the ordinary ceremony of baptism concludes; but as the boy had been a mussulman, he was in addition crossed with the consecrated oil over joint and limb or altogether thirty-six times in different parts of his body. After this, he was wrapped in a clean white linen cloth, and placed for a moment in my arms, the priest telling me that I "must henceforth consider him verily as my son." The high priest did not take any active part in this ceremony, but the whole was conducted with great decorum and a due degree of solemnity. The boy afterwards, according to the custom of most of the eastern churches, was admitted to partake of the Holy Communion.

On our return from church, the high priest accompanied us home, and continued with us nearly an hour. He paid me many compliments on what had passed, and declared that "I had done an act which would forever be recorded in their books, as the baptism of the boy most clearly proved that the English were not "Franks," (alluding to the conduct of the Jesuits about baptism,) but that we adhered to the pure religion of the Apostles." After some conversation of this kind in which he expressed the highest opinions of our doctrines, he ended by repeating nearly the same words which he had before used to the Res, "we go on in the dark not knowing what is right or what is wrong, but I believe we shall do no good until we get a lesson from you; and now," he added, rising from his seat, "at the desire of the Res, and from the friendship I bear you, I have to pray to God for your future prosperity,"—he then recited a long prayer for our safe return, to which we with great sincerity answered, amen.



### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### MANNERS OF THE ATHENIANS.

AT the eve of the downfall of Athens, the private life of her corrupted citizens is thus described by Athenæus.—A love for public spectacles was the first thing which the youth were taught. There every object which could inflame their passions, was presented to their view: they hung with an effeminate pleasure on the musical airs, with which women were employed to enervate and captivate them: they wasted their important hours which should have been devoted to discipline and instruction, in wanton dalliance with the performers; and lavished their fortune and their vigour in the pursuit of licentious pleasures. The schools of their philosophers were in vain open for their instruction; and possibly these might have been held in some contempt, as fitted only for the formal and recluse, and beneath the notice of the man of business, destined to the exalted and active scenes of life. Thus the younger men entered into the world, ignorant and corrupted; and already accustomed to regard selfish and sensual gratifications as

their chief happiness, and prepared to acquire the means of these gratifications by the most iniquitous practices. Their love of money, or their incapacity for more rational entertainment, engaged them in gambling. Magnificent and costly feasts were now also become honourable distinctions at Athens. The sordid gratification of their palate became the study and exercised the invention of its inhabitants. Thus was their wealth lavishly and ignobly wasted, while the public exigencies were sparingly and reluctantly supplied. An extraordinary instance of the prostitution of the honours of their commonwealth is recorded. They conferred the freedom of their city,—the highest compliment usually paid to kings and great men,—on two persons whose only merit was that their father had been eminent in the art of cookery, and was famous for having introduced some new sauces.—Who would not suppose that he was here reading a description of the manners of one of the great European capitals?—Who does not anticipate that the description may be applicable at a future day to some of our opulent cities, if the utmost care be not employed to counteract their growing luxury?

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new prose translation of *Homer* has just appeared in France, from the pen of M. Dugas Montbell. The critics place it above those of Dacier, Bitauté, and Lebrun.—The celebrated *Milten* has been labouring in the same field, in an attempt to ascertain "*the Mineralogy of Homer*;" and he has certainly produced much curious matter respecting the gems mentioned by the great poet.—The historical poems or ballads, so well known at the bar, by those whose reading is not confined to the books of practice, under the title of the "*Mirror for Magistrates*," have lately been edited by John Hazlewood, Esq. with various readings from all the preceding editions and numerous illustrative notes.—M. Ouvaroff, counsellor of state to the emperor of Russia, has published an *Essay on the Eleusinian Mysteries*.—M. Abel Remusat has transla-

ted from the Chinese, "*the Book of Rewards and Punishments*," a small treatise on morals, compiled for the *tao-tee*, which possessed so much merit that the emperor *Chun-tehi*, caused it to be incorporated into a work published under his royal notice, with a preface from his imperial hand. According to the doctrine of *Wang-siang*, the author, whose days were lengthened to a century that he might complete this treatise, there are *Spirits* whose business it is to watch over the actions of man, and record his good and evil deeds, and to render an account at certain periods, to a council of superior spirits, where the rewards or penalties are dispensed. We select a few extracts from this menter.

"To follow reason, says the wise man, is to advance; to avoid her, is to fall back.

"We follow reason when we are sincere, pious, a good friend, a good brother; when we have a heart that feels for all created beings; when we are full of tenderness for orphans, and compassion for widows; when we avoid doing injury to insects, herbs and trees; when we forgive injuries and return good for them; when we give aid to our fellow-men, deliver them from perils; regard the good luck that falls to them with as much pleasure as if it had been our own lot, and sympathize in like manner in their losses."

The moralist, not satisfied with these general ethics proceeds to enjoin specific performance. To become immortal in heaven, he says, we must have performed one thousand three-hundred good actions; to be immortal on earth, he thinks three-hundred will be sufficient. *Wang-siang* having laid down a model for the conduct of a good man, next undertakes to enumerate the faults and vices of the wicked, and the reader will find that in China, as it is in all other countries, this catalogue is much longer than that which exhibits the favourable side of human nature. "Not to honour those," says this writer, "who are older than ourselves, is a rebellion against those whom we ought to obey." "To receive favours without being grateful, and to nourish implacable resentments; to bestow rewards on the unworthy; to punish the innocent; to make men perish in order to get their wealth; to intrigue against those who are in office that we may get their places;"

(*vid. Port Folio for June 1816, p. 526*) "to cast an arrow at the beings that fly through the air; to pursue those which run on the ground; to destroy the holes of insects; to frighten birds when they are perched upon the trees; to stop up the places where they build nests, or destroy those that have been built; to wound the females that carry, and to break their eggs; to wish the death of those to whom we owe any thing; to forget old things for new, and to say *yes* with our lips and *no* in our hearts," (Jilts beware!) "to be fond of boasting and be continually devoured by envy," &c. &c. "these are actions which deserve punishment according to their atrocity. He who presides over the life of man, retrenches from the life of him who may be guilty of them a dozen years or twelve days only. His appointed number having expired, death comes; and after death if there is any part of the punishment not yet inflicted, it falls upon his son, grandson," &c. These extracts we imagine will give the reader a sufficient idea of the Chinese moralist.

The 13th vol. pp. 660, 4to. of the *Literary History of France* has just appeared. This compilation holds a respectable rank among those works of erudition which were undertaken, in the last century, by the holy benedictines of St. Maur. Dom Rivet, the first and principal author published the first volume in 1733, and died in 1749, after completing the 9th volume. It may be well to explain the plan which was pursued by the projector of this valuable performance. Each article contained the life of an author and an analysis of his works; then a list of the editions; their order assigned, not by the matter nor by the date of publication of their writings, but by the time of the death of the authors; if this date was not known, then the last known act of his life, or the time when he flourished. At the beginning of each volume where a century commenced, or which included many, there was an historical discourse on the state of letters during the period, chronological tables, &c. These preliminary discourses are very interesting, and are not so well known as they deserve to be.

Lord Sheffield has published a new edition, with many additions, of the *Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq.* Time has opened the eyes of the majority of the public to the fascina-

tion of first impressions; and the near view given by the publication of the miscellanies, of the juvenile efforts and abortive attempts of Mr. G., is by no means calculated to revive a feeling of ardent admiration. Still it must not be said that the noble editor has caused, in the view of the considerate, any detriment to the reputation of his friend; or that Mr. G. is not entitled to hold a high rank in literature. The volumes before us inculcate a very useful lesson; and they show that, if their author was not possessed of wonderful attainments, his career is extremely instructive, as an example of what may be eventually accomplished by *persevering study, and resolute adherence to a main object*. Among the literati of the present day, we have several not inferior to Mr. G. in quickness of comprehension, in familiarity with the classics, and in general erudition; but do they pursue their studies with equal assiduity; and will they consent, like him, to suspend digressive reading, or refrain from catching at opportunities which promise only a transient fame?

In the execution of the *Story of Rimini* by Leigh Hunt, we remark something original. It presents us with a free copy of the language of the older dramatists introduced into narrative rhyme; and, although such an introduction occasions a frequent quaintness and air of pedantry in the phrases, the expression possesses, on the whole, a refreshing vigour, while the versification displays a facility and variety that are not inharmonious. If this facility will often run into the very familiarity of conversation, and this variety will degenerate into a ruggedness indefensible by any example, still we commend the genuine force and animation of the present candidate for the laurel,—the laurel, we mean bestowed by popular approbation; for, as to more courtly favour, we are far from insinuating that Mr. Hunt has *even yet* been taught to solicit distinction so envied by many of his rivals of the quill.

We learn from the *Monthly Magazine*, that Lady Morgan's *France*, had reached a second edition in September last. Two editions were published in this country—one here and the other in New-York, shortly after the book was imported, and we learn that a third is in the press. The author endeavours to gain some consequence by informing us that the Quarterly Journal, “nearly nine years since,” thought proper to caution the reader against

"the licentiousness, irreverence and blasphemy," which she was in the habit of putting forth under the abused name of novels. The reviewers it seems, offered some advice to this lady, in order to render her, "not indeed a good writer of novels, but a useful friend, a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a respectable and happy mistress of a family." These pictures were not to be found in her novels, in any very captivating attire, but the author informs us that she picked up some "ambulating virtues" and set forth in search of a husband. In this laudable undertaking she has proceeded so far, as to become "the happy mistress of a family,"—and as she has been proscribed from the fields of fancy, some good natured bookseller in London has fitted up, for her accommodation, the famous "jaunting car," which has been standing idle ever since the excursion of Sir John and Sir Richard into Westminster Hall. The former was then struck with a fatal discomfiture, and the latter contrives to amuse himself with a "morning's walk to Kew." The vehicle, on the present occasion, was insured for an out and home voyage. The traveller was not required to exercise any particular skill in the selection of her cargo, provided she made a speedy return. She complains that her reviewer, *nine years ago*, should have made severe strictures on "one of the most hastily composed of her early works;" and now calls for the public suffrage in behalf of a tour, if it may so be called, in the composition of which, her "object was, if possible, to distance those by time" whom she could not "rival in skill." After this unblushing confession, the reader will not be disappointed in finding a parcel of pages strung together without order, design or object, in a motley jargon of English, Irish and French. To analyze such a production defies all attempt. It is a jumble of chit-chat, such as any woman with a tolerable share of literature, and an intolerable share of affectation and vanity, and gossiping, might collect in the coteries of Paris. That there are occasionally some lively sketches of character, and some amusing anecdotes must be admitted; but, there is nothing to affect the senses and little to delight the imagination. Whenever her sensibility is awakened, she is sure to break out into one of those *ohs* which sprinkle the pages of Irish eloquence. Thus the punishment of that execrable, double traitor, Ney, is followed by

the following dismal cry,—“ Oh, these are the views of human conduct; these are the scenes of human suffering which sicken the heart and wither up its powers!” In another place the *costume* of a French peasant, reminds her of an Irishman’s *rag*; and then we have a most exquisite howl in the best style of the *Dublin Demosthenes*, since he made the fortunate discovery that he had taken the wrong side: “ Oh! where is the land so distant, the region so remote, into which I may travel, and not bear Ireland in my memory, and her misery in my heart. And oh! when shall the pen, &c.”

Every page is loaded with French words and phrases; “ a fault,” says the author, “ which arose from my anxiety to give impressions with all the warmth and vigour with which I received them; to preserve the form and spirit,” &c. If the practice were confined to instances of this description there might be some apology for such indolence; but the uncouth foreigners stand so awkwardly in the ranks as to make it manifest that they are not volunteers. Is there “ more warmth and vigour” in the ordinary reply of “ c’ est que je suis enrhumé,” than in our own simple answer to a common request—*it is because I have a cold?* Would not the *form* and *spirit* of salutations be as well preserved in *good evening* and *how do you do?* as in *bon soir*, and *comment va-t-il?* With this lady a door must be *la porte*; a hand, *la main*; a hat, *chapeau*; and all this to give “ warmth” and “ vigour!” We suspect our “ mistress” does not possess so ample a fund in this stock as she would have us believe. To such a degree are we frequently pestered with this affectation, that we exclaim with the honest sailor, “ hang it, why can’t she call a hat, a hat at once—with her outlandish lingo:—calling a hat, a *chopper* (*chapeau*) and a horse, a *shovel* (*cheval*). To many readers, this would prove an insuperable objection to the book. In one of the American editions this difficulty has been removed by translations, which, with some exceptions, are easy and faithful. The beautiful song of *Preux chevalier veut mourir pour son Roi*, is imitated by our American translator with so much elegance, that we cannot resist the temptation to copy it.



*The brave Chevalier who would die for his King.*

Brave chevalier! when glory shall call you,  
 (Though Love in your path his sweet roses may fling)  
 Will you not swear though millions enthrall you,  
 To fight for your honour and die for your king?

Brave chevalier! the war-trumpet sounding,  
 To each gallant heart, the remembrance shall bring,  
 That the true sons of France the altar surrounding,  
 Have sworn on their sabres to die for their king.

“ Farewell to friendship, to love, and to pleasure,  
 “ To all the dear ties round my bosom that cling.  
 “ Hide thy soft tears, my soul’s fondest treasure,  
 “ The brave chevalier must die for his king.”

Bravely they fought beneath the white banner,  
 While wav’d in their helmets the lilly of spring,  
 Sweet flow’r, may the pinions of victory fan her,  
 As she shades his cold brow, who has died for his king.

But oh! when the rage of the battle is over,  
 And the clarions of conquest triumphantly ring—  
 How swells then the heart of the hero and lover,  
 The brave chevalier who has served well his king.

The appendices by Sir T. C. Morgan are of a very different character. He is a sensible man; but his partialities in favour of the universal robber at St. Helena are so strong, and his hatred of the present government of France, and that of his native country so evident, that we distrust his statements.

We have perused with great, though not unmingled, satisfaction the *Sketches of the Life of Patrick Henry*, by WILLIAM WINT, Esq. The services of Mr. Henry have always been extolled in the loftiest language of panegyric, but very little trace of his labours could be collected; for as to information from books, he seems to have lived in an age when the arts of writing and printing were unknown. It was therefore no easy task to describe the life of such a man. We have already introduced this fascinating volume to our readers, by selecting one of its finest passages; and as we shall recur to it again in our next num-

then, we shall be brief in the present article. As might have been expected, the materials were scanty and the author has therefore drawn largely upon his own stores. He has depicted with a fervid and enthusiastic pencil the fortunes of a man, who, from a state of utter poverty and obscurity, attained an eminence which threw all competition in the shade. It was in vain that indolence scattered poppies on the paths of this wonderful being, and it was equally in vain that a timid, calculating, proud aristocracy endeavoured to frown upon him as he climbed the steep ascent. He compelled the jealous and cautious spirits to follow him through peril and dismay, to power and independence. Instead of reasoning about the powder which was feloniously taken from the provincial arsenal by the Royal Governor, Patrick Henry applied a spark to it and thus saved us from years of idle words and dangerous intrigues. By this desperate measure and by declaring to the general assembly that "*we must fight*" he acquired a right to the admiration and gratitude of all who rejoice in the freedom of their country. We are sorry to believe that this volume will not add to the well-earned literary reputation of the writer. He must, by this time, be acquainted with his own powers and he could not but see the impossibility of employing them with success on such scanty materials. Mr. Henry was cast by Nature in a mould which was never used but in this single instance, and he is not to be described by concentrating in his character all those rays which have been repositied in the splendid imagination of Mr. Wirt, as the *beau ideal* of eloquence. The author has observed more than the delay prescribed by Horace, but he has not availed himself sufficiently of the advantages contemplated in that wise injunction. In his style there is too much of the artist; there is no concealment of the art; he always precedes Mr. Henry, instead of following him. There is too much paint, and ornament, and,—we must add,—not a little glitter. "The parsons' case," as it is called, may be cited in proof of the faults as well as the beauties of this volume. There is a curious felicity in the manner in which our sympathy in the fate of the young advocate is excited; but it is so easy to account for the enthusiasm of the people and the conduct of the clergy, that we hesitate in ascribing to his eloquence such miraculous effects, as are

here related, to have been produced. Taxes, are never paid with willingness, and those which are imposed for the support of religion, are particularly odious. The clergy, we presume, formed a part of that class of society, in Virginia, which is represented by Mr. Wirt, to have been an object of fear and hatred among the people. That they were despised and sneered at we have high authority.—It is not necessary, here, to enter into the details of the “parsons’ case.” It is sufficient to state that the clergy asserted a claim, against which the legislature and the people of the colony made a determined resistance. According to Mr. Wirt, “such was the excitement produced by the discussion, and so strong the current against the clergy, that the printers found it expedient to shut their presses against them in this colony.” (p. 21.) They brought an action at law to try the question. The right, *stricti juris* was plainly on their side, and the cause of the mob was in so *desperate a situation* (vid. p. 23) that it was abandoned by their counsel after the first argument. The defendants could find no one to support them but Mr. Henry, who was then unknown, obscure, and utterly ignorant in his profession. In this hopeless condition, with law and gospel against them, and no lawyer for them, a dozen of these very men are taken at random from the mass, put in a jury box, and asked by Mr. Henry, their advocate, “how much damages are you willing to give these *parsons?*” Is it any wonder that they found a verdict with *one penny damages* and that the populace should carry the triumphant champion on their shoulders? But, says Mr. Wirt, “at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming *invective*, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror.” We shrewdly suspect that this is a very hyperbolical way of saying that the young lawyer forgot the advice of his uncle, not to say any “hard things” of the clergy, but consulted the taste and temper of this impartial and enlightened tribunal, by idle jokes and indecent sarcasms which compelled the reverend plaintiffs to withdraw in disgust. In this conjecture we are confirmed by one of the biographer’s own witness; we mean the father of Mr. Henry, who speaks of the speech in terms of very measured approbation; “Patrick spoke in this cause, near an hour! and in a manner that surprised me! and showed himself well-informed on a subject, of which I did not

think he had any knowledge." (p. 27.) The book is dedicated "to the young men of Virginia," to whom, and indeed to every class of the community, Mr. Wirt has rendered a very acceptable service by rescuing from oblivion so brilliant an instance of genius and so valuable an example of perseverance, integrity, and sound patriotism. We have done some violence to the personal feelings which we cherish in regard to the author, by dwelling rather upon the faults than the excellences of his production; because his reputation is calculated to make them pass as sterling coin at the literary exchequer; and we dislike that *hypermeter* which is employed on late occasions, but most especially in this book, whenever an American is to be exhibited. Patrick Henry stands in no need of rhetorical embellishment. While we revere the memory of him who led our battles and swayed our councils, Mr. Wirt has enabled us to assign a high rank to *the man who set the first squadron in the field.*

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*From the Monthly Magazine.*

Mr. John Mason Good, F. R. S. who has lately published under the sanction of the royal college of physicians in London, an elaborate system of Nosology, with a corrected and simplified nomenclature, intends to exemplify and illustrate his system by delivering a course of lectures on nosology, nomenclature and the practice of physic, and treatment of diseases. The course will be designed for students and young practitioners, and will be delivered in a central part of the metropolis, of which due notice will be given.

The Atheneum founded by professor *Thierch* at Munich for the instruction of young modern Greeks, is in a flourishing state, several young men from Greece, Asia, Moldavia and Wallachia, &c., pursue their studies there. The plan of this establishment is calculated to have a great influence on the cultivation of the mind of Greek youth.

The archduke Charles has published the principles of the art of war, elucidated by the campaign of 1796, three vols. 8vo.

Dr. Roche has commenced a biographical account of the late Mr. Ponsonby, which he will speedily publish. The work will be entitled "Momoirs of the public and private life of the

Right Hon. George Ponsonby, with selections from his correspondence, and a complete collection of his judicial and parliamentary speeches in two vols."—From the talents displayed by Dr. Roche in his work on the letters of Junius, we have no doubt but he will execute this work with credit to himself, as well as to the memory of Mr. Ponsonby. His subject, in fact, is nothing less than the political history of Ireland, for the last forty years; and we have great confidence that his industry and integrity will enable him to represent in its true light, a subject hitherto perverted and distorted, in the effusions of party zeal and of political animosity and disputation.

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We have the satisfaction to invite public attention to the pretensions of Mr. Dufief, a gentleman who has recently arrived in London from Philadelphia, for the purpose of introducing into Europe a plan of teaching languages, by means of which *one master* without assistance may teach any foreign language to one or two thousand pupils at the same time. This plan he has exemplified, in regard to the French and English; and to the Spanish and English languages, in two works called "Nature Displayed in the mode of teaching Languages to Man; one adapted to the French and the other to the Spanish Languages." His improvements are two-fold, the first which consists in teaching words and their combination in sentences, and the other in public repetition of these sentences, by all the pupils, after the enunciation of the master. These improvements are of great consequence to patriotic and enlightened governments, as means of enabling them to give uniformity to the languages of the same empire. Thus the emperor of Russia might by multiplying masters, teach, after Mr. Dufief's system all the tribes in his vast territories to speak the Russian language within three or four months; or the British government might, by suitable arrangements, render the English language familiar in the same short space of time to the millions who people the banks of the Ganges, to the Cadians, the Hottentots, the negroes at Sierra Leone, the Maltese, the Charibbis, the Canadians, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh. He is about to publish his plan of tuition for the gratification of public curiosity, and for the information of those who may undertake the office of tutors.

## POETRY.

LINES, BY MISS HUNTLY, OF  
CONNECTICUT.

*Addressed to a very interesting and intelligent little girl, deprived of the faculties of speech, and hearing:—In consequence of reading this question proposed to one of Abbe Sicard's pupils, "Les Sourds-Muettes trouvent-ils malheureux?"*

Oh, could the kind inquirer gaze  
Upon thy brow with feeling fraught,  
Its smile, like inspiration's rays,  
Would give the answer of his thought.

And could he see thy sportive grace,  
Soft blending with submission due,  
And note thy bosom's tenderness,  
To every just emotion true:

And when the new idea glows  
On the pure mirror of thy mind,  
Observe the exulting tear that flows  
In silent ecstasy refined;

Thy active life,—thy look of bliss,—  
The sparkling of thy magic eye,—  
He would his sceptic doubts dismiss,  
And lay his useless pity by;

And bless the ear that ne'er has known  
The voice of censure, pride, or art,  
Or trembled at that sterner tone  
That, while it tortures, chills the heart;

And bless the lip that ne'er can tell  
Of human woes the vast amount,  
Nor pour those idle words that swell  
The terror of our last account.

For sure, the stream of silent course  
May flow as deep, as pure, as blast,  
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,  
Or murmurs o'er the mountain's breast.

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,  
As rich a soil, its tide may lave,  
Then joyful and accepted pour  
Its tributes to the mighty wave.

## POPE JOAN.

Papa pater patrum peperit papiam papellum.

*The following beautiful ballad is extracted from the Dublin Examiner.*

## GERALDINE—A BALLAD.

The moon was bright, and calm the night,  
And sweetly smiled the lovely scene;  
But deep the sigh, and wild the eye,  
And sad the heart of Geraldine.

She sought the hill, where low and still,  
In deathly sleep the vanquished lay;  
She rent her hair in wild despair,  
She could not weep, she dared not pray.

Her's was the tongue had widely sung,  
Of Erin's wrongs, and Erin's woes,

• *Are the deaf and dumb unhappy?*

Her's was the hand, did belt his brand,  
When Connor for his country rose.

With valour vain, the patriot train,  
Braving the Saxon's thunder stood;  
And desperate fray deformed the day,  
And night's dark veil was stained with blood.

Fierce was the strife for death or life—  
Their hands were strong, their hearts were brave—  
Till every gleam of freedom's dream,  
Was buried in their leader's grave.

The distant scene, bright and serene,  
Was slumbering in the moonlight ray,  
And near the mould, where pale and cold,  
In blood and darkness Connor lay.

A sterner thro' of frantic woe,  
Thrilled in the mourner's tortured breast—  
"Erin," she cried, "for thee he died—  
On thee, on thee, his blood shall rest.

Though bathed in gore—he breathes no more—  
In light and rest I see thee smile—  
With hatred fierce, a daughter's came,  
Pursued and crush thee, thankless isle!

Hark! from above, I hear my love—  
I feel his glance of angry flame;  
He hears me dare, in impious prayer,  
To breathe his country's sacred name.

Yet dear that land, and patriot band,  
Dear the green hills he loved so well—  
Unstain'd and bright, as heavenly light,  
The sacred cause for which he fell.

As well this breast, that loved him best,  
Might breathe a curse o'er Connor's grave—  
As raise the pray'r of wild despair,  
Against the land he died to save.

Death joins the ties, that death destroys,  
And Connor's fate shall yet be mine."  
The orient ray, of early day,  
Rose on the grave of Geraldine.

MARY.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE HERMIT; BY DR. BEATTIE.

Translated into Italian,

By C. P. D. de Mardano.

Vinto avea l' ombra il giorno,  
E in sua capanna stanco l' uomo a placido  
Sonno s' abbandonava: era d' intorno  
Alto silenzio: sol s' udiva l' torrente  
Scender precipitose,  
E come suol gemente  
In dolce metro l' usignuol garrir.

Sua notturna querela  
Il buon Romito in ve l' monte inebriato  
Inteso allora: e il cantar suo diavola  
L' alta doglia, che a l' anima egli sente,  
Fur contro il Ciel non mormora:  
Di saggio egli ha la mente,  
Ma d' uomo il cor gli palpita nel sen—

Perche' mesta ten' vai  
Tu sempre o Biondella infra le tenebre?  
Acche' sempre a corosi—nesti hai  
Modula il tuo cantar, se primavera

Guida a' tuoi baci tenero,  
Colui, che 'l tuo cor spera,  
Ne vivra pur memoria di tuo duol!

Ma di pietà se c'è figlio  
Il metro tuo, non cessar, no', di gemere,  
Seegri 'l lagnu più dolce, che su 'l ciglio  
Pianto a l' uom chiama e dillo: e calma lui  
Di chi i pacer s' involano  
Sì come fanno i tui  
Rapidamente, ma non tornan più.

La Luna or dal remoto  
Confin de l' aere sparge lume pallido:  
Pur giunta a mezzo 'l Cielo alta in suo moto  
La vid' io non ha guari, e tal movea  
Pa lei fulgore vivido  
Ch' altra non si vedea  
Stella nel vasto azzurro scintillar.

Bella t'aggira, o Luna  
Elleta segui 'l tuo cammin che al fulvido  
Tuo primo onor ti condurrà:.....ma aleuna  
Vin non ha l' uom di ravvivar la spenta  
O impallidita Gloria,  
Pur folle, ei si contenta  
D' un ombra vana e le consacra il cor.

Notte c'è profonda; e muta  
De' campi al guardo la bellezza: al gemito  
Me non richiamo, no', vostra paruta,  
O terre, o boschi, che 'l mattino avanza  
E con esso a voi reduci  
I color, la fragranza,  
E de l' Aurora il pianto a' vostri fior.

Ne m'ange trista cura  
Pe' danni che lor guida il verno gelido:  
Che' salva i germi provvida Natura....  
Ma quando fia che Sol di primavera  
Splenda su la funerea  
Urna, e franga la nera  
De la tomba fatale oscurita?

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO. TRANSLATION

Of Nemorin's farewell to Estelle, traced on the  
stone around which she usually assembled  
her flock.

Gentle shepherdess, farewell!  
To love and thee I bid adieu!  
I leave the spot where thou dost dwell,  
The field, where oft I rovd' with you.

Exil'd to another shore  
Faith and truth my themes shall be;  
Thou my plaintive voice no more  
E'er shall reach, sweet maid, to thee.

Do not weep, my lovely friend;  
Long I shall not wretched be;  
For with life all evils end,  
And 'tis death to part from thee! A.

#### TO HER I LOVE.

In hopes to meet a lover's name,  
Here shall the eyes of beauty rove:—  
But only one the song shall claim,  
The song that's meant for her I love.

"And who's the maid," shall beauty ask,  
"That can o'er thee so pow'ful prove,  
Whose smile impels the lyric task?"  
Hear my reply—"tis her I love.

Her lips of pow'r mysterious are,  
Who shall these lines from me approve;

A Cupid lurks in ambush there,  
His spell—the voice of her I love.

To live for love, and sigh for fame,  
The poet's works—behest of Jove;  
My passions feed a double flame—  
I sigh for fame, and her I love.

Could I, while you my soul inspire,  
Thy beauty paint, thy pity move;  
Then farewell fame! then farewell lyre!  
My flame's the praise of her I love.

Full many a maid, with magic skill,  
The bard arrays, his art to prove;—  
His song may scatter charms at will,  
But mine is grac'd by her I love.

Thy charms shall lend it wings to fly  
O'er hill and valley, plain and grove:—  
A passport to a lover's sigh  
Shall be the name of her I love.

Oh! maid belov'd! oh! lyre adorn'd!  
Who now shall dare thy song reprove?  
By thee admir'd—their frowns are scorn'd.  
I only write to her I love.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO. TO TIME.

Oh thou whose awful wings unfurld  
Across the waste of darkness brood,  
And sweep along the subject world  
With desolating progress rude;  
Why went'st thou on thy dreary flight  
So fastly down the stream of years,  
Dark in thy course as death and night,  
And heedless of thy victims' tears?

Sweep on—sweep on! thine awful course  
Shall soon be set in fearful gloom,  
And thy last echoes wild and hoarse,  
Be heard on nature's final tomb!  
Then must thou curb thy daring wing,  
And furl thy pinions in dismay,  
Creation's dying shriek shall sing  
The dirge that tells thy fading day.

Child of eternity! once more  
Shall she receive thee to her breast,  
And on her undistinguish'd shore  
Thy glories and thy power shall rest;  
Lost in the wild and boundless sea  
That ne'er shall feel or tide or flow,  
What hope shall then remain to thee,  
Stretch'd by the latest tempest's blow?

Secure from thee and all thy powers  
Shall man pursue the endless years,  
When bliss shall crown his glorious hours,  
Or darkness overwhelm him with her fears.  
Eternity of joy shall bloom  
For him in heaven's ecstatic plain,  
Or hell shall open in central gloom  
Her long eternity of pain!  
N. Y. 1817. E.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

O where are the visions of ecstasy bright  
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish  
the night! (fold  
O where are the charms that the day can un-  
To the heart and the eye which their glories  
can hold!  
Deep—deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn—  
For no visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn.

They have told me of sweet, purple hues of the  
west, [wide breast;  
Of the wide tents that sparkle on ocean's  
They have told me of stars that are burning  
on high

When the night is careering along the vast sky;  
But alas! there remains wheresoever I flee,  
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me!

But yet—to my lone, gloomy couch there is  
given

A ray to my heart that is kindled in heaven;  
It soothes this dark path thro' this valley of  
tears,

It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers,  
For it tells of a day when this night has past by,  
Where my spirit shall dwell in the fulness of  
joy!

N. Y. 23 Sept. 1817.

E.

#### SIGNS OF LOVE, By Mrs. Barbauld.

Come here, fond youth, who e'er thou be,  
That boasts to love as well as me;  
And if thy breast has felt so wide a wound,  
Come hither, and thy flame approve;  
I'll teach thee what it is to love  
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,  
To live upon a smile for years,  
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet—  
To kneel, to languish, and implore,  
And still, tho' she disdain, adore:  
It is to do all this and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes  
With eager joy and fond surprise,  
Yet tempered with such chaste and awful fear,  
As wretches feel, who wait their doom,  
Nor must one ruder thought presume, [ear.  
Though but in whispers breathed to meet her

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,  
Tho' Heav'n and Earth thy passion crost,  
Tho' she were bright as sainted Queens above,  
And thou the least and meanest swain  
That folds his flock upon the plain,  
Yet if thou dost not hope thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,  
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved  
Tho' she were fonder and more true  
Than any nymphs old poets drew,  
Oh! never dream that thou hast loved.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
But those which love has planted there;  
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,  
Thou never yet his power hast known:  
Love sits on a despotic throne  
And reigns a tyrant if he reigns at all.

If, when the charming maid is gone,  
Thou dost not wish to be alone,  
Lost in a pleasing trance of tender wo,  
To muse and fold thy languid arms,  
Nursing thy fancy in her charms,  
Thou dost not love, for love is nourished so.

Now if thou art so lost a thing  
Here all thy tender sorrows bring, [dure,  
We'll prove whose patience longest shall en-  
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost  
In dreams of fondest passions most,  
For if thou dost love, oh, never hope a cure.

#### *A Poetical Epistle to Lord Byron.*

An unknown champion has entered the lists  
against the noble wanderer, and has treated  
him with memorable and merited severity.  
We extract the following passage:

Oh, 'tis an easy task, in verse to prate  
Of broken hearts, and bosoms desolate!  
And 'tis a thriving trade! let Murray tell,  
What thou hast written, and for him—how well,  
Would that each hungry wretch, dear Britain  
owns,

Could vend his misery, and impawn his groans;  
Could bring, like thee, his wretchedness for sale,  
Made up for use in pilgrimage and tale!  
And thus the Mendicant, protrudes to sight  
His mangled limb, our pity to excite;  
Lives on the real wounds acquir'd in wars,  
Or feeds and fattens on fictitious scars.  
Oh, when thy muse prolific next supplies  
Her import vast, of marketable sighs, [spare,  
Somewhat, perchance, thy bounty then may  
For real sorrows and substantial care:  
Somewhat, self-exiled Misanthrope, for those  
Who have not found thus vendible their woes.  
To ask for country's sake were vain—and why?  
Her "shores can neither grieve nor glad thine  
eye."

Yet still proceed—still chant thy gloomy lays,  
Insult—retract—bespatter, and beraise;  
Pour on the town in one continued tide,  
The dark o'erflowings of thy cynic pride;  
While every pining Miss the story greets—  
Hugs to her breast these lordly, dear conceits.  
Her hours—her sorrows—and her tears resign,  
To ruffian hordes, and wand'ring libertines,  
E'en the poor heart, unconscious of offence,  
Caught by a feeling—ardent and intense—  
His finest, noblest sympathies affords  
To wandering libertines and ruffian hordes!  
Nor shall the muse one generous pang disdain,  
For powers perverted, or bestowed in vain—  
And blush that he, around whose favoured head  
Her brightest halo, genius deigned to shed;  
That he—best gifted of the tuneful throng,  
With head and mind perversely warp'd to  
wrong;

Should lend these powerful talents to impart  
The cheerless feelings of a sceptic's heart;  
A heart, in which no generous ire is seen—  
Cold in its malice—causeless in its spleen:  
To trace the moody workings of a mind,  
To heaven unjust, at variance with its kind:  
Yet though at every line a virtue bleed—  
Indulge thy wayward humour—and proceed.  
What is this boast of "shrouded thoughts," that  
dwell

With'ring and dark within their secret cell?  
Where the "proud caution" of the struggling  
breast?

Where is one bitter feeling unexpressed?  
When thou hast bar'd thy heart to every eye,  
Proclaim'd its heavings to the faintest sigh,  
The meanest reptile that has cross'd thy path,  
Was crush'd beneath thy desolating wrath:  
While gentler natures, and the softer mind—  
Have bowed beneath a torture more refin'd  
That polished irony, whose art conceals  
Its sting—which but the victim sees and feels.  
Oh, to satiate have we not read  
Of thy dark sorrows, and thy "widow'd bed?"  
And thou hast made thy sport of others' pain,  
On wounded feelings gaz'd with cold disdain;  
That unprovoked the random shafts of spleen,  
Debas'd the high—and trampled on the mean—  
Nor from envenom'd words could thy last stram,  
E'en in its burst of tenderness, refrain.

Misguided spirit! yet in mercy spare,  
And, if thy heart be human—oh, forbear.  
Can mean suspicion, and unmanly wrong,  
Support thy fame, or dignity thy song?  
\* 1st Stanza; Childe Harold, 3d Canto.



No—and round cradled innocence to praise,  
Of thy 'drain'd blood,' and 'duty taught by hate!'  
True taste and feeling must alike deny,  
Nature disowns the unhallowed lullaby.

#### TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

The following lines are from the pen of one of our favourite correspondents, and we are quite certain that we shall perform an acceptable service to our readers in rescuing them from the almost forgotten columns of a *Commercial Advertiser*.

Farewell! thy pilgrimage is run,  
Thou'rt number'd with the ages past,  
And thou hast seen thy latest sun  
In death breathe forth his last:  
Down the tremendous steep of time,  
Hast seen thy offspring flee:  
Into that gulf whence none can climb,  
Eternity!

I ask not if one circling year  
Or more, or less, has rolled away,  
Since on the raptur'd shepherd's car,  
On that eventful day,  
The music of the angels past,  
Salvation's tidings brought;  
Suffice it veteran that thou wast,  
And thou art not.

Born mid a nation's joyous note,  
We saw thee into being spring,  
Thou heard'st the sounds of rapture float,  
Upon thy rapid wing;  
When Glory waved her standard high,  
War dared no more destroy—  
We hail'd thee welcome from the sky,  
Baptiz'd in joy.

Then murder dropt his gory steel,  
Then rapine quenched his blazing brand,  
Then ceased the deadly notes to peal  
Along the ransom'd land.  
Then industry his toil resumed,  
Her canvass Commerce swelled;  
The olive o'er our regions bloomed,  
The cypress failed.

Snatched from the withering grasp of death,  
Where long convulsed Columbia lay;  
Borne from War's baleful, Siroc breath,  
His destin'd sinking prey;  
Thou saw'st her spring to life and light,  
Expelled the glooms that brood,  
And spread'st o'er all the realms of night,  
A golden flood.

Farewell! the king of day may hold  
His ceaseless course forever on,  
O'er thirsty soils and oceans cold,  
Or distant realms unknown;  
May flame afar in tropic skies,  
Or dart a cheerless ray,  
And centuries on centuries  
Hold on their way;

Yet still, emblazoned in the scrolls  
That tell of ages that have been,  
In fame's imperishable rolls  
Thy record shall be seen;  
The page that tells of days that were,  
Shall hallow thee for e'er,  
Of art and peace and science fair  
The harbinger.

Europe to her latest hour  
Shall consecrate thy memory,

Who crushed her fell destroyer's power  
And bade his sceptre flee;  
His "yet imperial hope" expelled,  
Dispersed the vision gay,  
When o'er the pathless main he held  
His hopeless way.

When big with inspiration's tide,  
The future minstrel sweeps the string;  
What nobler themes can ever ride  
Upon the muse's wing.  
Yes! thou hast fled—but not for e'er,  
Or song has lost its power;  
And thou shalt live immortal year,  
Till time's last hour!

N. Y. 1846.

TYHO.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### LINES

*On revisiting Bristol, in Pennsylvania, after a long absence.*

How grateful *once* was this refreshing breeze,  
When trifling cares disturbed my bosom's ease—  
If health forsook me—if the world displeased,  
My body wasted—or my mind diseased—  
On these loved banks I would Hygieia's care,  
Nor breath'd in vain their health-inspiring air.

Now, hateful memory's tormenting chains,  
Assure me that eternal are my pains—  
Nor Zephyrs sooth—nor verdant walks can bring,  
Relief oblivious for the woes I sing—  
Thy current boasts no lethe to efface  
These lineaments affection's self did trace—

'Twas on thy banks, in sight of thee, sweet  
stream!

I proved my all of happiness a dream—  
Ardent, I loved—unwise my love I spoke,  
I reaped contempt—would that my heart had  
broke—

My tears still flow unheeded as thy wave,  
Nor e'er will cease but in the friendly grave—  
4th Sept. 1847.

##### FAREWELL!

Farewell we oft have sigh'd!—  
Yet, while the heart was beating,  
Er'n said its grief, a thought would glide  
To hours of future meeting.

Now dark is all I see.—  
Ah! never thought I, never,  
This heart was doom'd, and doom'd by thee  
To say,—farewell for ever!

##### EPIGRAM.

In the following lines a very familiar anecdote receives all the charms of novelty from the felicity of the application. They were found in a blank leaf of Prior's poems.

Mat Prior (to me 'tis exceedingly plain)  
Deserves to be reckoned the English Fontaine;  
And Monsieur la Fontaine can never go higher  
Than promise to obtain as the French Matthew  
Prior.

Thus when Elizabeth desired,  
That Melville should acknowledge fairly,  
Whether herself he most admired,  
Or his own sovereign lady Mary.  
The puzzled knight his answer thus express'd,  
"In her own country each is handsomest."

**THE FUR TRADE.** St. Louis, the capital of Missouri Territory is rapidly increasing in wealth and importance. The present population is estimated at 3000—There are in the town upwards of twenty-three commercial establishments, that do business on a pretty large scale; also, two banking institutions, with a capital of nearly one million of dollars. The following remarks are extracted from "*The Emigrant*," a paper which has recently been established in St. Louis, by *Mr. Sergeant Hall*.

The importance of this trade is questioned by none; but it has hitherto been conducted in such a manner, and on so small a scale, as to yield but little to the enterprize and hardihood of the individuals concerned. An attempt to form a large company, and invest an ample capital, has, we believe, been formerly made, without success, on account of the smallness of the scale. The subject is now in agitation, but we fear too much time will be consumed in deliberation, and the great, the all-important advantages now within our grasp, will be taken from us. Should this be the case, property in this section of country must depreciate. Other settlements will be formed high up the Missouri, which will take from us one of the principal articles of our trade, and by consequence one of the principal sources of wealth.

We do not hesitate to call this trade, conducted on the extensive scale now contemplated, an *all important* object, for in addition to the wealth to be accumulated from it, it is the only means of security from a vexatious and everlasting Indian warfare. To be satisfied of this, we need only recur to the events of the late war. In this direction, it was emphatically a war of traders, and so in the nature of things, it must ever be. Small companies, or many individuals with distinct and clashing interests, and beyond the control of government, embark in the fur trade, wherever they expect to collect most skins. A contest arises, and the Indians are easily persuaded to waylay and murder the traders from whom they receive least advantage. Added to this, the recent occurrences of the Hudson's Bay and N. W. companies should stimulate capitalists to provide for their safety and their interests in time. The king of England and lord Selkirk are largely concerned in the Hudson's Bay company. The latter, finding the N. W. company engaged in a lucrative fur trade, attacked and finally drove them from their posts, by force of arms. The law cannot reach him, and, if it could it would not be put in force. Arrangements are now making by these companies to extend their trade up the Missouri, to the richest hunting grounds: and when our traders resolve, as they will, at some distant day, to embrace the advantages now within their reach, they will have to fight their way *into* (for they never can fight *through*) a powerful band of British traders and Indians. The mortification we shall then feel, will not be abated by the recollection that these men are hunting on the lands of the United States.

Our fur trade is at present carried on entirely by individuals or small parties. It extends on Kansas river to the Kansas town, on the La Plate to the Pawnee towns on the Missouri, to the mouth of White river, or perhaps to the first creek west of the mouth.

From this inconsiderable traffic, in the worst part of the country, little profit can be derived. Whereas the grounds in the west, extending up to the White Chapped Mountains, and along Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers, abound in furs. A large company might be formed which would cut off and exclude the British traders from our grounds by force if requisite, prevent them from tampering with the Indians and settle the dispute with Selkirk and the N. W. Company, in a summary way. Our frontier would thus be rendered secure; the savages, formerly employed to murder our citizens, would be attached to our interests, and the wealth now carried into Canada, might be forever secured to this and the neighbouring territories. Funds would not be wanting—If they could not be procured here, they might from the Eastward.

This subject is certainly of vital interest. We shall hereafter call the attention of the citizens to its details.

---

*Remedy for deafness.* Put a table spoonful of bay-salt into nearly half a pint of cold spring water; and after it has steeped therein for twenty-four hours (now and then shaking the phial,) cause a small tea spoonful to be poured into the ear most affected, every night, when in bed, for seven or eight nights successively.

T. H.

---

The pipes of *fire engines* in France, are made of flax, woven like the wicks of the patent lamps: they swell after the water is introduced, so that none of the fluid can escape; they are more portable and less expensive than leather pipes, and can be woven without seams or joining.

---

Arrangements are making at New Orleans to bring wholesome water into the city. The Commercial Press says, that the citizens of other states would be surprised to learn, that with the Mississippi river washing the very thresholds of their doors, they are now obliged "to purchase water by the bucket measure."

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